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ART. I. — *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha*, compuesto por MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Nueva Edicion Clásica, illustrada con Notas Históricas, Grammaticales y Críticas, por la Academia Española, sus Individuos de Número Pellicer, Arrieta, y Clemencin. Enmendada y corregida por FRANCISCO SALES, A. M., Instructor de Frances y Español en la Universidad de Harvard, en Cambrigia, Estado de Massachusetts, Norte América. 2 vol. 12mo. Boston. 1836.

THE publication, in this country, of an important Spanish classic in the original, with a valuable commentary, is an event of some moment in our literary annals, and indicates a familiarity, rapidly increasing, with the beautiful literature to which it belongs. It may be received as an omen favorable to the cause of modern literature in general, the study of which, in all its varieties, may be urged on substantially the same grounds. The growing importance attached to this branch of education, is visible in other countries, quite as much as our own. It is the natural, or rather necessary result of the changes, which have taken place in the social relations of man, in this revolutionary age. Formerly a nation, pent up within its own barriers, knew less of its neighbours than we now know of what is going on in Siam or Japan. A river, a chain of mountains, an imaginary line, even, parted them as far asunder as if

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oceans had rolled between. To speak correctly, it was their imperfect civilization, their ignorance of the means and the subjects of communication, which thus kept them asunder. Now, on the contrary, a change in the domestic institutions of one country can hardly be effected, without a corresponding agitation in those of its neighbours. A treaty of alliance can scarcely be adjusted, without the intervention of a general congress. The sword cannot be unsheathed in one part of Christendom, without thousands leaping from their scabbards in every other. The whole system is bound together by as nice sympathies, as if animated by a common pulse ; and the remotest countries of Europe are brought into contiguity as intimate, as were in ancient times the provinces of a single monarchy.

This intimate association has been prodigiously increased, of late years, by the unprecedented discoveries which science has made, for facilitating intercommunication. The inhabitant of Great Britain, that "ultima Thule" of the ancients, can now run down to the extremity of Italy, in less time than it took Horace to go from Rome to Brundusium. A steamboat of fashionable tourists will touch at all the places of note in the Iliad and Odyssey, in fewer weeks than it would have cost years to an ancient Argonaut, or a crusader of the Middle Ages. Every one, of course, travels, and almost every capital and noted watering place on the continent swarms with its thousands, and Paris with its tens of thousands of itinerant Cockneys, many of whom, perhaps, have not wandered beyond the sound of Bow bells, in their own little island.

Few of these adventurers are so dull, as not to be quickened into something like curiosity, respecting the language and institutions of the strange people, among whom they are thrown ; while the better sort, and more intelligent, are led to study more carefully the new forms, whether in arts or letters, under which human genius is unveiled to them.

The effect of all this is especially visible, in the reforms introduced into the modern systems of education. In both the universities recently established in London, the apparatus for instruction, instead of being limited to the ancient tongues, is extended to the whole circle of modern literature ; and the editorial labors of many of the professors show that they do not sleep on their posts. Periodicals, under the management of the ablest writers, furnish valuable contributions of foreign

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criticism and intelligence; and regular histories of the various continental literatures, a department in which the English are singularly barren, are understood to be now in actual preparation.

But, although barren of literary, the English have made important contributions to the political history of the continental nations. That of Spain has employed some of their best writers, who, it must be admitted, however, have confined themselves so far to the foreign relations of the country, as to have left the domestic in comparative obscurity. Thus, Robertson's great work is quite as much the history of Europe, as of Spain, under Charles the Fifth; and Watson's "Reign of Philip the Second," might with equal propriety be styled "The War of the Netherlands," which is its principal burden.

A few works recently published in the United States, have shed far more light on the interior organization and intellectual culture of the Spanish nation. Such, for example, are the writings of Irving, whose gorgeous coloring reflects so clearly the chivalrous splendors of the fifteenth century; and the travels of Lieut. Slidell, presenting sketches equally animated of the social aspect of that most picturesque of all lands, in the present century. In Mr. Cushing's "Reminiscences of Spain," we find, mingled with much characteristic fiction, some very laborious inquiries into curious and recondite points of history. In the purely literary department, Mr. Ticknor's beautiful lectures before the classes of Harvard University, still in manuscript, embrace a far more extensive range of criticism, than is to be found in any Spanish work; and display, at the same time, a degree of thoroughness and research, which the comparative paucity of materials will compel us to look for in vain in Bouterwek, or his eloquent plagiarist, Sismondi. Mr. Ticknor's successor, Professor Longfellow, favorably known by other compositions, has enriched our language with a noble version of the "Coplas de Manrique," the finest gem, beyond all comparison, in the Castilian verse of the fifteenth century. We have also read with pleasure a clever translation of Quevedo's "Visions," no very easy achievement, by Mr. Elliot, of Philadelphia; though the translator is wrong in supposing his the first English version. The first is as old as Queen Anne's time, and was made by the famous Sir Roger L'Estrange. To close the account, Mr. Sales, the venerable instructer in Harvard College, has now given,

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for the first time in the New World, an elaborate edition of the prince of Castilian classics, in a form, which may claim, to a certain extent, the merit of originality.

We shall postpone the few remarks we have to make on this edition, to the close of our article; and, in the mean time, we propose, not to give the life of Cervantes, for which we refer the reader to the eighty-third number of this journal, but to notice such points as are least familiar in his literary history, and especially in regard to the composition and publication of his great work, the Don Quixote; a work which, from its wide and long-established popularity, may be said to constitute part of the literature, not merely of Spain, but of every country in Europe.

The age of Cervantes was that of Philip the Second, when the Spanish monarchy, declining somewhat from its palmy state, was still making extraordinary efforts to maintain it, and even to extend its already overgrown empire. Its navies were on every sea, and its armies in every quarter of the Old World, and in the New. Arms was the only profession worthy of a gentleman; and there was scarcely a writer of any eminence, certainly no bard, of the age, who, if he were not in orders, had not borne arms, at some period or other, in the service of his country. Cervantes, who, though poor, was born of an ancient family, (it must go hard indeed with a Castilian, who cannot make out a pedigree for himself,) had a full measure of this chivalrous spirit, and, during the first half of his life, we find him in the midst of all the stormy and disastrous scenes of the iron trade of war. His love of the military profession, even after the loss of his hand, or of the use of it, for it is uncertain which, is sufficient proof of his adventurous spirit. In the course of his checkered career, he visited the principal countries in the Mediterranean, and passed five years in melancholy captivity at Algiers. The time was not lost, however, which furnished his keen eye with those glowing pictures of Moslem luxury and magnificence, with which he has enriched his pages. After a life of unprecedented hardship, he returned to his own country, covered with laurels and scars, with very little money in his pocket, but with plenty of that experience, which, regarding him as a novelist, might be considered his stock in trade.

The poet may draw from the depths of his own fancy; the scholar from his library; but the proper study of the dramatic

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writer, whether in verse or in prose, is man; — man, as he exists in society. He who would faithfully depict human character, cannot study it too nearly and variously. He must sit down, like Scott, by the fireside of the peasant, and listen to the "auld wife's" tale; he must preside with Fielding, at a petty justice sessions, or share with some Squire Western in the glorious hazards of a fox hunt; he must study the mysteries of the deep, and mingle with the singular beings whose destinies he is to describe, on the stormy element itself; or, like Cervantes, he must wander among other races and other climes, before his pencil can give those chameleon touches, which reflect the shifting, many-colored hues of actual life. He may, indeed, like Rousseau, if it were possible to imagine another Rousseau, turn his thoughts inward, and draw from the depths of his own soul; but he would see there only his own individual passions and prejudices, and the portraits he might sketch, however various in subordinate details, would be, in their characteristic features, only the reproduction of himself. He might, in short, be a poet, a philosopher, but not a painter of life and manners.

Cervantes had ample scope for pursuing the study of human character, after his return to Spain, in the active life which engaged him, in various parts of the country. In Andalusia he might have found the models of the sprightly wit, and delicate irony, with which he has seasoned his fictions; in Seville, in particular, he was brought in contact with the fry of small sharpers and pickpockets, who make so respectable a figure in his *picaresco* novels; and in La Mancha, he not only found the geography of his Don Quixote, but that whimsical contrast of pride and poverty in the natives, which has furnished the outlines of many a broad caricature to the comic writers of Spain.

During all this while, he had made himself known only by his pastoral fiction, the "Galatea," a beautiful specimen of an insipid class; which, with all its literary merits, afforded no scope for the power of depicting human character, which he possessed, perhaps unknown to himself. He wrote, also, a good number of plays, all of which except two, and these recovered only at the close of the last century, have perished. One of these, "The Siege of Numantia," displays that truth of drawing, and strength of color, which mark the consummate artist. It was not until he had reached his fifty-seventh year,

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that he completed the First Part of his great work, the Don Quixote. The most celebrated novels, unlike most works of imagination, seem to have been the production of the later period of life. Fielding was between forty and fifty, when he wrote his "Tom Jones." Richardson was sixty, or very near it, when he wrote "Clarissa." And Scott was some years over forty, when he began the series of the Waverley novels. The world, the school of the novelist, cannot be run through like the terms of a university, and the knowledge of its manifold varieties must be the result of long and diligent training.

The First Part of the Quixote was begun, as the author tells us, in a prison; to which he had been brought, not by crime, or debt, but by some offence, probably, to the worthy people of La Mancha. It is not the only work of genius, which has struggled into being in such unfavorable quarters. "The Pilgrim's Progress," the most popular, probably, of English fictions, was composed under similar circumstances. But we doubt if such brilliant fancies, and such flashes of humor ever lighted up the walls of the prison-house, before the time of Cervantes.

The First Part of the Don Quixote was given to the public in 1605. Cervantes, when the time arrived for launching his satire against the old, deep-rooted prejudices of his countrymen, probably regarded it, as well he might, as little less rash than his own hero's tilt against the windmills. He sought, accordingly, to shield himself under the cover of a powerful name, and asked leave to dedicate the book to a Castilian grandee, the duke de Bejar. The duke, it is said, whether ignorant of the design, or doubting the success of the work, would have declined; but Cervantes urged him first to peruse a single chapter. The audience summoned to sit in judgment, were so delighted with the first pages, that they would not abandon the novel, till they had heard the whole of it. The duke, of course, without further hesitation, condescended to allow his name to be inserted in this passport to immortality.

There is nothing very improbable in the story. It reminds one of a similar experiment by St. Pierre, who submitted his manuscript of "Paul and Virginia" to a circle of French *littérateurs*, Mons. and Mad. Necker, the Abbé Galiani, Thomas, Buffon, and some others, all wits of the first water in the metropolis. Hear the result, in the words of his biographer, or rather his agreeable translator. "At first the author was heard in silence,

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by degrees the attention grew languid, they began to whisper, to gape, and listened no longer. M. de Buffon looked at his watch, and called for his horses. Those near the door slipped out; Thomas went to sleep; M. Necker laughed to see the ladies weep; and the ladies, ashamed of their tears, did not dare to confess that they had been interested. The reading being finished, nothing was praised. Mad. Necker alone criticized the conversation of Paul and the old man. This *moral* appeared to her tedious and common-place; it broke the action, chilled the reader, and was a sort of *glass of iced water.* M. de St. Pierre retired in a state of indescribable depression. He regarded what had passed as his sentence of death. The effect of his work on an audience like that to which he had read it, left him no hope for the future." Yet this work was "Paul and Virginia," one of the most popular books in the French language. So much for criticism!

The truth seems to be, that the judgment of no private circle, however well qualified by taste and talent, can afford a sure prognostic of that of the great public. If the manuscript to be criticized is our friend's, of course the verdict is made up before perusal. If some great man modestly sues for our approbation, our self-complacency has been too much flattered for us to withhold it. If it be a little man, (and St. Pierre was but a little man at that time,) our prejudices, the prejudices of poor human nature, will be very apt to take an opposite direction. Be the cause what it may, whoever rests his hopes of public favor on the smiles of a *coterie*, runs the risk of finding himself very unpleasantly undeceived. Many a trim bark, which has flaunted gayly in a summer lake, has gone to pieces amid the billows and breakers of the rude ocean.

The prognostic, in the case of Cervantes, however, proved more correct. His work produced an instantaneous effect on the community. He had struck a note which found an echo in every bosom. Four editions were published in the course of the first year; two in Madrid, one at Valencia, and another at Lisbon.

This success, almost unexampled in any age, was still more extraordinary in one, in which the reading public was comparatively limited. That the book found its way speedily into the very highest circles in the kingdom is evident from the well-known exclamation of Philip the Third, when he saw a student laughing immoderately over some volume; "The man must

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be either out of his wits, or reading Don Quixote." Notwithstanding this, its author felt none of that sunshine of royal favor, which would have been so grateful in his necessities.

The period was that of the golden prime of Castilian literature. But the monarch on the throne, one of the ill-starred dynasty of Austria, would have been better suited to the darkest of the Middle Ages. His hours, divided between his devotions and his debaucheries, left nothing to spare for letters; and his minister, the arrogant Duke of Lerma, was too much absorbed by his own selfish, though shallow schemes of policy, to trouble himself with romance writers, or their satirist. Cervantes, however, had entered on a career, which, as he intimates in some of his verses, might lead to fame, but not to fortune. Happily, he did not compromise his fame, by precipitating the execution of his works, from motives of temporary profit. It was not till several years after the publication of the Don Quixote, that he gave to the world his Exemplary Novels, as he called them; fictions, which, differing from any thing before known, not only in the Castilian, but, in some respects, in any other literature, gave ample scope to his dramatic talent, in the contrivance of situations, and the nice delineation of character. These works, whose diction was uncommonly rich and attractive, were popular from the first.

One cannot but be led to inquire, why, with such success as an author, he continued to be so straitened in his circumstances, as he plainly intimates was the case, more than once in his writings. From the Don Quixote, notwithstanding its great run, he probably received little, since he had parted with the entire copyright before publication, when the work was regarded as an experiment, the result of which was quite doubtful. It is not so easy to explain the difficulty, when his success as an author had been so completely established. Cervantes intimates his dissatisfaction, in more than one place in his writings, with the booksellers themselves. "What, Sir!" replies an author introduced into his Don Quixote, "would you have me sell the profit of my labor to a bookseller, for three maravedis a sheet? for that is the most they will bid, nay, and expect, too, I should thank them for the offer." This burden of lamentation, the alleged illiberality of the publisher towards the poor author, is as old as the art of bookmaking itself. But the public get the account from the party aggrieved, only. If the bookseller reported his own case, we should, no doubt, have a different version. If Cervantes was

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in the right, the trade in Castile showed a degree of dexterity in their proceedings, which richly entitled them to the pillory. In one of his tales, we find a certain licentiate complaining of "the tricks and deceptions they put upon an author, when they buy a copy-right from him; and still more, the manner in which they cheat him, if he prints the book at his own charges; since nothing is more common than for them to agree for fifteen hundred, and have privily perhaps as many as three thousand thrown off, one half, at the least, of which they sell, not for his profit, but their own."

The writings of Cervantes appear to have gained him, however, two substantial friends in Cabra, Count of Lemos, and the Archbishop of Toledo, of the ancient family of Rojas; and the patronage of these illustrious individuals has been nobly recompensed, by having their names for ever associated with the imperishable productions of genius.

There was, however, one kind of patronage wanting, in this early age; that of a great, enlightened community, — the only patronage which can be received, without some sense of degradation, by a generous mind. There was, indeed, one golden channel of public favor, and that was the theatre. The drama has usually flourished most at the period, when a nation is beginning to taste the sweets of literary culture. Such was the early part of the seventeenth century in Europe; the age of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, in England; of Ariosto, Machiavelli, and the wits who first successfully wooed the comic muse of Italy; of the great Corneille, some years later, indeed, in France; and of that miracle, or rather "monster of nature," as Cervantes styled him, Lope de Vega, in Spain. Theatrical exhibitions are a combination of the material with the intellectual; at which the ordinary spectator derives less pleasure, probably, from the beautiful creations of the poet, than from the scenic decorations, music, and other accessories, which address themselves to the senses. The fondness for spectacle is characteristic of an early period of society; and the theatre is the most brilliant of pageants. With the progress of education and refinement, men become less open to, or, at least, less dependent on the pleasures of sense, and seek their enjoyment in more elevated and purer sources. Thus it is that, instead of

> "Sweating in the crowded theatre, squeezed
> And bored with elbow-points through both our sides,"

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as the sad minstrel of nature sings, we sit quietly at home, enjoying the pleasures of fiction around our own firesides, and the poem or the novel takes the place of the acted drama. The decline of dramatic writing may justly be lamented, as that of one of the most beautiful varieties in the garden of literature. But it must be admitted to be both a symptom and a necessary consequence of the advance of civilization.

The popularity of the stage at the period of which we are speaking, in Spain, was greatly augmented by the personal influence and reputation of Lope de Vega, the idol of his countrymen, who threw off the various inventions of his genius with a rapidity and profusion that almost staggers credibility. It is impossible to state the results of his labors in any form that will not powerfully strike the imagination. Thus, he has left 21,300,000 verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his intimate friend, Montalvan, with 1800 regular plays, and 400 *autos* or religious dramas, — all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than 100 comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each; and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed, and interspersed with sonnets, and other more difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years, and supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes, quarto, of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!

The only achievements we can recall in literary history, bearing any resemblance to, though falling far short of this, are those of our illustrious cotemporary, Sir Walter Scott. The complete edition of his works, recently advertised by Murray, with the addition of two volumes, of which Murray has not the copy-right, probably contains ninety volumes, small octavo. Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels, and twenty-one of history and biography, were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in seventeen years. These would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months, during the whole of that period; to which must be added twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose, previously published. The mere mechanical execution of so much work, both in his case

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and Lope de Vega's, would seem to be scarce possible, in the limits assigned. Scott, too, was as variously occupied in other ways as his Spanish rival; and probably, from the social hospitality of his life, spent a much larger portion of his time in no literary occupation at all.

Notwithstanding we have amused ourselves, at the expense of the reader's patience, perhaps, with these calculations, this certainly is not the standard, by which we should recommend to estimate works of genius. Wit is not to be measured, like broadcloth, by the yard. Easy writing, as the adage says, and as we all know, is apt to be very hard reading. This brings to our recollection a conversation, in the presence of Captain Basil Hall, in which some allusion having been made to the astonishing amount of Scott's daily composition, the literary Argonaut remarked, "There was nothing astonishing in all that; and that he did as much himself, nearly every day, before breakfast." Some one of the company unkindly asked, "whether he thought the *quality* was the same." It is the quality, undoubtedly, which makes the difference. And in this view, Lope de Vega's miracles lose much of their effect. Of all his multitudinous dramas, one or two only retain possession of the stage; and few, very few, are now even read. His facility of composition was like that of an Italian improvisatore, whose fertile fancy easily clothes itself in verse, in a language, the vowel terminations of which afford such a plenitude of rhymes. The Castilian presents even greater facilities for this than the Italian. Lope de Vega was an improvisatore.

With all his negligences and defects, however, Lope's interesting intrigues, easy, sprightly dialogue, infinite variety of inventions, and the breathless rapidity with which they followed one another, so dazzled and bewildered the imagination, that he completely controlled the public, and became, in the words of Cervantes, "sole monarch of the stage." The public repaid him with such substantial gratitude, as has never been shown, probably, to any other of its favorites. His fortune, at one time, although he was careless of his expenses, amounted to one hundred thousand ducats, equal, probably, to between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars of the present day. In the same street, in which dwelt this spoiled child of fortune, who, amidst the caresses of the great, and the lavish smiles of the public, could complain that his merits were neglected, lived Cervantes, struggling under adversity,

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or at least earning a painful subsistence by the labors of his immortal pen. What a contrast do these pictures present to the imagination! If the suffrages of a *coterie*, as we have said, afford no warrant for those of the public, the example before us proves that the award of one's cotemporaries is quite as likely to be set aside by posterity. Lope de Vega, who gave his name to his age, has now fallen into neglect, even among his countrymen; while the fame of Cervantes, gathering strength with time, has become the pride of his own nation, as his works still continue to be the delight of the whole civilized world.

However stinted may have been the recompense of his deserts at home, it is gratifying to observe how widely his fame was diffused in his own lifetime, and that in foreign countries, at least, he enjoyed the full consideration, to which he was entitled. An interesting anecdote, illustrating this, is recorded, which, as we have never seen it in English, we will lay before the reader. On occasion of a visit made by the Archbishop of Toledo to the French ambassador, resident at Madrid, the prelate's suite fell into conversation with the attendants of the minister, in the course of which Cervantes was mentioned. The French gentlemen expressed their unqualified admiration of his writings, specifying the Galatea, Don Quixote, and the Novels, which, they said, were read in all the countries round, and in France particularly, where there were some, who might be said to know them actually by heart. They intimated their desire to become personally acquainted with so eminent a man, and asked many questions respecting his present occupations, his circumstances, and way of life. To all this, the Castilians could only reply, that he had borne arms in the service of his country, and was now old and poor. "What!" exclaimed one of the strangers, "is Señor Cervantes not in good circumstances? Why is he not maintained, then, out of the public treasury?" "Heaven forbid," rejoined another, "that his necessities should be ever relieved, if it is these which make him write; since it is his poverty that makes the world rich."

There are other evidences, though not of so pleasing a character, of the eminence which he had reached at home, in the jealousy and ill will of his brother poets. The Castilian poets of that day seem to have possessed a full measure of that irritability, which has been laid at the door of all their tribe,

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since the days of Horace; and the freedom of Cervantes's literary criticisms, in his Don Quixote and other writings, though never personal in their character, brought down on his head a storm of arrows, some of which, if not sent with much force, were, at least, well steeped in venom. Lope de Vega is even said to have appeared among the assailants, and a sonnet, still preserved, is currently imputed to him, in which, after much eulogy on himself, he predicts that the works of his rival will find their way into the kennel. But the author of this bad prophecy, and worse poetry, could never have been the great Lope, who showed, on all occasions, a generous spirit, and whose literary success must have made such an assault unnecessary, and in the highest degree unmanly. On the contrary, we have evidence of a very different feeling, in the homage which he renders to the merits of his illustrious contemporary, in more than one passage of his acknowledged works; especially in his "Laurel de Apolo," in which he concludes his poetical panegyric with the following touching conceit;

> "Porque se diga que una mano herida
> Pudo dar á su dueño eterna vida."

This poem was published by Lope in 1630, fourteen years after the death of his rival; notwithstanding, Mr. Lockhart informs his readers, in his biographical preface to the Don Quixote, that "as Lope de Vega was dead, (1615,) there was no one to divide with Cervantes the literary empire of his country."

In the dedication of his ill-fated comedies, 1615, (for Cervantes, like most other celebrated novelists, found it difficult to concentrate his expansive vein within the compass of dramatic rules,) the public was informed that "Don Quixote was already booted," and preparing for another sally. It may seem strange, that the author, considering the great popularity of his hero, had not sent him on his adventures before. But he had probably regarded them as already terminated; and he had good reason to do so, since every incident in the First Part, as it has been styled only since the publication of the Second, is complete in itself, and the Don, although not actually killed on the stage, is noticed as dead, and his epitaph transcribed for the reader. However this may be, the immediate execution of his purpose, so long delayed, was precipi-

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tated by an event, equally unwelcome and unexpected. This was the continuation of his work by another hand.

The author's name, his *nom de guerre*, was Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. Adopting the original idea of Cervantes, he goes forward, with the same characters, through similar scenes of comic extravagance, in the course of which he perpetrates sundry plagiarisms from the First Part, and has some incidents so much resembling those in the Second Part, already written by Cervantes, that it has been supposed he must have had access to his manuscript. It is more probable, as the resemblance is but general, that he obtained his knowledge through hints, which may have fallen, in conversation, from Cervantes, in the progress of his own work. The spurious continuation had some little merit, and attracted, probably, some interest, as any work, conducted under so popular a name, could not have failed to do. It was, however, on the whole, a vulgar performance, thickly sprinkled with such gross scurrility and indecency, as was too strong even for the palate of that not very fastidious age. The public feeling may be gathered from the fact, that the author did not dare to depart from his incognito, and claim the honors of a triumph. The most diligent inquiries have established nothing further than that he was an Arragonese, judging from his diction, and from the complexion of certain passages in the work probably an ecclesiastic, and one of the swarm of small dramatists, who felt themselves rudely handled by the criticism of Cervantes. The work was subsequently translated, or rather paraphrased, by Le Sage, who has more than once given a substantial value to gems of little price in Castilian literature, by the brilliancy of his setting. The original work of Avellaneda, always deriving an interest from the circumstances of its production, has been reprinted in the present century, and is not difficult to be met with. To have thus coolly invaded an author's own property, to have filched from him the splendid, though unfinished creations of his genius, before his own face, and while, as was publicly known, he was in the very process of completing them, must be admitted to be an act of unblushing effrontery, not surpassed in the annals of literature.

Cervantes was much annoyed, it appears, by the circumstance. The continuation of Avellaneda reached him, probably, when on the fifty-ninth chapter of his Second Part. At

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least, from that time he begins to discharge his gall on the head of the offender, who, it should be added, had consummated his impudence by sneering, in his introduction, at the qualifications of Cervantes. The best retort of the latter, however, was the publication of his own book, which followed at the close of 1615.

The English novelist, Richardson, experienced a treatment not unlike that of the Castilian. His popular story of Pamela was continued by another and very inferior hand, under the title of "Pamela in High Life." The circumstance prompted Richardson to undertake the continuation himself; and it turned out, like most others, a decided failure. Indeed, a skilful continuation seems to be the most difficult work of art. The first effort of the author breaks, as it were, unexpectedly on the public, taking their judgments by surprise, and by its very success creating a standard, by which the author himself is subsequently to be tried. Before, he was compared with others. He is now to be compared with himself. The public expectation has been raised. A degree of excellence, which might have found favor at first, will now scarcely be tolerated. It will not even suffice for him to maintain his own level. He must rise above himself. The reader, in the mean while, has naturally filled up the blank, and insensibly conducted the characters and the story to a termination, in his own way. As the reality seldom keeps pace with the ideal, the author's execution will hardly come up to the imaginations of his readers; at any rate, it will differ from them, and so far be displeasing. We experience something of this, in the dramas borrowed from popular novels, where the developement of the characters by the dramatic author, and the new direction given to the original story in his hands, rarely fail to offend the taste and preconceived ideas of the spectator. To feel the force of this, it is only necessary to see the Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, and other plays, dramatized from the Waverley novels.

Some part of the failure of such continuations is, no doubt, fairly chargeable, in most instances, on the author himself, who goes to his new task with little of his primitive buoyancy and vigor. He no longer feels the same interest in his own labors, which, losing all their freshness, have become as familiar to his imagination as a thrice-told tale. The new composition has, of course, a different complexion from the former,

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cold, stiff, and disjointed, like a bronze statue, whose parts have been separately put together, instead of being cast in one mould, when the whole metal was in a state of fusion.

The continuation of Cervantes forms a splendid exception to the general rule. The popularity of his First Part had drawn forth abundance of criticism, and he availed himself of it, to correct some material blemishes in the design of the Second; while an assiduous culture of the Castilian enabled him to enrich his style with greater variety and beauty.

He had now reached the zenith of his fame; and the profits of his continuation may have relieved the pecuniary embarrassments under which he had struggled. But he was not long to enjoy his triumph. Before his death, which took place in the following year, he completed his romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda," the dedication to which, written a few days before his death, is strongly characteristic of its writer. It is addressed to his old patron, the Conde de Lemos, then absent from the country. After saying, in the words of the old Spanish proverb, that he had "*one foot in the stirrup*," in allusion to the distant journey, on which he was soon to set out, he adds, "Yesterday I received the extreme unction, [the last office of the Roman Catholic Church to the dying]; but, now that the shadows of death are closing around me, I still cling to life, from the love of it, as well as from the desire to behold you again. But if it is decreed otherwise, (and the will of Heaven be done,) your Excellency will at least feel assured, there was one person, whose wish to serve you was greater than the love of life itself." After these reminiscences of his benefactor, he expresses his own purpose, should life be spared, to complete several works he had already begun. Such were the last words of this illustrious man; breathing the same generous sensibility, the same ardent love of letters, and beautiful serenity of temper, which distinguished him through life. He died a few days after this, on the 23d of April, 1616. His remains were laid, without funeral pomp, in the monastery of the Holy Trinity, at Madrid. No memorial points out the spot to the eye of the traveller, nor is it known at this day. And, while many a costly construction has been piled on the ashes of the little great, to the shame of Spain be it spoken, no monument has yet been erected in honor of the greatest genius she has produced. He has built, however, a monument for himself, more durable than brass or sculptured marble.

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Don Quixote is too familiar to the reader, to require any analysis ; but we will enlarge on a few circumstances attending its composition, but little known to the English scholar, which may enable him to form a better judgment for himself. The age of chivalry, as depicted in romances, could never, of course, have had any real existence. But the sentiments which are described as animating that age, have been found more or less operative in different countries and different periods of society. In Spain, especially, this influence is to be discerned from a very early date. Its inhabitants may be said to have lived in a romantic atmosphere, in which all the extravagances of chivalry were nourished by their peculiar situation. Their hostile relations with the Moslêm kept alive the full glow of religious and patriotic feeling. Their history is one interminable crusade. An enemy always on the borders, invited perpetual displays of personal daring and adventure. The refinement and magnificence of the Spanish Arabs throw a lustre over these contests, such as could not be reflected from the rude skirmishes with their Christian neighbours. Lofty sentiments, embellished by the softer refinements of courtesy, were blended in the martial bosom of the Spaniard, and Spain became emphatically the land of romantic chivalry.

The very laws themselves, conceived in this spirit, contributed greatly to foster it. Thus, the ancient code of Alfonso the Tenth, in the thirteenth century, after many minute regulations for the deportment of the good knight, enjoins on him to "invoke the name of his mistress in the fight, that it may infuse new ardor into his soul, and preserve him from the commission of unknightly actions." Such laws were not a dead letter. The history of Spain shows that the sentiment of romantic gallantry penetrated the nation more deeply, and continued longer, than in any other quarter of Christendom.

Foreign chroniclers, as well as domestic, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, notice the frequent appearance of Spanish knights in different courts of Europe, whither they had travelled, in the language of an old writer, "to seek honor and reverence" by their feats of arms. In the Paston Letters written in the time of Henry the Sixth, of England, we find a notice of a Castilian knight, who presented himself before the court, and, with his mistress's favor around his arm, challenged the English cavaliers "to run a course of sharp spears with him, for his sovereign lady's sake." Pulgar, a Spanish

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chronicler of the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of this roving knight errantry, as a thing of familiar occurrence among the young cavaliers of his day. And Oviedo, who lived somewhat later, notices the necessity, under which every true knight found himself, of being in love, or *feigning to be so*, in order to give a suitable lustre and incentive to his achievements. But the most singular proof of the extravagant pitch, to which these romantic feelings were carried in Spain, occurs in the account of the jousts appended to the fine old chronicle of Alvaro de Luna, published by the Academy in 1784. The principal champion was named Sueño de Quenones, who, with nine companions in arms, defended a pass at Orbigo, not far from the shrine of Compestella, against all comers, in the presence of King John the Second, and his court. The object of this passage of arms, as it was called, was to release the knight from the obligation, imposed on him by his mistress, of publicly wearing an iron collar round his neck every Thursday. The jousts continued for thirty days, and the doughty champions fought without shield or target, with weapons bearing points of Milan steel. Six hundred and twenty-seven encounters took place, and one hundred and sixty-six lances were broken, when the emprise was declared to be fairly achieved. The whole affair is narrated, with becoming gravity, by an eyewitness, and the reader may fancy himself perusing the adventures of a Launcelot, or an Amadis. The reader may find the particulars of this tourney detailed at length, in Mills's Chivalry, (Vol. II., chap. 5.) where, however, the author has defrauded the successful champions of their full honors, by incorrectly reporting the number of lances broken, as only sixty-six.

The taste for these romantic extravagances naturally fostered a corresponding taste for the perusal of tales of chivalry. Indeed, they acted reciprocally on each other. These chimerical legends had once also beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors; but, in the progress of civilization, had gradually given way to other and more natural forms of composition. They still maintained their ground in Italy, whither they had passed later, and where they were consecrated by the hand of genius. But Italy was not the true soil of chivalry, and the inimitable fictions of Bojardo, Pulci, and Ariosto, were composed with that lurking smile of half-suppressed mirth, which, far from a serious tone, could raise only a corresponding smile of incredulity in the reader.

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In Spain, however, the marvels of romance were all taken in perfect good faith. Not that they were received as literally true, but the reader surrendered himself up to the illusion, and was moved to admiration by the recital of deeds, which, viewed in any other light than as a wild frolic of imagination, would be supremely ridiculous. For these tales had not the merit of a seductive style and melodious versification, to relieve them. They were, for the most part, an ill-digested mass of incongruities, in which there was as little keeping and probability in the characters, as in the incidents; while the whole was told in that stilted "Hercles' vein," and with that licentiousness of allusion and imagery, which could not fail to debauch both the taste and the morals of the youthful reader. The mind familiarized with these monstrous, over-colored pictures, lost all relish for the chaste and sober productions of art. The love of the gigantic and the marvellous indisposed the reader for the simple delineations of truth in real history. The feelings expressed by a sensible Spaniard of the sixteenth century, the anonymous author of the "Dialogo de las Lenguas," probably represent those of many of his cotemporaries. "Ten of the best years of my life," says he, "were spent no more profitably than in devouring these lies, which I did even while eating my meals; and the consequence of this depraved appetite was, that if I took in hand any true book of history, or one that passed for such, I was unable to wade through it."

The influence of this meretricious taste was nearly as fatal on the historian himself as on his readers; since he felt compelled to minister to the public appetite such a mixture of the marvellous in all his narrations, as materially discredited the veracity of his writings. Every hero became a demigod, who put the labors of Hercules to shame; and every monk, or old hermit, was converted into a saint, who wrought more miracles, *before and after death*, than would have sufficed to canonize a whole monastery. The fabulous ages of Greece are scarcely more fabulous than the close of the Middle Ages in Spanish history, which compares very discreditably, in this particular, with similar periods in most European countries. The confusion of fact and fiction continues, indeed, to a very late age; and as one gropes his way through the twilight of tradition, he is at a loss whether the dim objects are men or shadows. The most splendid names in Castilian annals, names incorporated

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with the glorious achievements of the land, and embalmed alike in the page of the chronicler, and the song of the minstrel, names associated with the most stirring, patriotic recollections, are now found to have been the mere coinage of fancy. There seems to be no more reason for believing in the real existence of Bernardo del Carpio, of whom so much has been said and sung, than in that of Charlemagne's paladins, or of the knights of the Round Table. Even the Cid, the national hero of Spain, is contended, by some of the shrewdest native critics of our own times, to be an imaginary being; and it is certain, that the splendid fabric of his exploits, familiar as household words to every Spaniard, has crumbled to pieces under the rude touch of modern criticism. — These heroes, it is true, flourished before the introduction of romances of chivalry. But the legends of their prowess have been multiplied beyond bounds, in consequence of the taste created by these romances, and an easy faith accorded to them, at the same time, such as would never have been conceded in any other civilized nation. In short, the elements of truth and falsehood became so blended, that history was converted into romance, and romance received the credit due only to history.

These mischievous consequences drew down the animadversions of thinking men, and at length provoked the interference of government itself. In 1543, Charles the Fifth, by an edict, prohibited books of chivalry from being imported into his American colonies, or being printed, or even read there. The legislation for America proceeded from the crown alone, which had always regarded the New World as its own exclusive property. In 1555, however, the Cortes of the kingdom presented a *petition*, (which requires only the royal signature to become at once the law,) setting forth the manifold evils resulting from these romances. There is an air at once both of simplicity and solemnity, in the language of this instrument, which may amuse the reader. "Moreover, we say that it is very notorious, what mischief has been done to young men and maidens, and other persons, by the perusal of books full of lies and vanities, like Amadis, and works of that description; since young people, especially, from their natural idleness, resort to this kind of reading, and becoming enamoured of passages of love or arms, or other nonsense which they find set forth therein, when situations at all analogous offer, are led to act much more extravagantly than they other-

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wise would have done. And many times the daughter, when her mother has locked her up safely at home, amuses herself with reading these books, which do her more hurt than she would have received from going abroad. All which redounds, not only to the dishonor of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, by diverting the affections from holy, true, and Christian doctrine, to those wicked vanities, with which the wits, as we have intimated, are completely bewildered. To remedy this, we entreat your Majesty that no book treating of such matters be henceforth permitted to be read, that those now printed be collected and burned, and that none be published hereafter, without special license. By which measures, your Majesty will render great service to God, as well as to these kingdoms," &c. &c.

Notwithstanding this emphatic expression of public disapprobation, these enticing works maintained their popularity. The emperor Charles, unmindful of his own interdict, took great satisfaction in their perusal. The royal *fêtes* frequently commemorated the fabulous exploits of chivalry; and Philip the Second, then a young man, appeared in these spectacles, in the character of an adventurous knight-errant. Moratin enumerates more than seventy bulky romances, all produced in the sixteenth century, some of which passed through several editions, while many more works of the kind have, doubtless, escaped his researches. The last on his catalogue was printed in 1602, and was composed by one of the nobles at the court. Such was the state of things, when Cervantes gave to the world the First Part of his Don Quixote; and it was against prejudices, which had so long bade defiance to public opinion and the law itself, that he now aimed the delicate shafts of his irony. It was a perilous emprise.

To effect his end, he did not produce a mere humorous travesty, like several of the Italian poets, who, having selected some well-known character in romance, make him fall into such low dialogue, and such gross buffoonery, as contrast most ridiculously with his assumed name. For this, though a very good jest in its way, was but a jest; and Cervantes wanted the biting edge of satire. He was, besides, too much of a poet, was too deeply penetrated with the true spirit of chivalry, not to respect the noble qualities, which were the basis of it. He shows this in the *auto da fé* of the Don's library, where he spares the Amadis de Gaula and some

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others, the best of their kind. He had once himself, as he tells us, actually commenced a serious tale of chivalry.

Cervantes brought forward a personage, therefore, in whom were embodied all those generous virtues, which belong to chivalry, — disinterestedness, contempt of danger, unblemished honor, knightly courtesy, and those aspirations after ideal excellence, which, if empty dreams, are the dreams of a magnanimous spirit. They are, indeed, represented by Cervantes as too ethereal for this world, and are successively dispelled, as they come in contact with the coarse realities of life. It is this view of the subject, which has led Sismondi, among other critics, to consider that the principal end of the author was "the ridicule of enthusiasm — the contrast of the heroic with the vulgar;" and he sees something profoundly sad in the conclusions to which it leads. This sort of criticism appears to be over-refined. It resembles the efforts of some commentators to allegorize the great epics of Homer and Virgil, throwing a disagreeable mistiness over the story, by converting mere shadows into substances, and substances into shadows.

The great purpose of Cervantes was, doubtless, that expressly avowed by himself; namely, to correct the popular taste for romances of chivalry. It is unnecessary to look for any other, in so plain a tale; although it is true, the conduct of the story produces impressions on the reader, to a certain extent, like those suggested by Sismondi. The melancholy tendency, however, is, in a great degree, counteracted by the exquisitely ludicrous character of the incidents. Perhaps, after all, if we are to hunt for a moral, as the key of the fiction, we may, with more reason, pronounce it to be, the necessity of proportioning our undertakings to our capacities.

The mind of the hero, Don Quixote, is an ideal world, into which Cervantes has poured all the rich stores of his own imagination, the poet's golden dreams, high romantic exploit, and the sweet visions of pastoral happiness; — the gorgeous chimeras of the fancied age of chivalry, which had so long entranced the world, — splendid illusions, which, floating before us like the airy bubbles which the child throws off from his pipe, reflect, in a thousand variegated tints, the rude objects around, until, brought into collision with these, they are dashed in pieces, and melt into air. These splendid images derive tenfold beauty from the rich, antique coloring of

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the author's language, skilfully imitated from the old romances, but which necessarily escapes in the translation into a foreign tongue. Don Quixote's insanity operates both in mistaking the ideal for the real, and the real for the ideal. Whatever he has found in romances, he believes to exist in the world; and he converts all he meets with in the world into the visions of his romances. It is difficult to say, which of the two produces the most ludicrous result.

For the better exposure of these mad fancies, Cervantes has not only put them into action in real life, but contrasted them with another character, which may be said to form the reverse side of his hero's. Honest Sancho represents the material principle, as perfectly as his master does the intellectual or ideal. He is of the earth, earthy. Sly, selfish, sensual, his dreams are not of glory, but of good feeding. His only concern is for his carcass. His notions of honor appear to be much the same with those of his jovial cotemporary, Falstaff, as conveyed in his memorable soliloquy. In the sublime night piece, which ends with the fulling-mills, — truly sublime till we reach the *denouement*, — Sancho asks his master, "Why need you go about this adventure? It is main dark, and there is never a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off, and get out of harm's way. Who is there to take notice of our flinching?" Can any thing be imagined, more exquisitely opposed to the true spirit of chivalry? The whole compass of fiction nowhere displays the power of contrast so forcibly, as in these two characters; perfectly opposed to each other, not only in their minds, and general habits, but in the minutest details of personal appearance.

It was a great effort of art for Cervantes to maintain the dignity of his hero's character, in the midst of the whimsical and ridiculous distresses, in which he has perpetually involved him. His infirmity leads us to distinguish between his character and his conduct, and to absolve him from all responsibility for the latter. The author's art is no less shown in regard to the other principal figure in the piece, Sancho Panza, who, with the most contemptible qualities, contrives to keep a strong hold on our interest by the kindness of his nature, and his shrewd understanding. He is far too shrewd a person, indeed, to make it natural for him to have followed so crack-brained a master, unless bribed by the promise of a substantial

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recompense. He is a personification, as it were, of the popular wisdom; a "bundle of proverbs," as his master somewhere styles him; and proverbs are the most compact form in which the wisdom of a people is digested. They have been collected into several distinct works in Spain, where they exceed in number those of any other, if not every other country in Europe. As many of them are of great antiquity, they are of inestimable price with the Castilian purists, as affording rich samples of obsolete idioms and the various mutations of the language.

The subordinate portraits in the romance, though not wrought with the same care, are admirable studies of national character. In this view, the Don Quixote may be said to form an epoch in the history of letters, as the original of that kind of composition, the Novel of Character; which is one of the distinguishing peculiarities of modern literature. When well executed, this sort of writing rises to the dignity of history itself, and may be said to perform no insignificant part of the functions of the latter. History describes men less as they are, than as they appear; as they are playing a part on the great political theatre,— men in masquerade. It rests on state documents, which too often cloak real purposes under an artful veil of policy, or on the accounts of cotemporaries, blinded by passion or interest. Even without these deductions, the revolutions of states, their wars, and their intrigues, do not present the only aspect, nor, perhaps, the most interesting, under which human nature can be studied. It is man in his domestic relations; around his own fireside, where alone his real character can be truly disclosed; in his ordinary occupations in society, whether for purposes of profit or of pleasure; in his every-day manner of living; his tastes and opinions, as drawn out in social intercourse; it is, in short, under all those forms which make up the interior of society, that man is to be studied, if we would get the true form and pressure of the age, — if, in short, we would obtain clear and correct ideas of the actual progress of civilization.

But these topics do not fall within the scope of the historian. He cannot find authentic materials for them. They belong to the novelist, who, indeed, contrives his incidents, and creates his characters, but who, if true to his art, animates them with the same tastes, sentiments, and motives of action, which belong to the period of his fiction. His portrait is not the less true,

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because no individual has sat for it. He has seized the physiognomy of the times. Who is there, that does not derive a more distinct idea of the state of society and manners in Scotland, from the Waverley novels, than from the best of its historians; of the condition of the Middle Ages, from the single romance of Ivanhoe, than from the volumes of Hume or Hallam? In like manner, the pencil of Cervantes has given a far more distinct and a richer portraiture of life in Spain, in the sixteenth century, than can be gathered from a library of monkish chronicles.

Spain, which furnished the first good model of this kind of writing, seems to have possessed more ample materials for it, than any other country, except England. This is perhaps owing, in a great degree, to the freedom and originality of the popular character. It is the country where the lower classes make the nearest approaches, in their conversation, to what is called humor. Many of the national proverbs are seasoned with it; as well as the *picaresco* tales, the indigenous growth of the soil, where, however, the humor runs rather too much to mere practical jokes. The free expansion of the popular characteristics may be traced, in part, to the freedom of the political institutions of the country, before the iron hand of the Austrian dynasty was laid on it. The long wars with the Moslem invaders called every peasant into the field, and gave him a degree of personal consideration. In some of the provinces, indeed, as Catalonia, the democratic spirit frequently rose to an uncontrollable height. In this free atmosphere, the rich and peculiar traits of national character were unfolded. The territorial divisions which marked the peninsula, broken up anciently into a number of petty and independent states, gave, moreover, great variety to the national portraiture. The rude Asturian, the haughty and indolent Castilian, the industrious Arragonese, the independent Catalan, the jealous and wily Andalusian, the effeminate Valencian, and the magnificent Granadine, furnished an infinite variety of character and costume for the study of the artist. The intermixture of Asiatic races, to an extent unknown in any other European land, was favorable to the same result. The Jews and the Moors were settled in too great numbers, and for too many centuries, in the land, not to have left traces of their Oriental civilization. The best blood of the country has flowed from what the modern Spaniard, the Spaniard of the Inquisition, regards as impure

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sources ; and a work, popular in the peninsula, under the name of *Tizon de España,* or " Brand of Spain," maliciously traces back the pedigrees of the noblest houses in the kingdom to a Jewish or Morisco origin. All these circumstances have conspired to give a highly poetic interest to the character of the Spaniards ; to make them, in fact, the most picturesque of European nations, affording richer and far more various subjects for the novelist, than other nations, whose peculiarities have been kept down by the weight of a despotic government, or the artificial and levelling laws of fashion. How narrow a field is afforded to the novelist, in a highly artificial state of society, like that of France, for example, where conventional forms have penetrated to the lowest ranks, regulating and controlling, as it were, the natural play of character. France, in point of fact, has produced only one writer of first-rate excellence, in this walk of fiction, Le Sage ; and he confessed the inferiority of his own country for his purposes, by drawing his pictures exclusively from Spain.

There is one other point of view, in which the Don Quixote presents itself, that of its didactic import. It is not merely moral in its general tendency, though this was a rare virtue in the age in which it was written, but is replete with admonition and criticism, oftentimes requiring great boldness, as well as originality, in the author. Such, for instance, are the derision of witchcraft, and other superstitions, common to the Spaniards ; the ridicule of torture, which, though not used in the ordinary courts, was familiar to the Inquisition ; the frequent strictures on various departments and productions of literature. The literary criticism scattered throughout the work shows a profound acquaintance with the true principles of taste, far before his time, and which has left his judgments of the writings of his countrymen still of paramount authority. In truth, the great scope of his work was didactic, for it was a satire against the false taste of his age. And never was there a satire so completely successful. The last romance of chivalry, before the appearance of the Don Quixote, came out in 1602. It was the last that was ever published in Spain. So completely was this kind of writing, which had bade defiance to every serious effort, now extinguished by the breath of ridicule,

> " That soft and summer breath, whose subtile power
> Passes the strength of storms, in their most desolate hour."

It was impossible for any new author to gain an audience. The

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public had seen how the thunder was fabricated. The spectator had been behind the scenes, and witnessed of what cheap materials kings and queens were made. It was impossible for him, by any stretch of imagination, to convert the tinsel and painted bawbles which he had seen there into diadems and sceptres. The illusion had fled for ever.

Satire seldom survives the local or temporary interests, against which it is directed. It loses its life with its sting. The satire of Cervantes is an exception. The objects at which it was aimed, have long since ceased to interest. The modern reader is attracted to the book, simply by its execution as a work of art; and, from want of previous knowledge, comprehends few of the allusions, which gave such infinite zest to the perusal in its own day. Yet, under all these disadvantages, it not only maintains its popularity, but is far more widely extended, and enjoys far higher consideration, than in the life of its author. Such are the triumphs of genius!

Cervantes correctly appreciated his own work. He more than once predicted its popularity. "I will lay a wager," says Sancho, "that before long there will not be a chop-house, tavern, or barber's stall, but will have a painting of our achievements." The honest squire's prediction was verified in his own day; and the author might have seen paintings of his work, on wood and on canvass, as well as copperplate engravings of it. Besides several editions of it at home, it was printed, in his own time, in Portugal, Flanders, and Italy. Since that period, it has passed into numberless editions, both in Spain, and other countries. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue, over and over again; into English ten times, into French eight, and others less frequently. We will close the present notice with a brief view of some of the principal editions, together with that at the head of our article.

The currency of the romance among all classes, frequently invited its publication by incompetent hands; and the consequence was a plentiful crop of errors, until the original text was nearly despoiled of its beauty, — while some passages were omitted, and foreign ones still more shamefully interpolated. The first attempt to retrieve the original from these harpies, who thus foully violated it, singularly enough, was made in England. Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second, had formed a collection of books of romance, which

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she playfully named the "library of the sage Merlin." The romance of Cervantes, alone, was wanting; and a nobleman, Lord Carteret, undertook to provide her with a suitable copy, at his own expense. This was the origin of the celebrated edition published by Tonson, in London, 1738, 4 tom. 4to. It contained the Life of the Author, written for it by the learned Mayans y Siscar. It was the first biography (which merits the name) of Cervantes; and it shows into what oblivion his personal history had already fallen, that no less than seven towns claimed each the honor of giving him birth. The fate of Cervantes resembled that of Homer.

The example thus set by foreigners excited an honorable emulation at home; and at length, in 1780, a magnificent edition, from the far-famed press of Ibarra, was published at Madrid in 4 tom. 4to, under the auspices of the Royal Spanish Academy; which, unlike many other literary bodies of sounding name, has contributed most essentially to the advancement of letters, not merely by original memoirs, but by learned and very beautiful editions of ancient writers. Its Don Quixote exhibits a most careful revision of the text, collated from the several copies printed in the author's lifetime, and supposed to have received his own emendations. There is too good reason to believe that these corrections were made with a careless hand; at all events there is a plentiful harvest of typographical blunders in these primitive editions.

Prefixed to the publication of the Academy, is the Life of Cervantes by Rios, written with uncommon elegance, and containing nearly all that is of much interest in his personal history. A copious analysis of the romance follows this, in which a parallel is closely elaborated between it and the poems of Homer. But the romantic and the classical differ too widely from each other to admit of such an approximation; and the method of proceeding necessarily involves its author in infinite absurdities, which show an entire ignorance of the true principles of philosophical criticism, and which he would scarcely have fallen into, had he given heed to the maxims of Cervantes himself.

In the following year, 1781, there appeared another edition in England, deserving of particular notice. It was prepared by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, a clergyman at Idemestone, who was so enamoured of the romance of Cervantes, that, after collecting a library of such works as could any way illustrate his author, he spent fourteen years in preparing a suitable commentary on

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him. There was ample scope for such a commentary. Many of the satirical allusions of the romance were misunderstood, as we have said, owing to ignorance of the books of chivalry, at which they were aimed. Many incidents and usages, familiar to the age of Cervantes, had long since fallen into oblivion. And much of the idiomatic phraseology had grown to be obsolete, and required explanation. Cervantes himself had fallen into some egregious blunders, which, in his subsequent revision of the work, he had neglected to set right. The reader will readily call to mind the confusion as to Sancho's Dapple, who appears and disappears, most unaccountably, on the scene, according as the author happens to remember or forget that he was stolen. He afterwards corrected this, in two or three instances, but left three or four others unheeded. To the same account must be charged numberless gross anachronisms. Indeed, the whole Second Part is an anachronism, since the author introduces his hero criticizing the First Part, in which his own epitaph is recorded.

Cervantes seems to have had a great distaste for the work of revision. Some of his blunders he laid at the printer's door; and others he dismissed with the remark, more ingenious than true, that they were like moles, which, though blemishes in themselves, add to the beauty of the countenance. He little dreamed, that his lapses were to be watched so narrowly, that a catalogue was actually to be set down of all his repetitions and inconsistencies, and that each of his hero's sallies was to be adjusted by an accurate chronological table, like any real history. He would have been still slower to believe, that in the middle of the eighteenth century, a learned society, the Academy of Literature and Fine Arts at Troyes, in Champagne, should have chosen a deputation of their body to visit Spain, and examine the library of the Escurial, in order to obtain, if possible, the original MS. of that Arabian sage, from whom Cervantes professed to have translated his romance. This was to be more mad than Don Quixote himself. Yet this actually happened.

Bowle's edition was printed in six volumes, quarto; the two last contained notes, illustrations, and index, all, as well as the text, in Castilian. Watt, in his laborious "Bibliotheca Britannica," remarks, that the book did not come up to the public expectation. If so, the public must have been very unreasonable. It was a marvellous achievement for a foreigner. It was the first attempt at a commentary on the Quixote, and, although

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doubtless exhibiting inaccuracies, which a native might have escaped, has been a rich mine of illustration, from which native critics have helped themselves most liberally, and sometimes with scanty acknowledgment.

The example of the English critic led to similar labors in Spain; among the most successful of which may be mentioned the edition by Pellicer, which has commended itself to every scholar by its very learned disquisitions on many topics both of history and criticism. It also contains a valuable memoir of Cervantes; whose life has since been written, in a manner which leaves nothing further to be desired, by Navarrete, well known by his laborious publication of documents relative to the early Spanish discoveries. His biography of the novelist comprehends all the information, direct and subsidiary, which can now be brought together, for the elucidation of his personal or literary history. If Cervantes, like his great contemporary, Shakspeare, has left few authentic details of his existence, the deficiency has been diligently supplied, in both cases, by speculation and conjecture.

There was still wanting a classical commentary on the Quixote, devoted to the literary execution of the work. Such a commentary has at length appeared, from the pen of Clemencin, the accomplished secretary of the Spanish Academy of History, who had acquired a high reputation for himself, by the publication of the sixth volume of its Memoirs, the exclusive work of his own hand. In his edition of the romance, besides illuminating with rare learning many of the obscure points in the narrative, he has accompanied the text with a severe, but enlightened criticism, which, while it boldly exposes occasional offences against taste or grammar, directs the eye to those latent beauties, which might escape a rapid or an ordinary reader. We much doubt if any Castilian classic has been so ably illustrated. Unfortunately, the First Part only was completed by the commentator, who died very recently. It will not be easy to find a critic, equally qualified, by his taste and erudition, for the completion of the work.

The English, as we have noticed, have evinced their relish for Cervantes, not only by their critical labors, but by repeated translations. Some of these are executed with much skill, considering the difficulty of correctly rendering the idiomatic phraseology of humorous dialogue. The most popular versions are those of Motteux, Jarvis, and Smollett. Perhaps

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the first is the best of all. It was by a Frenchman, who came over to England in the time of James the Second. It betrays nothing of its foreign parentage, however, while its rich and racy diction, and its quaint turns of expression, are admirably suited to convey a lively and very faithful image of the original. The slight tinge of antiquity, which belongs to the time, is not displeasing, and comports well with the tone of knightly dignity, which distinguishes the hero. Lockhart's notes, and poetical versions of old Castilian ballads, appended to the recent edition of Motteux, have rendered it by far the most desirable translation. — It is singular, that the first classical edition of Don Quixote, the first commentary, and probably the best foreign translation, should have been all produced in England; and further, that the English commentator should have written in Spanish, and the English translation have been by a Frenchman.

We now come to Mr. Sales's recent edition of the original; the first, probably, which has appeared in the New World, of the one half of which the Spanish is the spoken language. There was great need of some uniform edition, to meet the wants of our University, where much inconvenience has been long experienced from the discrepancies of the copies used. The only ones to be procured in this country, are contemptible both in regard to printing and paper, and are defaced by the grossest errors. They are the careless manufacture of ill-informed Spanish booksellers, made to sell, and dear to boot.

Mr. Sales has adopted a right plan, for remedying these several evils. He has carefully formed his text on that of the last and most correct edition of the Academy; and as he has stereotyped the work, any verbal errors may be easily rectified. The Academy has substituted the modern orthography for that of Cervantes, who, independently of the change which has gradually taken place in the language, seems to have had no uniform system himself. Mr. Sales has conformed to the rules prescribed by this high authority, for regulating his orthography, accent, and punctuation. In some instances, only, he has adopted the ancient usage, in beginning words with *f* instead of *h*, and retaining obsolete terminations of verbs, as *hablades* for *hablais*, *hablabades* for *hablabais*, *amades* for *amais*, *amabades* for *amabais*, &c., no doubt as better suited to the lofty tone of the good Knight's discourses,

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who himself affected a reverence for the antique, in his conversation, to which his translators have not always sufficiently attended.

In one respect, the present editor has made some alterations not before attempted, we believe, in the text of his original. We have already noticed the inaccuracies of the early copies of the Don Quixote, partly imputable to Cervantes himself, and in a greater degree, doubtless, to his printers. There is no way of rectifying such errors by collation with the author's manuscript, which has long since disappeared. All that can now be done, therefore, is to point out the purer reading, in a note, as Clemencin, Arrieta, and other commentators have done, or, as Mr. Sales has preferred, to introduce it into the body of the text. We will give one or two specimens of these alterations.

"Poco mas *ó* menos." — tom. i., p. 141.

The reading in the old editions is "poco mas *á* menos"; a phrase as unintelligible in Spanish now, as its literal translation would be in English; although in use, it would seem from other authorities, in the age of Cervantes.

"Por tales os juzgué y tuve." — tom. i., p. 104.

The old editions add "siempre," which clearly is incorrect, since Don Quixote is speaking of the present occasion.

"*Don Quijote* quedó admirado." — tom. i., p. 143.

Other editions read "*El cual* quedó," &c. The use of the relative leaves the reader in doubt who is intended; and Mr. Sales, in conformity to Clemencin's suggestion, has made the sentence clear by substituting the name of the Knight.

"Donde les *sucedieron* cosas," &c. — tom. ii., p. 44.

In other editions "*sucedió*," — bad grammar, since it agrees with a plural noun.

"En tan poco espacio de tiempo como ha que *estuvo* allá," &c., tom. ii., p. 132; instead of "*está* allá," clearly the wrong tense, since the verb refers to past time.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples, a sufficient number of which have been cited, to show on what principles the emendations have been made. They have been confined to the correction of such violations of grammar, or such inaccuracies of expression, as obscure or distort the meaning. They

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have been made with great circumspection, and in obedience to the suggestion of the highest authorities in the language. For the critical scholar, who would naturally prefer the primitive text, with all its impurities, they were not designed. But they are of infinite value to the general reader and the student, who may now read this beautiful classic, purified from those verbal blemishes, which, however obvious to a native, could not fail to mislead a foreigner.

Besides these emendations, Mr. Sales has illustrated the work by prefixing to it the admirable preliminary discourse of Clemencin, and by a considerable body of notes, selected and abridged from the most approved commentators; and as the object has been to explain the text to the reader, not to involve him in antiquarian or critical disquisitions, when his authorities have failed to do this, the editor has supplied notes of his own, throwing much light on matters least familiar to a foreigner. In this part of his work, we think he might have derived considerable aid from Bowle, whom he does not appear to have consulted. The Castilian commentator, Arrieta, whom he liberally uses, is largely indebted to the English critic, who, as a foreigner, moreover, has been led into many seasonable explanations, that would be superfluous to a Spaniard.

We may notice another peculiarity in the present edition, that of breaking up the text into reasonable paragraphs, in imitation of the English translations; a great relief to the spirits of the reader, which are seriously damped, in the ancient copies, by the interminable waste of page upon page, without these convenient halting-places.

But our readers, we fear, will think we are running into an interminable waste of discussion. We will only remark, therefore, in conclusion, that the mechanical execution of the book is highly creditable to our press. It is, moreover, adorned with etchings, by our American Cruikshank, Johnston, — some of them original, but mostly copies from the late English edition of Smollett's translation. They are designed and executed with much spirit, and, no doubt, would have fully satisfied honest Sancho, who, as we have seen, predicted this kind of immortality for himself and his master.

We congratulate the public on the possession of an edition of the pride of Castilian literature, from our own press, in so neat a form, and executed with so much correctness and judgment; and we trust that the ambition of its respectable

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editor will be gratified, by its becoming, as it well deserves to be, the manual of the student, in every seminary, throughout the country, where the noble Castilian language is taught.

ART. II. — 1. *Archæologia Americana: Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society.* Vol. 2d. Cambridge. Printed for the Society at the University Press. 1836. pp. 573.

2. *Inquiries respecting the History, Traditions, Languages, Manners, Customs, Religion, &c., of the Indians living within the United States.* Detroit. Printed by Sheldon & Reed. 1823. pp. 64.

THE early history of the aborigines is taking a deeper hold on literary attention in America. Materials for its illustration have, from time to time, appeared, rather, however, as the result of casual, than of professed research. It is only within late years, that systematic inquiries into the curious principles of their languages and intellectual character, have been made, and these efforts are due, almost entirely, to individual zeal. Literary associations have been called to act, rather as auxiliaries, than principals, in these investigations. Perhaps there is something in our state of society, and the limited means of action of our learned and scientific bodies, to lead to this. Few of these incorporations have, however, commenced their career under more encouraging auspices than the American Antiquarian Society. Its first volume was given up, in great part, to the consideration of what may be called the monumental history of the Indians. Whatever posterity may, however, agree to think of the ancient mounds and other marks of labor, which are found over a large surface of the country, particularly west of the Alleganies, there must be far less of doubt attending conclusions drawn from investigations of the principles of the Indian languages.

Mounds and ditches very conclusively show the sites of ancient labor. A clay pot, or an arrow head, clearly enough demonstrates the state of the arts among the people who used these articles. But oral language is the chief object which can, in any degree, supply literary data from a people who are

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wholly destitute of books. It enables us, in a measure, to speak with by-gone generations, by supplying facts for analogy and comparison; and the inquiry is the nearest equivalent, which rude nations present for literature. We may put by Indian tradition, as not entitled to respect, after the lapse of a few generations from any given era, and as wholly inadequate to furnish a clue to their ancient migrations and origin. And still less can be gleaned from their hieroglyphics, which have been written, as they still continue to be, not on stone, as in Egypt, but upon wood and bark. Their paintings, or rather *staining*, on rocks, have been but little examined. Nor have we such descriptions of their implements of stone, baked earth, bone, wood, and copper, as seem desirable for a true understanding of the ancient state of arts among them. And it cannot be denied, that by far the most enduring "monuments" which our native tribes possess, are to be sought in the sounds and syntax of their languages.

Upwards of half a century has elapsed since Mr. Jefferson observed, that the best proof of the affinity of nations is contained in their languages, and that a knowledge of the dialects spoken by the American tribes would afford the most certain evidence of their origin. He regrets that so many of the earlier tribes had been suffered to pass away, without our having collected and recorded the requisite data on this head, for literary purposes. "Were vocabularies formed," he adds, "of all the languages spoken in North and South America, preserving their appellations of the most common objects in nature, of those, which must be present to every nation, barbarous or civilized, with the inflections of their nouns and verbs, their principles of regimen and concord, and these deposited in all the public libraries, it would furnish opportunities to those skilled in the languages of the old world, to compare them with these now, or at any future time, and hence to construct the best evidence of the derivation of this part of the human race."*

We regard this as the great desideratum. Mutable as every thing is, connected with those tribes, there is less mutability in their languages, and particularly their grammatical principles, than any other point in their history and condition. When it is considered how many centuries have elapsed since the nations of the Teutonic stock separated in the north of Europe,

* Notes on Virginia, written in 1781 – 1782, and first published in 1787.

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what strong traces of the language still exist, even in the English, and how many centuries must still elapse, before these traces will be obliterated, it is manifest that there is a principle of endurance in language, which recommends it to the most scrupulous attention. Every word is a fact, and every rule a proof. And the evidence, if it has been well concocted, partakes, at last, of some of the characteristics of a mathematical demonstration. And it is, therefore, with no common pleasure, that we hail the publication of the principal volume whose title we have placed at the head of this article.

It has been known, in the literary circles, for some time, that Mr. Gallatin was engaged in preparing for the press, his inquiries into the structure of the Indian languages of this continent; and we can confidently affirm that the results, which are presented in this volume, are such as to satisfy the highest expectations which we had formed of them, from his known capacity for research and accurate deduction. It is proposed to indicate some of the grounds of this opinion, which will be drawn, rather from materials which he has furnished, than from our own.

The Antiquarian Society have devoted the bulk of their present volume to Mr. Gallatin's Essay, and the philological data on which it is based. The latter, as they stand, consist of the following papers.

I. Grammatical notices of the various stock tribes of North America, exhibiting a synopsis of the tribes and languages, from the best sources. This is followed by a map of the portions of the continent occupied by the leading tribes who inhabited the Atlantic borders about A. D. 1600, and for the tribes westward, about A. D. 1800. The latter is engraved from an original drawing by Mr. Gallatin, and is the result of his personal researches.

II. Verbal forms, exhibiting specimens of simple conjugations and transitions, in fifteen languages.

III. Vocabularies and select sentences, preceded by a tabular view of the American tribes, as far as they are known, to the number of sixty-four distinct tribes or bands. Of these, vocabularies, nearly complete, are given, of one hundred and eighty-one words, in each of fifty-three languages, and of from eight to thirty-two words and phrases, in each of eighteen languages. There is subjoined an additional comparative vocabulary of four hundred and fifty-two words each, in the Muscogee,

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Chocta, Caddo, Mohawk, and Seneca, and three hundred and ninety-three words in the Cherokee, together with a comparative list of words indicating some affinity between the Chocta and Muscogee, and a table of select sentences, with the Lord's prayer, in the Cherokee, Muskogee, Chocta, and Dahcota.

This body of documentary matter is preceded by upwards of two hundred pages of historical and critical text, in which the author unfolds the results of his reading and reflections on the subject. This Introductory Essay contains a review of Indian history from the earliest times, and evinces an acquaintance with scarce and rare works, foreign and domestic. Mr. Gallatin has thoroughly explored the writings of the early missionaries to this continent, and appears to have had access to some portion of these reports, which could only have been obtained in France. He stoops, however, to glean information wherever it was to be found, and seems to have acted on the maxim, that nothing was too high or too low to contribute to his purpose. He has extended the scope of his observations to the entire body of the tribes inhabiting the continent between the Arctic ocean and the Mexican and Spanish provinces. The whole is brought forward under the title of "A Synopsis of the Indian tribes within the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, and in the British and Russian possessions in North America." The Introductory Essay is terminated with "General Observations," which every one ought to read, who admires accurate observation, sound philosophy, and just criticism. A few such chapters would shed more light on the obscure subject of Indian origin and Indian migration, than all the lucubrations which have been poured forth, from the days of Columbus.

Without indicating, by some preliminary sketch of this kind, the extent of the grounds occupied by Mr. Gallatin, and the manner in which he has proceeded to elucidate his subject, it did not seem practicable to do justice to his labors, or to make them the basis of the remarks that are to follow.

The term "Indian," as applied to the American tribes, remains to attest the geographical error of Columbus and his companions and immediate followers, who supposed that a portion of the East Indies had been reached. And the conclusion appeared to be justified by the color of the skin of the natives, who are, however, rather of the *red* or copper, than

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the *olive* cast. But it does not appear how, on this supposition, the absence of cotton clothing and steel weapons, which were in common use in India at the close of the fifteenth century, was accounted for; nor the still more suspicious absence of alphabetical signs, the art of painting in oil, and the peculiar style of statuary of the east, not a trace of either of which seems to have been noticed in Hispaniola, Cuba, and the other groups of the Southern Atlantic islands, first visited; although we are aware that carved images were afterwards discovered among the continental tribes in Peru and Mexico, and discoveries of an interesting character, on this subject, have been recently announced, as having been made in South America.

Taking up the broken chain of the history of man from the dispersion at Babel, and coming down to the time when Columbus anchored off the little island of San Salvador, there is a period of no less than *thirty-seven centuries* to which we must look for the unknown time, at which the American tribes broke off from their eastern stock, and found their way to this continent. They were, in 1492, as was verified in a few years of after-discovery, spread over the whole continent between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and extending from Patagonia to the Arctic sea. No great migrations have been made since. The country appeared then to be possessed and divided. The tribes lived, and fought, and fell into depopulation, in the general districts, where they were first discovered. This was the case with the Charibs, Auricanians, Azteeks, the Lenapees and Algonquins, and the other principal tribes. They removed, as a general fact, from seaboard to inland situations, and from one valley, where they were impinged on, to another where they could use their natural freedom undisturbed. And these migrations are a part of the *modern* history of the country. But they never, like the Grecian, and Roman, and Saxon stocks of men, went off in whole colonies, to new regions; at least, this was not done after the discovery. The Charibs died and became extinct in Hispaniola; the Powhatans in Virginia; the New England Indians, in New England. Such events as whole tribes or bands being cut off by famine, or small-pox, or fleeing under the final disasters of war, rarely occurred; and when they did, were recorded, and the chain of these migrations and mutations may be picked out of the multifarious and dispersed materials of American history. But

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there is no connected, clear, concocted history, where these facts can be found.

Mr. Gallatin has devoted his leisure hours, between business avocations, in part, to this object, and he has recorded the districts of the residence of our northern Indians, at two distinct eras, two centuries apart, in his most valuable map, supported as it is, by the conclusions of his text. It appears, from his investigations, that the portion of North America, lying between Cape Florida, and the Icy Ocean, and extending from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, was occupied, and has continued, within these several boundaries, to be occupied, by *ten* mother tribes, part of whom, in 1600, dwelt along the Atlantic, and part are laid down, in 1800, as spreading over the Mississippi valley and the lakes, and the British possessions north of the latter point. Of these tribes, the Seminoles, Muskogees, Cherokees, Choctas, and Chacasaws, have continued during the whole period to occupy the precise positions, where they were first found. The "Algonquin-Lenape," — a compromise term introduced by Mr. Gallatin, — extended east along the Atlantic from the Carolinas to Cape Breton, west to the Mississippi, and north to Hudson's Bay, with the exception of the tracts possessed by the Iroquois, the Tuscaroras, and Catawbas in the south, and the Winnebagoes in the west. West of the Mississippi, the tribes, speaking types of the Sioux language, appear to occupy to the confines of the Rocky Mountains, leaving out the territories of the Pawnees and Blackfeet. North of Hudson's Bay and the sources of the Mississippi, the dialects are classified under the name of Athabasca, including the Chippewyans, Tacullies, Beaver Indians, Dog-ribs, &c. And the frigid shores of the Arctic, and its bays and archipelagoes, stretching from Greenland to Behring's Straits, and even partially to the adjacent continent of Asia, are assigned to the Esquimaux. The migrations of the latter, like all the other tribes, within the era of *written* history, have been from east to west, and Mr. Gallatin supposes them to have crossed Behring's Straits from the American continent, and not *vice versâ*.

This opinion does not, however, apply, so far as he has expressed it, to the other American tribes. Of the tribes inhabiting the northwest coast, his information did not permit him to introduce any generic arrangement. And he has adduced but a single example from the South American

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nations, namely the Auricanians, for the purpose of comparison with the northern languages. This classification of our stock tribes, simplifies the former and confused arrangement of European philologists, and lifts, as it were, the veil from their obscure, ancient international connexion. And we are encouraged with the expectation, that a perseverance in this mode of investigation, based on the production of vocabularies and grammars, will dissipate many of the former notions respecting the infinite multiplicity of the American languages, show connexions between some of them, in which the analogies appear now to be but feeble, and finally shed important light upon their history, migrations, and origin.

To what extent these studies have been advanced by Mr. Gallatin's labors, we have already indicated; but we cannot omit the present occasion to say, that we deem the establishment of *one* principle necessary to the accomplishment of the grand result; namely, the collection of adequate vocabularies and grammars, on a uniform system of notation, giving words their proper mark of accent, and distinguishing, in the vocabularies, *compound* from *simple* words and phrases. Not to notice, in writing languages so concrete and amalgamated as those of our Indians, whether the verb, or the noun, or adjective, has the pronouns and particles for tense incorporated with it, — not to distinguish strictly the number, and the actor from the object, — not to separate between positive and negative, comparative and superlative, and above all, not to point out those transitions from the subject of action, to the object acted on, *a principle so perpetually present in the forms*, — is to write, as most casual tourists and observers have heretofore written, leaving the philologist to supply by analogy and inference, what was not furnished to him, and to puzzle and rack his brains over anomalies which are often imaginary, and not unfrequently to fall into errors, that ordinary attention on the part of collectors with a fixed plan would have wholly prevented.

Language is the key of history. The boy who dropped white pebbles to enable him to trace back his steps from the mazes of the forest, did not adopt a simpler method of attaining to the object of his desires, than the philologist, who traces radical words through the entanglements of grammatical form, and the intricacies of oral syllabication. And the comparison would be complete, were it not for the changes and corruptions

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in spoken languages which are exclusively vocal. But even here, there is a clue. The corruptions of barbarous languages are, to a considerable degree, systematic. Such nations cherish their words, as they do their musical sounds, with great pertinacity, and the changes are quite simple at their commencement. Change of accent is the first innovation, in the words of kindred tribes and families, separated from each other. The interchangeable consonants next feel the effects of the separation. The letters *b* and *p*, *d* and *t*, *l* and *n*, *v* and *f*, &c. change places. Vowels next feel the power of change; the long become short, the broad diphthongal, &c. Oral syllabication is miserably performed, where there are no alphabetical signs to fix the sounds. And the result is, what we behold in our Indian dialects, — an apparently chaotic mixture of verbs, nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, all in one phrase, coalescing, it is true, by rules, but by rules so obscurely drawn, that the *musical scale* fixed in the speaker's mind seems to decide the quantity of a word, which is to be retained in compounds. Pronouns seem to resist total change the longest, and long after all else is dropped, the alphabetical sign, which is generally a consonant, remains. Numerals are also of a comparatively fixed character; but we apprehend, that the Indian numerals partake of the transitive character of these adjectives and other parts of speech, and that originally, instead of saying simply, "one," "two," "three," &c., the idea conveyed was "one shell," "one bone," &c. Particles constitute a very important part of speech in the Indian languages, and seem to be so many grammatical increments, which, like algebraical quantities, are susceptible in the speaker's mind of meeting almost every emergency. And they appear to be quite permanent in their sound, perhaps as much so, as their simple notes.

These suggestions have occurred to us, in hearing the Indians speak, and in the process of analyzing their compound expressions. So far as relates to the classes of words, which it has been thought are least subject to change, we are aware that different opinions have been entertained. We have now before us a manuscript letter from a gentleman of science in Great Britain, interested in the subject, who remarks; — "The words most apt to pervade different nations, and to pass from one people to another, are articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, prepositions; next to these, numerals; next to these,

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whatever terms are expressive of striking, useful, hurtful, or very clear and definite objects or ideas; for, if the conceptions we have of things be not very definite, clear, and distinct, the idea and the word are not likely to float down the stream of time together; — they will be jostled and parted." "Be very careful," he adds, "in spelling the Indian words. Spell them in different ways, where our letters don't square exactly with their sounds. Take notice of their musical tones, and whether these tones get in, as essential parts, into their speech; and, above all, remember that a *word* is a *thing*, and that it may be examined as a *record*, or considered like a coin or medal, as well as if it had the stamp of a king or mint upon it." *

To keep up this figure, we may observe, in relation to the Indian languages, that the coin is, however, without date or superscription, the whole surface being obscured by rust, or defaced by time. To decipher its characters, to disclose its image, and to restore its superscription, minute and laborious attention is necessary; and, in the absence of every other means, we still have the rude external shape of the coin, and the quality of its metal, to furnish data for comparison.

About seventy years ago, Colden asserted that the Indian languages had no *pronouns*. Edwards,† some years afterwards, declared, in his treatise on the Muhhee Kenieu or Mohegan, that this language was destitute of *adjectives*, unless their names for the digits could be so considered. This was followed up, at a later period, by Boudinot's assertion that these languages possessed no *prepositions*. Dr. Beecher asserts that they have "no words to express the most important truths of the Bible." One of the most copious and regular of the languages is said to have neither *tone* nor *accent*.‡ Another, to be without *number*.§ Writers have denied them the verb declarative of existence. An attentive perusal of the periodical literature and occasional publications of the day, reaching back for fifteen or twenty years, will show that these languages have been considered by various writers as wanting in the article and conjunction; that they have been considered as grossly defective in systematic regimen and concord, and as being, finally, without tensal, modal, or pronominal inflections.

* Dr. Macdonnel, of Belfast.
† Not President Jonathan Edwards.
‡ La Hontan's *Voyages*.
§ Tanner's Narrative, by Dr. James.

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We do not advert to these opinions to show the particular grounds of their fallacy. We do not think that labor necessary. Some of the errors are almost self-evident. Most of the writers whom we have quoted knew but little, by actual observation, of the subject, and wrote probably from the best data at hand. Theory evidently impaired the observations of others. Our aim is to indicate how little was actually known on the subject, at a comparatively recent period. Philology is, indeed, a recent science. It has risen within two or three decades, upon the laborious critical labors of central Europe, supplied, as the intellectual mint in that quarter has been, with the result of the enterprising labors of modern travellers in the east, compared with ancient literature. The labors of Adelung and Schlegel constitute an era in the science ; but it has perhaps received a new impulse from the publication of Mr. Balbi's ethnographical map. That vague and erroneous notions of the character and structure of our Indian languages should have been entertained on both sides of the Atlantic, is not surprising ; and we attribute the opinions of American writers, whom we have named, rather to preconceived opinions founded on the state of observation which Europe had made upon India, northern Europe, and Polynesia, than to any strict, systematic inquiry into the subject among our principal tribes. It is hardly to be expected that a people, whom we were so often called upon to measure swords with, should at the same time inspire the literary zeal, necessary to enable men of letters to analyze their words, and unravel their syntax.

Take a few examples of this kind of foreign observation. The languages of New Zealand, Tonga, and Malay, have, as is said, no declension of nouns, and no conjugation of verbs. The purposes of verbs are answered by particles and prepositions. The distinctions of person, tense, and mode, are expressed by adverbs and pronouns. This rigidity of grammar is absolute, under every order of arrangement of the noun and verb ; and their meaning is not helped out, as among the American tribes, by affixes and suffixes.

Again : the Magyar or native Hungarian language, is represented as having scarcely any fixed laws of syntax. The noun or the verb may precede or follow each other with equal propriety. So completely transpositive is the language, that Marton gives sixteen different modes of arranging the words of the simple sentence, "*my father has sold his house*," and

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each of these is sanctioned by usage. We apprehend that this may be so, and the observation was probably made to show the extreme flexibility, rather than the absence, of a syntax. For there must be a proper and an improper, a clumsy and an eligible, a grammatical and an ungrammatical mode of expression, as we have observed there is, among the American tribes. Thus, it is a general rule, in the grammar of the latter, that the noun should always precede the verb, as in the inquiry, "Have you any fresh meat?" *Weeos, ki diau nuh?* In this phrase the word *weeos* signifies "fresh meat," or "meat" simply. Yet in expressions so simple in their structure, the verb *may* be placed before the noun, without marring the meaning; but the arrangement is, at the same time, at variance with the true idiom, and therefore improper.

Let the defects above referred to, be contrasted with the actual state of our principal languages. Take the Algic * or Algonquin, for instance. In this language, as spoken, in its most populous and best characterized branch, at this day, the Odjibwa, there are present not only substantives, verbs, adjectives, and pronouns, but also adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, interjections, and the definite article. The substantives are regularly inflected for number, and admit of particles, placed between the word and its plural, to designate whether the object is animate or inanimate; and as these may be used at will, the speaker, who may wish to deal in personification, has the power of clothing every object in the creation with life and being. And this is found to be a great resource in a language comparatively limited in its vocabulary. Substantives have also modifications which denote diminution or locality, and others that express agreeable or disagreeable ideas, as contempt, ridicule, inferiority, approbation, or excellence. As substantives are thus endowed, in a measure, with adjective qualities or terminations, the adjectives are likewise provided with substantive inflections, so that whichever comes first in the speaker's mind, may be shaped to indicate the properties peculiar to it. When an Indian wishes to say "white man," it is not necessary for him to place the noun "man" in juxtaposition with the adjective. He merely takes the adjective "white," divested of its animate and inanimate particles, (Wabishk,) and subjoins the generic particle for

* This adjective is a derivative from *Algonquin*, and is introduced for brevity's sake.

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person (*izzi*), and this compound term (*Wábishkiz'zi*) is the ordinary word for Europeans, used in contradistinction to Indians, and to Africans. The accent, as in most Indian polysyllabic words, falls on *alternate syllables*. Should the substantive be the object first presented to his mind, an adjective termination is employed to indicate its qualities, so that in fact, these two classes of words are properly adjective-substantives and substantive-adjectives.

A principle is here developed, which runs through the whole language, and forms by far its most striking peculiarity. All nouns and verbs are transitives, being convertible, by fixed rules of the grammar, into each other; and as they require a correspondence in number, person, time, quality, and the class of transition indicating whether it be animate or inanimate, it follows, that not only adjectives and pronouns, but also prepositions, and even the larger part of their conjunctions, all their particles, and even some of their interjections, are transitives.

In using verbs, therefore, the speaker at once transfers the action to the object. It results, that, as the language is not written, there is no standing *infinitive*, for they never have occasion to predicate action or passion, or mere existence, without direct reference to the object of such action. "To love," is a term that can be formed by an elision of the particle standing to denote the class of transition, but it would be stripped of meaning by the process. As this is a very important point in the Indian languages, and one which is not sufficiently familiar to general readers, we may add a few examples. To prepare the Indian speaker for the transitive process, the language supplies him with two generic words, IAH and ATTÓN,* signifying respectively, animate and inanimate existence, created thing, or being. By adding either the *first*, or the *accented syllable* of the *second* of those words to the radix of the verb, the two classes of transitives are formed. To illustrate the rule, we will annex Indian personal pronouns and particles to English verbs, substantives, and relative pronouns, which would be, respectively, *animate* and *inanimate*, in the Indian.

Bring-ahn.	*Bring him.*
Bring-oan.	*Bring it.*

* The *o* in this word is broad, as *o* in *own*, and *oa* in *groan*.

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Ne, *See*-ah.	*A man.*
Ne, *See*-ön'.	*A rock.*
Ne, *Love*-ah.	*This boy and girl.*
Ne, *Love*-oan.	*This meat and bread.*

In these examples the relative pronoun, "this," is also changed, in the Indian, from *Wohow* in the animate, to *Ohou* in the inanimate. The class of the noun determines the class of the verb, so that a speaker, grammatically skilled in the language, must know the appropriate class of each noun, as precisely as the masculine and feminine is required in the French. But there is an additional reason for accuracy in the American languages, for in the French the verb remains unchanged by its operation on the object. From this cause it is exceedingly rare to find the Indian spoken grammatically by any but *natives*, or persons who have been *accustomed to the idiom from childhood*. We have never known a white man, who had attained any thing more, in the acquisition of the language, than an approximation to accuracy. The class of persons who visit the interior bands for the purposes of trade, are commonly mere smatterers, and totally inadequate to communicate with the Indians, on topics of governmental business, or the abstruse questions connected with their religion or history.

The rules of the transition, to which we have adverted, will perhaps impress themselves more distinctly, by the following additional forms, in which, as above, the transitive particles of the Odjibwa are added to English words.

DECLENSION OF PRONOUNS FOR TENSE.

I,	Nee, or Nin; in compound words often N.
I-gee.	*I was — had — did.*
I-guh.	*I shall*, or *will.*
I-guh-gee.	*I shall*, or *will have been.*
I-gud.	*Let me.*
I-dau.	*I may*, or *can.*
I-dau-gee.	*I may — can —* or *might have been.*

Exchange the letter N for K in the second person, and O in the third, and the whole declension is formed.

ADJECTIVES.

Inanimate form.	Animate form.
Beautiful-ud.	*Beautiful*-izzi.
Bad-ud.	*Bad*-izzi.

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Soft-un.	*Soft*-izzi.
Hard-un.	*Hard*-izzi.
Strong-un.	*Strong*-izzi.
White-un.	*White*-izzi.
Black-au.	*Black*-izzi.
Red-au.	*Red*-izzi.

These forms are respectively equivalent to *It is*, and *He is*, and are thus employed by the Indians, who separate perpetually, in their language, the two great departments of nature, characterized by the presence or absence of vitality.

Prepositions.

Combinations with the noun proper.		Combinations with a generic particle.	
Ogidj-*hill.*	*On the hill.*	*In*-iei.	*In.*
Nesaw-*river.*	*Down the river.*	*Beneath*-iei.	*Beneath.*
Cheeg-*rock.*	*By the rock.*	*Before*-iei.	*Before.*
Weendj-*man.*	*With a man.*	*Behind*-iei.	*Behind.*

There are no auxiliary verbs in this language, but their place is supplied, as above shown, by a declension of the pronouns for time. Thus *Nee* or *Nin*, "I," becomes *Nin gee*, "I was, did, or had;" *Ninguh*, "I shall or will;" and *Ninguhgee*, "I shall or will have been," with the particle *bun*, suffixed to the verb. The imperative mood is *Nin gau*, in the first and second persons, and has the particle *Tah* prefixed to the third, and the potential has *dau*, instead of *gau*. The subjunctive takes the preposition *Kishpin* ("If") before it, and the infinitive must be formed by clipping off the transitive appendages, and is then in fact identical, in the present tense, with the third person singular of the indicative. There is also, in addition to these notative particles for time, an interrogative mood, which is indicated throughout by suffixing the particle *nuh* to the end of the verb.* This particle asks the question, and transforms the conjugations of the indicative, &c., into interrogative phrases.

	Indicative.	Interrogative.
Nim † Boz.	*I embark.*	Nim Boz i nuh? *Do I embark?*
Kee Boz.	*You embark.*	Kee Boz i nuh? *Do you embark?*
Bozi.	*He or she embarks.*	Boz i nuh? *Does he or she embark?*

* In all Indian compound words, a vowel must be interposed, at the point of coalescence, between two words, where the one terminates, and the other commences, with a consonant.

† The change from *n* to *m* in this pronoun, is a mere euphonism.

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And so, throughout the various tenses and voices. In the imperfect and pluperfect tenses of some few of their verbs, adverbs are employed as auxiliaries to the tensal forms. Some of the conjugations require particles of affirmation, others prepositions. Indeed, if we give to our technical terms for the principal divisions of person and time, as indicated by Mr. Gallatin, a free scope of meaning, the Indian languages would, in these various dialects, require several additional moods.

It would afford us pleasure to pursue the consideration of the verb, in its various modifications and involutions, were it compatible with the limits assigned to us; but we feel that such a course could not be adopted, consistently with the notice we wish to bestow on some other points of the language. One further trait in the verb, we deem it, however, important not to pass over, in this place. We refer to the use of the substantive verb, To Be. The idea of its absence from a stock of languages, whose whole syntax is based on a classification of the creation into beings and substances, vital or inert, appears to have originated in total misapprehension. And whatever doubts there may be, as to the capacity of the Indian languages *to affirm or declare*, independently of the operation of the *affirmation* or *declaration* on mind or matter, a simple consideration of the facts adduced by philologists shows that there can be none, respecting the power of most of the languages to denote simple *existence* or *being*. The data brought forward in relation to this topic, so far as relates to the Chippewa dialect of the Algic, in a previous number of this Review,* have never been invalidated, and are, in our opinion, completely irrefragable. The generic words *Iah* and *Atta*, indicating respectively, To Be, in animate and inanimate nature, run, like two principal arteries, through the whole language, and although they are not used as declarative auxiliaries like our term "I am," yet they enter respectively, as component particles, into the entire classes of the active, passive, and neuter verbs, and admit *themselves* of independent conjugation. The Indian does not habitually, and by the rules of his language say, "I am sick," "I am well," "I am hungry," "I am cold," contenting himself with a simple indication of his condition. Yet when the occasion requires

* Vol. XXVI., p. 357 seq.

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it, — when impelled by passion, or inspired by superstition, — he can exclaim, *Nindow iah w'iahn!* "My existence is," "The body that it is!" An opinion has been expressed by persons versed from infancy in the languages, with whom we have conferred, on this point, that the word *Iah* is a part of the name of the Everliving, or Supreme Being; that there is connected with its utterance, in the separate form, a high degree of awe; that this particle is used in the sacred and mystic songs of the Indians, in which it excites a strong feeling of fear and dread. It is also asserted, that Monedo, the modern name for the Supreme Being or Great Spirit, is a personal form of the verb, To Take, derived from the supposed abstraction of the food, placed as an offering to the Supreme Spirit, upon the rude altar-stone. We do not feel capable of judging on this point, and content ourselves with stating the opinion as received. But on the supposition of its accuracy, it would afford a striking coincidence with the Hebrew term "YAH" recorded in the 68th Psalm, and other Old Testament texts, as one of the titles of Jehovah.

The following verbs are used to indicate action or existence, in cases where the introduction of error on this head might be apprehended. They are put in the simplest form, being the third person singular of the indicative present, in which there is (generally) no pronoun.

1. *To Live; To exist in the body;* Pemah dizzi
2. *To Breathe;* Naysai
3. *To Have; to possess.* (an) *O-di-ah-wan.
4. *To Dwell;* I-in-dau.
5. *To Abide;* Abi.

The first word is a derivative from *iah*, to be, or exist generally, and *izzi*, a personal term, with the particle *Pe* prefixed. The second seems a derivative from the fifth. The third derivative presents the verb *iah* as a nucleus, to which is *prefixed* the sign of the pronoun for the third person, and to which is *suffixed* the possessive animate inflective *aun*. The letter *d* is interposed between the pronoun and verb, for sound's sake, according to an invariable rule, in cases of the succession of two vowels. The verb "to dwell," is taken from *aindaud*, "a dwelling."

The practical operation of the verb *Iah* is shown in the subjoined colloquial terms.

* The O, here, is the pronominal sign for "him," &c.

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"It is!—It is!" *Iah!-Iah!* exclamations used by the Indians when endeavouring to recollect the name of a person, or a forgotten circumstance.

"He is there;" *Iah-e-mau.*
"He is a spirit;" *Monedow'iah.*
"And Enoch walked with God, and was not."
Enoch Ogiwéjiwan. Geezha Monedo, Kaween ah'weah.
"I live," "I exist," "I am here." *Nin Diah-Neen.*

As the full conjugation of this verb has been communicated in the observations of one of our former numbers before alluded to, its parallel, in the *inanimate kingdom*, may here be given.

Atta; "To be," or "exist," as inert matter.

(As no personal pronouns can be employed, the conjugation is of course restricted to the neuter "it" and its plurals.)

Indicative.

Sing.	Present	Tense.	Atta.	*It is,* (as matter.)
"	Imp.	Tense.	Atta bun.	*It was.*
"	Perf.	Tense.	Kee atta bun.	*It has been.*
"	1st F.	Tense.	Tah atta.	*It shall or will be.*
"	2d F.	Tense.	Tahgee atta wun.	*It shall or will have been.*
Plu.	Present	Tense.	Atta wun.	*They are.*
"	Imp.	Tense.	Atta bun een.	*They were.*
"	Perf.	Tense.	Kee atta bun een.	*They have been.*
"	1st F.	Tense.	Tah atta wun.	*They shall or will be.*
"	2d F.	Tense.	Tahgee atta bun een.	*They shall or will have been.*

Interrogative.

(We insert this mood because we find a peculiar termination for it.)

Sing.	Present	Tense.	Atta-nuh.	*It. (is it?)*
"	Imp.	Tense.	Kee atta nuh.	*Was it?*
"	Perf.	Tense.	Kee atta bun nuh.	*Has it been?*
"	1st F.	Tense.	Tah atta nuh.	*Shall or will it be?*
"	2d F.	Tense.	Tahgee atta bun nuh.	*Shall or will it have been?*
Plu.	Present	Tense.	Atta wun nuh.	*Are they.*
"	Imp.	Tense.	Ke atta bun nuh.	*Were they.*
"	Perf.	Tense.	Kee atta bun een nuh.	*Have they been.*
"	1st F.	Tense.	Tah atta wun nuh.	*Shall or will they be.*
"	2d F.	Tense.	Tahgee atta bun een nuh.	*Shall or will they have been.*

Imperative.

Sing.	Poan e toan.	*Let it be.*
Plu.	Poan e toan inien.	*Let them be.*

(In this mood the substantive *attoan,* an animate mass or thing, is introduced with the inanimate pronoun *Inien* ("them") for plural.

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Potential.

(In this mood the adverb *Koosima* is subjoined.)

Sing.	Present	Tense.	Tah atta, koossima.	*It may be.*
"	Perf.	Tense.	Tahgee atta, koossima.	*It may have been.*
Plu.	Present	Tense.	Tah atta wun, koossima.	*They may be.*
"	Perf.	Tense.	Tahgee atta wun, koossima.	*They may have been.*

Subjunctive.

(The preposition *Kishpin* is an independent prefix throughout this conjugation.)

Sing.	Present	Tense.	Kishpin attaig.	*If it be.*
"	Imp.	Tense.	Kishpin attaige bun.	*If it were.*
"	Perf.	Tense.	Kishpin Ke attaig ebun.	*If it had been.*
"	1st F.	Tense.	Kishpin we attaig.	*If it shall be.*
"	2d F.	Tense.	Kishpin kee attaig ebun.	*If it shall have been.*

(This conjugation is rendered plural, by the relative pronoun *inien* after each singular conjugation.)

Infinitive.

Present	Tense.	Atta.	*To be* or *exist.* (ina)
Perf.	Tense.	Atta bun.	*To have been* or *existed.*

(This particle *bun* is the perfect tense in all nouns. This particle, added to a person's name, indicates, as heretofore pointed out, that the individual has passed out of existence, and is a delicate mode of denoting death, employed by these Indians. The operation of the rule is now, however, shown to be general.)

Participles.

Attaig.	*Being.* [as matter.]
Attaig-ebun.	*Having been.*

(The latter expression denotes the destruction or loss of material matter, and notwithstanding the resemblance to the imperfect of the subjunctive, is clearly distinguished in the latter by the prefixed preposition. The termination in *aig*, or *aing*, is the regular participial form; and it is evident, from these examples, that this form is also employed, in conjugating verbs in the subjunctive mood.)

Mr. Gallatin has pointed out the strong affinity between the Massachusetts and modern Chippewa languages, and shown the class of suffixed pronouns to be almost identical. We have no doubt that not the Massachusetts Indians only, but all the early branches of the Algic, or (as they are denominated by him) the *Algonquin-Lenapi* family, formerly spread over New England, proceeding in their migrations northeasterly, so as to subtend the fierce central stock of the Mohawks or Iroquoise, and afterwards bent their way up the St. Lawrence, into the

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region of the lakes, and to the upper Mississippi and the British possessions. Tradition among the Chippewas points to the eastern part of the continent as the place of their origin, and it is known that they have pushed their conquests west and northwest, on lands formerly occupied by other tribes. Monuments are said to exist of the preoccupancy of the country upon the southwest shores of Lake Superior, by a nation of the *Dacotah* type. The collections and philological labors of Elliot, Roger Williams, and Father Rasle very conclusively show the affiliation of languages, although it is past doubt that the idioms of the western tribes have materially changed in pronunciation, since the respective eras in which these men lived. Running the affinity from the *Micmacs* at Cape Breton, back on the probable line of migration to Connecticut and New York, we find the Mohegans to have dwelt, or, as Indian western traditions say, "watched," along that part of the Atlantic. The ancient subjection of this tribe to the yoke of the *Mauquaz*, or Mohawks and their confederates, and the tribute paid to the conquerors in the productions of the sea, are attested by the researches of Colden. Some small remains of this tribe still exist in one of the counties of Connecticut. Most of them migrated to Stockbridge, in Massachusetts, where they were assiduously instructed under the auspices of the Scottish Society for Promoting the Gospel in America. From this point, after the revolutionary war, they removed to the country of the Oneaids in western New York, and thence, since the year 1820, went west, to lands *purchased by them* from the Menomonees and Winnebagoes, near Green Bay. From a vocabulary of the Mohegan, or Stockbridge, as it is called, obtained at the latter place in 1827, which is now before us, the resemblance between this ancient language and the Chippewa, appears very striking. A few examples may be given.

English.	*Mohegan.*	*Odjibwa.*
Water.	Nibeeg′.	Nebeé.
Earth.	Akeé.	Akeé.
Sun.	Keesh ′oh.	Geézis or Keézis.
Fog.	Owun′	Ahwun′.
Sand.	Naukow.	Nay′gow.
Potatoe.	Opun′. [auw, *plu.*]	Opin′. [eeg. *plu.*]
Stone.	Us′sun.	Ossin′.
River.	Seépoo.	Seépi.
Hill.	Wat′tshoo.	Wúdjoo.
Tree.	Mittuk′.	Mittig′.
Animal.	Ahwóyiss.	Ahway′see.
Beaver.	Amusk′.	Amik′.

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English.	*Mohegan.*	*Odjibwa.*
Bear.	Mŭkwuh′.	Mukwah′
Fox.	Waugoos′. [us, *dim.*]	Waugoosh′.[ains, *dim.*]
Deer.	Attooh′.	Addik′. [*cerv. sylvestris.*]
Eagle.	Migussoó.	Migisseé.
Hog.	Kosh′kosh. [*dim. in* us.]	Kókosh. [*dim. in* ains.]
Flesh.	Weeaus′.	Weéos.
Lodge.	Waig′wum.	Weeg′wam.
Shoe.	Mauk′issun.	Mukazin′.
Awl.	Mikkos′.	Migoas′.
Ghost.	Tshéepy.	Jeébi or Ishéeby.
My Father.	Noh.	Nos.
My Mother.	Nĕguk′.	Ninguh′.
Good.	Woonut. [*Inan.*]	Min′no. [*neuter.*]
Bad.	Mĕtuh thow, [*an.*]	Munádud. [*inan.*]
White.	Waupaú. [yooh, *tran. p.*]	Waubishk. [au. *tran. p.*]
Yellow.	Waa-sah-woi.	Waysawa. [*pers. form.*]
To walk. (3 *p. sing.*)	Pŭm′missoo.	Pim′mossay. [3 *p. sing.*]
To drink. "	Minnoauw.	Minnekwa. "
To die. "	Mŭboo′.	Neébo. "
To cry. "	Mauw.	Moweé. "
To make. "	Oannetaun.	Oázhetoan. "
To abide. "	Oiaat′.	Abi. "

(It is probable the last verb from the Mohegan indicates existence as well as abode, and if so, its nearest equivalent in the Chippewa would be *Iah*, instead of *abi.*)

The above, it will be understood, is a list of resemblances only, selected from the vocabulary. As a general rule, the Mohegan language is more guttural, and possesses the sound of *th*, (like the Shawnee) which is wanting in the Chippewa.

It was observed, in preparing the vocabulary from which these extracts are made, that in the course of their residence with or near the whites, this tribe had adopted several European words into their language. Whether they stood in the place of originals, or what these were, if they still existed, was not ascertained. It is not probable, from the nature of the objects, that they possessed original names for them, with perhaps, one or two exceptions. Thus *Sokut* is the name for "sugar," *Pepun* for "pepper," *Waiskuk* for "whiskey," and *Hummun* for "hammer," which are evidently derivatives from the English. *Aik* is the word for "vinegar," *Saugh* for "saw," and *Tubok* for "tobacco," which appear to have been derived from the corresponding words, *eik*, *zagh*, and *tabac* in the Dutch. The particles for tense, number, and other objects in the conjugation of verbs and declension of nouns, are often different in their *sounds*, but perform the

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same offices, and appear to be governed by the same *rules* as in the Odjibwa and its cognate dialects. The word for the Supreme Being in the modern Mohegan, corresponds with that applied to the Holy Ghost among the lake tribes of kindred language. *Injoh* signifies "my friend"; but the word is restricted in its use to males. "Uncle" and "aunt" have duplicate terms, to denote paternal or maternal relationship. The language has no auxiliary verbs, but the verbs are conjugated by inflections for tense and person, as in the other dialects, corresponding to modifications of the personal pronoun prefixed. Both verbs and adjectives have transitive inflections, separating them into animate and inanimate classes. Correspondences so striking can leave no question of the common origin of the tribes, and it is quite remarkable, when the probable length of their estrangement is considered, that time should not have produced a greater difference and more obscurity. On no reasonable presumption can it be conjectured, that these tribes could have lived contiguous to each other, within the last five centuries. It is certain, that neither *our* history, nor *their* traditions, so far as known, preserve any accounts of their ancient proximity, or international intercourse. The two tribes regard each other, however, as friends and allies, and it is noted in the manuscript from which we derive these data, that in the year 1827, when they first met each other in the West, the Mohegan chief opened his address to the northern Chippewa chiefs by saying, "We come to renew our ancient covenant with you." What covenant, we may ask? Where, and when made, and on what occasion? Our annals are silent on the subject. And this should teach us, that our continent has, perhaps, been the theatre of ancient wars and movements, perhaps of extensive confederacies, of which we remain profoundly ignorant. Had our northern Indians taken any thing but piles of earth for their mausoleums, we should have gathered the story of their conquests from their tombs. But even as it is, American research is greatly at fault, for not having, ere this, executed complete and full examinations and descriptions of their mounds, stone-piles, wood and stone implements, circumvallations, and graves. Some part of this work is geological, as there can be no doubt that heavy deposites of soil, pebbles, and boulders, now rest upon, and cover extensive ancient towns and cities in the United States.

The practice of omitting the short vowels in unaccented

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syllables, in writing words in the Mohegan, and other Indian languages, is probably founded upon the inaccurate appreciation of sounds, of some early writer, who was probably more intent on the discovery of anomalies than correspondences in the orthography. Certain it is, that the short vowels are in use by the modern Mohegans, as well as by the other tribes, and the words *nebecq* and *muboo*, in the above examples, have been usually written *n'becg* and *m'boo*, the inverted comma occupying the place of the short vowel. This practice is similar to the attempt to introduce into English notation such an arrangement as "p'rtake," "b'rd," &c., for "partake," "bird," &c., and is supported by no stronger reasons in the one case, than in the other.

While, as we have seen, the Mohegans have adopted words from the European nations with whom they, for upwards of three centuries, lived in close contact, the Algic tribes have evinced either similar wants, or a similar facility in acquiring new sounds, by adopting and incorporating into their language, several words from the French, as the following.

Bosho,	from *Bon jour.*
Mushwa,	" *Mouchoir.*
Napain,	*La pelle.*
Ishpio,	*Espagnol.*
Annemon,	*Allemand.*

The English language appears to have reciprocated this process by adopting several of the aboriginal words. We are not sure that there are not other terms in use, besides the following.

Canoe,	(Charib.)
Tomahawk,	(Mohegan.)
Wigwam,	(Algic.)
Moccasin,	(Mohegan.)

Other words have a certain currency, but have not gained admittance into our dictionaries, although our public papers and writings, official, ecclesiastical, legal, and literary, contain them, such as *cacique*, *wampum*, *powwow*, &c., and the translated phrases, "Medicine-dance," "peace-pipe," "council-fire," "war-club," &c. Dr. Johnson's substantive "mohoc," in the sense of a ruffian, does not seem to have got into use. We think an acceptable service would be done to the public,

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by carefully recording and defining the large amount of these floating words in colloquial use.

The impression which has generally prevailed, that the Indian languages are destitute of prepositions, rests, in a measure, on Dr. Boudinot, who drew the inference, naturally enough, from the published materials in his day. It is, however, at variance with the facts, as they are exhibited by the northern languages, in which prepositions are as fully used as the other parts of speech. The cause of obscurity appears to have arisen from the concrete character of the terms in common use, and the power which the grammar supplies, of imparting a substantive character to the prepositions as well as the adjectives. They are not only thus employed, but, as it is found, in by far the greater number of instances, they come in as prefixes to nouns. The following list is drawn from a comparative vocabulary of the Ottawa, Pottowattomie, Miami, Monomonee, Saganaw, Maskigo, Kenisteno, and Odjibwa, the peculiar pronunciation of the latter, being adopted as the standard.

Ogidj,	*On; up; above.*	Cheeg,	*By; at; near.*
Peemidj,	*Cross; across.*	Weeg,*	*In — with.*
Pushidj,	*Beyond.*	Peendj,	*In; within.*
Neesaw,	*Down.*	Unaum,	*Beneath.*
Agaw,	*Behind.*	Inisaum,	*Before.*
Augwudj,	*Out; without.*	Weedj,	*With.*
Sussidj,*	*Through.*	Pukwudj,*	
Ezhaw,	*To.*	Ing,	*At,* or *in, on.*

By adding to each of these words, the particles IEI, they acquire, as before shown by the English prefixes, a substantive meaning. By subjoining the proper nouns, as "man," "tree," "rock," &c., the phrases become descriptive, implying "near [the] man," "in [the] tree," "by [the] rock," &c., by which all the ordinary purposes of precision are answered.

It is among the peculiarities of the Indian substantives, that they possess a *prepositional* inflection, indicating the position of the object, and thus rendering the prepositions, in an independent form, in those expressions, unnecessary. This has been called the *local* form of the noun, and differs so much

* Doubts exist whether these words do not partake essentially of the character of adjectives.

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from the use of substantives in the modern languages, that an example or two may be submitted.

Adópowin,	*A table.*	Adópowin-in'g,	*On a table.*
Chemahn',	*A canoe.*	Chemahn'-ing,	*In a canoe.*
Muzziníegun,	*A book.*	Muzziníegun-ing,	*In a book.*

The resemblance of this form to the ablative of the Latin, and the ה local of the Hebrew, will at once be recognised.

This principle is fully shown, in the partial use made by some of the Indians of English words, to which they affix this termination, as in the following instances.

From *Chamber.*	*Chamber*-ing.	*In* [*the*] *chamber.*
Bowl.	*Bowl*-ing.	*In* [*the*] *bowl.*
Table.	*Table*-ing.	*On* [*the*] *table.*

Perhaps there is no part of the inquiry, which offers a richer field for investigation, and promises to reflect so much light on the language, as the consideration of the *Indian particles.* There are particles of time, person, and mood; for pronouns, personal and relative; for verbs, transitive and intransitive; for nouns, animate and inanimate; for conjugations, positive and negative; for the different classes of adjectives; for changes of person in the declensions; for number in all its requirements; and, in fine, for every auxiliary or accessory purpose connected with the use of words. Every adjunct idea is expressed by them, and every circumstance indicated. And they not only thus perform a multiplicity of offices, but there is reason to believe, that there is a *primary class* of particles, which constitute the roots of the principal verbs and nouns. To indicate these with precision, to classify them according to their powers, and to define their various uses, would be to construct the system of the grammar, and to throw new light upon the genius and principles of the transpositive languages.

But we are admonished to terminate these examples. It will have been perceived, from the view which has been taken of the subject, how inadequate an office is performed by the mere collection of vocabularies which do not respect these peculiar forms of combination, which are not recorded on uniform principles, and have no respect to accentuation. There is a liability, at every step, to mistake the concrete for the elementary, to blend noun and pronoun, actor and object,

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quality and number, and consequently to throw obstacles in the way of comparison. And, whatever degree of merit (and we ascribe a very high degree,) attaches to the labors of a Jefferson or a Du Ponceau, a Cass or a Gallatin, we think it must be apparent, that the further developement of the subject offers a wide field for literary research. From the illustrations already furnished by these and minor writers, light begins to dawn on the obscure path of Indian history. And we are encouraged with the expectation, that the gifted mind, which has been employed in furnishing and commenting on the valuable materials enriching the present volume of the Antiquarian Society Collections, will continue to apply its energies to the subject. The time for these inquiries is rapidly passing away. Every year is taking from the number of red, and of white men, who possess facts which it would be important to record. We regard every writer who gives to the public, or deposits in societies, his contributions on Indian history and language, as a public benefactor. Posterity will look back with deep interest to this era, in which there are yet living fifty tribes, and two hundred thousand souls. And it cannot but regard with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, every effort to rescue from oblivion the annals of a noble-minded, but unfortunate and persecuted race. If this people shall be found to have left no other monument to perpetuate their history, they offer, at least, at this time, a language, philosophical in its structure, rich in its powers of combination and syllabic transposition, and sonorous in the majestic flow of its polysyllables.

We cannot dismiss the subject, without expressing the hope that both the distinguished individuals, whose publications are noticed at the head of this article, will resume the subject of the native languages, although one of them is engrossed in the monetary affairs of our emporium city, and the other is now the representative of his country at the court of Louis Philippe. This brings to our consideration the volume of "Inquiries" embraced in our caption. This comprehensive programme is attributed to the pen of Mr. Cass. Although the interrogatories were chiefly designed to direct others in furnishing data for subsequent generalization, the nature and divisions of the subject evince the grasp of a master. To ask aright, it has been said, is often the surest mode of commanding success. And it is a truth happily illustrated in these outlines. The various topics are presented in a manner

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evincing both the labor of previous investigation, and the power of general deduction. Facts are brought out, which could only be known to one who had deeply pondered the subject. It is understood that several valuable manuscripts were received in reply to these queries, which are still preserved. It is to be regretted, that the more pressing duties of public life should have diverted the original energies of Mr. Cass's mind into other, but we trust, not more captivating channels. And we may, therefore, be permitted to anticipate, that like the military toils of the time-worn veteran,

> "When wild war's deadly blast is blown,
> And gentle peace returning,"

the civic care of "courts and audiences" will be laid aside, and he, who could so well point the inquiry, retrace his steps to scenes and subjects, which his talents and taste are so happily suited to cultivate and adorn.

ART. III. — *Twice-Told Tales.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston; American Stationers' Company. 1837. 12mo. pp. 334.

WHEN a new star rises in the heavens, people gaze after it for a season with the naked eye, and with such telescopes as they may find. In the stream of thought, which flows so peacefully deep and clear, through the pages of this book, we see the bright reflection of a spiritual star, after which men will be fain to gaze "with the naked eye, and with the spy-glasses of criticism." This star is but newly risen; and ere long the observations of numerous star-gazers, perched up on arm-chairs and editors' tables, will inform the world of its magnitude and its place in the heaven of poetry, whether it be in the paw of the Great Bear, or on the forehead of Pegasus, or on the strings of the Lyre, or in the wing of the Eagle. Our own observations are as follows.

To this little work we would say, "Live ever, sweet, sweet book." It comes from the hand of a man of genius. Every thing about it has the freshness of morning and of May. These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of

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the highway upon them. They have been gathered fresh from the secret places of a peaceful and gentle heart. There flow deep waters, silent, calm, and cool; and the green trees look into them, and "God's blue heaven." The book, though in prose, is written nevertheless by a poet. He looks upon all things in the spirit of love, and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, an end and aim. The true poet is a friendly man. He takes to his arms even cold and inanimate things, and rejoices in his heart, as did St. Bernard of old, when he kissed his Bride of Snow. To his eye all things are beautiful and holy; all are objects of feeling and of song, from the great hierarchy of the silent, saint-like stars, that rule the night, down to the little flowers which are "stars in the firmament of the earth." For he feels that

> "The infinite forms of life are bound in one
> By Love's eternal band;
> The glow-worm and the fire-sea of the sun,
> Came from one father's hand."

There are some honest people into whose hearts "Nature cannot find the way." They have no imagination by which to invest the ruder forms of earthly things with poetry. They are like Wordsworth's Peter Bell;

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

But it is one of the high attributes of the poetic mind, to feel a universal sympathy with Nature, both in the material world and in the soul of man. It identifies itself likewise with every object of its sympathy, giving it new sensation and poetic life, whatever that object may be, whether man, bird, beast, flower, or star. As to the pure mind all things are pure, so to the poetic mind all things are poetical. To such souls no age and no country can be utterly dull and prosaic. They make unto themselves their age and country; dwelling in the universal mind of man, and in the universal forms of things. Of such is the author of this book.

There are many who think that the ages of Poetry and Romance are gone by. They look upon the Present as a dull, unrhymed, and prosaic translation of a brilliant and poetic Past. Their dreams are of the days of Eld; of the Dark Ages, of the days of Chivalry, and Bards, and Trouba-

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dours and Minnesingers; and the times of which Milton says; "The villages also must have their visiters to inquire what lectures the bagpipe, and the rebbec reads even to the ballatry, and the gammuth of every municipal fidler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia and his Monte Mayors." We also love ancient ballads. Pleasantly to our ears sounds the voice of the people in song, swelling fitfully through the desolate chambers of the past, like the wind of evening among ruins. And yet this voice does not persuade us that the days of balladry were more poetic than our own. The spirit of the past pleads for itself, and the spirit of the present likewise. If poetry be an element of the human mind, and consequently in accordance with nature and truth, it would be strange indeed, if, as the human mind advances, poetry should recede. The truth is, that when we look back upon the Past, we see only its bright and poetic features. All that is dull, prosaic, and common-place is lost in the shadowy distance. We see the moated castle on the hill, and,

> "Golden and red above it,
> The clouds float gorgeously;"

but we see not the valley below, where the patient bondsman toils like a beast of burden. We see the tree-tops waving in the wind, and hear the merry birds singing under their green roofs; but we forget that at their roots there are swine feeding upon acorns. With the Present it is not so. We stand too near to see objects in a picturesque light. What to others at a distance is a bright and folded summer cloud, is to us, who are in it, a dismal, drizzling rain. Thus to many this world, all beautiful as it is, seems a poor, working-day world. They are ready to exclaim with Göthe;

> "Why so bustleth the people and crieth? would find itself victual,
> Children too would beget, feed on the best may be had,
> Mark in thy note-books, traveller, this, and at home go do likewise;
> Farther reacheth no man, make he what stretching he may."

Thus has it been since the world began. Ours is not the only Present, which has seemed dull, common-place, and prosaic.

The truth is, the heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us. If people would but lay aside their

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"abominable spectacles," the light of The Great Carbuncle * would flash upon their sight with astonishing brightness. So long as truth is stranger than fiction, the elements of poetry and romance will not be wanting in common life. If, invisible ourselves, we could follow a single human being through a single day of its life, and know all its secret thoughts, and hopes, and anxieties, its prayers, and tears, and good resolves, its passionate delights and struggles against temptation, — all that excites, and all that soothes the heart of man, — we should have poetry enough to fill a volume. Nay, set the imagination free, like another Bottle-imp, and bid it lift for you the roofs of the city, street by street, and after a single night's observation you shall sit you down and write poetry and romance for the rest of your life.

We deem these few introductory remarks important to a true understanding of Mr. Hawthorne's character as a writer. It is from this point that he goes forth; and if we would go with him, and look upon life and nature as he does, we also must start from the same spot. In order to judge of the truth and beauty of his sketches, we must at least know the point of view, from which he drew them. Let us now examine the sketches themselves.

The Twice-told Tales are so called, we presume, from having been first published in various annuals and magazines, and now collected together, and told a second time in a volume by themselves. And a very delightful volume do they make; one of those, which excite in you a feeling of personal interest for the author. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page; with now a pleasant smile, and now a shade of sadness stealing over its features. Sometimes, though not often, it glares wildly at you, with a strange and painful expression, as, in the German romance, the bronze knocker of the Archivarius Lindhorst makes up faces at the Student Anselmus.

One of the most prominent characteristics of these tales is,

* See Mr. Hawthorne's story with this title. If some persons, like the cynic here mentioned, cannot see the gems of poetry which shine before them, because of their colored spectacles, others resemble the alchymist in the same tale, who "returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burnt with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day."

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that they are national in their character. The author has wisely chosen his themes among the traditions of New England; the dusty legends of "the good Old Colony times, when we lived under a king." This is the right material for story. It seems as natural to make tales out of old tumble-down traditions, as canes and snuff-boxes out of old steeples, or trees planted by great men. The puritanical times begin to look romantic in the distance. Who would not like to have strolled through the city of Agamenticus, where a market was held every week, on Wednesday, and there were two annual fairs at St. James's and St. Paul's? Who would not like to have been present at the court of the Worshipful Thomas Gorges, in those palmy days of the law, when Tom Heard was fined five shillings for being drunk, and John Payne the same, "for swearing one oath"? Who would not like to have seen the time, when Thomas Taylor was presented to the grand jury "for abusing Captain Raynes, being in authority, by *thee-ing* and *thou-ing* him"; and John Wardell likewise, for denying Cambridge College to be an ordinance of God; and when some were fined for winking at comely damsels in church; and others for being common-sleepers there on the Lord's day? Truly, many quaint and quiet customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, many wild and wondrous things, fit for humorous tale, and soft, pathetic story, lie all about us here in New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest, which can compare in beauty with that of the Phantom Ship. The Flying Dutchman of the Cape, and the Klabotermann of the Baltic, are nowise superior. The story of Peter Rugg, the man who could not find Boston, is as good as that told by Gervase of Tilbury, of a man who gave himself to the devils by an unfortunate imprecation, and was used by them as a wheelbarrow; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains shines with no less splendor, than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury. Truly, from such a Fortunatus's pocket and wishing-cap, a tale-bearer may furnish forth a sufficiency of "peryllous adventures right espouventables, bryfefly compyled and pyteous for to here."

Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are. Indeed he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free

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and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought. Some writers of the present day have introduced a kind of Gothic architecture into their style. All is fantastic, vast, and wondrous in the outward form, and within is mysterious twilight, and the swelling sound of an organ, and a voice chanting hymns in Latin, which need a translation for many of the crowd. To this we do not object. Let the priest chant in what language he will, so long as he understands his own mass-book. But if he wishes the world to listen and be edified, he will do well to choose a language that is generally understood.

And now let us give some specimens of the bright, poetic style we praise so highly. Here is the commencement of a sketch entitled "The Vision of the Fountain." What a soft and musical flow of language! And yet all as simple as a draught of water from the fountain itself.

"At fifteen, I became a resident in a country village, more than a hundred miles from home. The morning after my arrival, — a September morning, but warm and bright as any in July, — I rambled into a wood of oaks, with a few walnut trees intermixed, forming the closest shade above my head. The ground was rocky, uneven, overgrown with bushes and clumps of young saplings, and traversed only by cattle-paths. The track, which I chanced to follow, led me to a crystal spring, with a border of grass, as freshly green as on May morning, and overshadowed by the limb of a great oak. *One solitary sunbeam found its way down, and played like a goldfish in the water.*

"From my childhood, I have loved to gaze into a spring. The water filled a circular basin, small, but deep, and set round with stones, some of which were covered with slimy moss, the others naked, and of variegated hue, reddish, white, and brown. The bottom was covered with coarse sand, which sparkled in the lonely sunbeam, and seemed to illuminate the spring with an unborrowed light. In one spot, the gush of the water violently agitated the sand, but without obscuring the fountain, or breaking the glassiness of its surface. It appeared as if some living creature were about to emerge, the Naiad of the spring, perhaps, in the shape of a beautiful young woman, with a gown of filmy water-moss, a belt of rainbow drops, and a cold, pure, passionless countenance. How would the beholder shiver, pleasantly, yet fearfully, to see her sitting on one of the stones, *paddling her white feet in the ripples, and throwing up water, to sparkle in the sun!* Wherever she laid her hands on grass and

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flowers, they would immediately be moist, as with morning dew. *Then would she set about her labors, like a careful housewife, to clear the fountain of withered leaves, and bits of slimy wood, and old acorns from the oaks above, and grains of corn left by cattle in drinking, till the bright sands, in the bright water, were like a treasury of diamonds. But, should the intruder approach too near, he would find only the drops of a summer shower, glistening about the spot where he had seen her.*

"Reclining on the border of grass, where the dewy goddess should have been, I bent forward, and a pair of eyes met mine within the watery mirror. They were the reflection of my own. I looked again, and lo! another face, deeper in the fountain than my own image, more distinct in all the features, yet faint as thought. The vision had the aspect of a fair young girl, with locks of paly gold. *A mirthful expression laughed in the eyes and dimpled over the whole shadowy countenance, till it seemed just what a fountain would be, if, while dancing merrily into the sunshine, it should assume the shape of woman. Through the dim rosiness of the cheeks, I could see the brown leaves, the slimy twigs, the acorns, and the sparkling sand.* The solitary sunbeam was diffused among the golden hair, which melted into its faint brightness, and became a glory round that head so beautiful!

"My description can give no idea how suddenly the fountain was thus tenanted, and how soon it was left desolated. I breathed; and there was the face! I held my breath, and it was gone! Had it passed away, or faded into nothing? I doubted whether it had ever been."—pp. 295–297.

Here are a few passages from a sketch called "Sunday at Home."

"Every Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back the curtain, to watch the sunrise stealing down a steeple, which stands opposite my chamber window. First, the weathercock begins to flash; then, a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold, as it points to the gilded figure of the hour. Now, the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved frame-work of the portal is marked strongly out. At length, the morning glory, in its descent from heaven, *comes down the stone steps, one by one;* and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings. Methinks, though the same sun brightens it, every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for the Sabbath."

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"But on the Sabbath, I watch the earliest sunshine, and fancy that a holier brightness marks the day, when there shall be no buzz of voices on the Exchange, nor traffic in the shops, nor crowd, nor business, anywhere but at church. Many have fancied so. For my own part, whether I see it scattered down among tangled woods, or beaming broad across the fields, or hemmed in between brick buildings, or tracing out the figure of the casement on my chamber floor, still I recognise the Sabbath sunshine. And ever let me recognise it. Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings, and settle down; but so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed, and the light of heaven retains its sanctity on the Sabbath, — while that blessed sunshine lives within me, — never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it have gone astray, it will return again.

"I love to spend such pleasant Sabbaths, from morning till night, behind the curtain of my open window. Are they spent amiss? Every spot, so near the church as to be visited by the circling shadow of the steeple, should be deemed consecrated ground to-day. . . . . It must suffice, that though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church, while many, whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats, have left their souls at home. But I am there, even before my friend, the sexton. At length he comes, — a man of kindly, but sombre aspect, in dark gray clothes, and hair of the same mixture, — he comes, and applies his key to the wide portal. Now, my thoughts may go in among the dusty pews, or ascend the pulpit without sacrilege, but soon come forth again, to enjoy the music of the bell. How glad, yet solemn too! *All the steeples in town are talking together, aloft in the sunny air, and rejoicing among themselves, while their spires point heavenward.*"

"About a quarter of an hour before the second ringing of the bell, individuals of the congregation begin to appear. The earliest is invariably an old woman in black, whose bent frame and rounded shoulders are evidently laden with some heavy affliction, which she is eager to rest upon the altar. *Would that the Sabbath came twice as often, for the sake of that sorrowful old soul!*"

"Here comes the clergyman, slow and solemn, in severe simplicity, needing no black silk gown to denote his office. His aspect claims my reverence, but cannot win my love. Were I to picture Saint Peter, keeping fast the gate of Heaven, and frowning, more stern than pitiful, on the wretched applicants, that face should be my study. By middle age, or sooner, the

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creed has generally wrought upon the heart, or been attempered by it. *As the minister passes into the church, the bell holds its iron tongue, and all the low murmur of the congregation dies away.* The gray sexton looks up and down the street, and then at my window curtain, where, through the small peep-hole, I half fancy that he has caught my eye. Now, every loiterer has gone in, and the street lies asleep in the quiet sun, while a feeling of loneliness comes over me, and brings also an uneasy sense of neglected privileges and duties. Oh, I ought to have gone to church! The bustle of the rising congregation reaches my ears. They are standing up to pray. Could I bring my heart into unison with those who are praying in yonder church, and lift it heavenward, with a fervor of supplication, but no distinct request, would not that be the safest kind of prayer? 'Lord, look down upon me in mercy!' With that sentiment gushing from my soul, might I not leave all the rest to Him?

"Hark! the hymn. This, at least, is a portion of the service which I can enjoy better than if I sat within the walls, where the full choir, and the massive melody of the organ, would fall with a weight upon me. At this distance, it thrills through my frame, and plays upon my heart-strings, with a pleasure both of the sense and spirit. Heaven be praised, I know nothing of music, as a science; and the most elaborate harmonies, if they please me, please as simply as a nurse's lullaby. The strain has ceased, but prolongs itself in my mind, with fanciful echoes, till I start from my reverie, and find that the sermon has commenced. It is my misfortune seldom to fructify, in a regular way, by any but printed sermons. The first strong idea, which the preacher utters, gives birth to a train of thought, and leads me onward, step by step, quite out of hearing of the good man's voice, unless he be indeed a son of thunder. At my open window, catching now and then a sentence of the 'parson's saw,' I am as well situated as at the foot of the pulpit stairs. The broken and scattered fragments of this one discourse will be the texts of many sermons, preached by those colleague pastors, — colleagues, but often disputants, — my Mind and Heart. The former pretends to be a scholar, and perplexes me with doctrinal points; the latter takes me on the score of feeling; and both, like several other preachers, spend their strength to very little purpose. I, their sole auditor, cannot always understand them." — pp. 25 – 32.

We are obliged to forego the pleasure of quoting from the Tales. A tale must be given entire, or it is ruined. We wish we had room for "The Great Carbuncle," which is our especial favorite among them all. It is, however, too long

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for this use. Instead thereof, we will give one of those beautiful sketches, which are interspersed among the stories, like green leaves among flowers. But which shall we give? Shall it be "David Swan"; or "Little Annie's Ramble"; or "The Vision of the Fountain"; or "Fancy's Show-Box"; or "A Rill from the Town Pump"? We decide in favor of the last.

"(SCENE,—*the corner of two principal streets.** *The* TOWN-PUMP *talking through its nose.*)

"NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town-Pump? The title of 'town-treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

"At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the Mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam,—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and

"* Essex and Washington Streets, Salem."

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not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

"It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir, — no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

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"Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott, and his followers, came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years, it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity, — whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards, — at least, the pretty maidens did, — in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town-Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, — and then another, and still another, — till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognised by all.

"Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of

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eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

"But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town-Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore, which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me, — if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class, — of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town-Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood,

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transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war, — the drunkenness of nations, — perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, — a calm bliss of temperate affections, — shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

"Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks, into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town-Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

"There are two or three honest friends of mine, — and true friends, I know, they are, — who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage, — and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives, — you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

"One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak,

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I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink — 'SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!'" — pp. 201 – 210.

These extracts are sufficient to show the beautiful and simple style of the book before us, its vein of pleasant philosophy, and the quiet humor, which is to the face of a book what a smile is to the face of man. In speaking in terms of such high praise as we have done, we have given utterance not alone to our own feelings, but we trust to those of all gentle readers of the Twice-told Tales. Like children we say, "Tell us more."

ART. IV. — 1. *Études de Géographie Critique sur une Partie de l'Afrique Septentrionale;* par M. D'AVEZAC. Paris. 1836. pp. 188.

2. *The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* London. 1830 – 6. Six Volumes, 8vo.

AFRICA, considered in relation to its history and present state, presents little to encourage the hopes of philanthropists with respect to any very rapid improvement in the character or condition of the human species. Though it may not prove the "perfectibility of man" to be impossible, yet it surely affords little evidence that the consummation is soon to be looked for. The progress of civilization has at all times and in all countries been slow, and not always without interruption. In Africa it has, in times long since past, been in a remarkable degree retrograde. Though Africa has been known from the remotest period; though it borders on the Mediterranean, which may be regarded as having been, through all ages, near the centre of civilization; and though it includes Egypt, the great seat of ancient wisdom, yet, notwithstanding all these circumstances, it is far the least known and least civilized of the four great divisions of the globe. The period of its greatest improvement seems to have been anterior to the commencement of profane history; and the evidence of

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its early progress in the arts is found, not chiefly in history, but in the imperishable monuments of ancient magnificence which abound in Egypt, Nubia, and the States of Barbary. But our acquaintance with Nubia and Barbary is sufficient to furnish only a very imperfect knowledge of the remains of ancient refinement, which are now enveloped in modern barbarism. Though Egypt is styled "the cradle of science," it may, as far as Africa is concerned, be also styled its grave; for, since the light of knowledge was extinguished in that country, there has been, to the present time, an uninterrupted succession of dark ages overshadowing nearly the whole continent.

For about three centuries, embracing nearly the whole period that has elapsed since the modern revival of learning, the chief intercourse of the most enlightened nations of Christendom with the people of Africa, has been of such a nature as has tended to debase their character and destroy their happiness; the leading object of the commercial connexion having been the prosecution of that odious traffic, the slave-trade; a trade, unhappily, not yet extinct, though now justly regarded, by the consent of civilized nations, as no better than piracy. But within the last half century, public opinion has undergone a salutary change; a more generous spirit has prevailed in relation to this benighted region; and much has been done to extend our knowledge of its geography, to impart to its natives the arts of civilized life, and to protect them from violence and outrage. These objects have been prosecuted chiefly under the direction and patronage of two English societies, one entitled the "African Association," the other, the "African Institution."

The African Association was formed in 1788, by ninety-five English gentlemen, mostly men of rank, wealth, and learning, "for promoting the discovery of the interior of Africa." The first missionary employed by the Association, was our countryman, John Ledyard, who died soon after having entered upon his mission, at Cairo, in August, 1788; and their last missionary, John Lewis Burckhardt, died in 1817. Though the agents employed by the Association, among whom Mungo Park was particularly distinguished, did much to increase our knowledge of the interior of Africa, yet no one of them was so fortunate as to solve what had long been a celebrated problem relating to African geography, the course and termination of the Niger. This honor was reserved for Richard

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and John Lander, the former of whom accompanied Captain Clapperton as his servant, in his second expedition into the interior of Africa. The two Landers sailed from England on the 9th of January, 1830, in an expedition under the direction of the English government; they arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 22d of February; on the 17th of June, they reached Boossà on the Niger, near which place Park and his associates met their unhappy fate; and, descending the river, they found themselves, on the 18th of November, at the principal mouth (the river Nun) of the mysterious Niger. The African Association, discouraged by repeated failures, and the loss of many lives, discontinued sending out missionaries; and in 1831, it became united with the "Royal Geographical Society of London."

But notwithstanding all that has been done to increase our knowledge of Africa, a large part of the continent is absolutely *terra incognita;* the geography of only a very small proportion of it is well defined; and its statistics are still less ascertained. The population of this quarter of the globe is very differently estimated by different geographers and statistical writers, from 30,000,000 to 150,000,000. Hassel states it at 104,430,100, and Balbi at 60,000,000. The statement of Hassel is made in so definite a form, as would seem to imply that the number had been ascertained with great exactness; whereas no data exist, which can enable one to form any thing more than a vague conjecture. Countries in which the arts of civilized life are unknown never have a dense population; and we are inclined to believe that the smaller of these two estimates is nearest the truth.

The population of Egypt is better ascertained than that of any other considerable country in Africa. According to M. Mengin, it is ascertained by a tax laid on every house that there are in Egypt 603,700 houses, of which 25,000 are in the city of Cairo. With respect to the houses in Cairo, he computes, on an average, eight persons to one house; and with respect to the other houses in Egypt, four persons to one house; making the whole population 2,514,800. Mr. Lane, in his work recently published, entitled "The Modern Egyptians," says; "A few years ago, a calculation was made, founded on the number of houses in Egypt, and the supposition that the inhabitants of each house in the metropolis amount to eight persons, and in the provinces to four. This computation approximates, I believe, very nearly to the truth. The

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whole population of Egypt was found by this mode of reckoning to amount to rather more than two millions and a half; but it is now much reduced. — The present population may be calculated at less than two millions." Next to Egypt, the countries of Africa best known are the States of Barbary. The following statement exhibits the population of these States, as given a few years since by the two statistical writers before mentioned.

	Population according to Hassel.	Population according to Balbi.
Morocco . . .	14,800,000	4,500,000
Algiers . . .	2,500,000	1,500,000
Tunis . . .	4,500,000	1,800,000
Tripoli . . .	2,500,000	660,000
Total,	24,300,000	8,460,000

So great is the difference between the statements of two of the most eminent statistical writers of the age; and if there is so great uncertainty with respect to the population of these countries, which are comparatively much known, how ignorant must we be respecting the real amount of the total population of Africa! In this instance, as well as in the former, we are inclined to the opinion that the lower estimate is the more correct. Our intelligent countryman, Mr. Shaler, who was American consul at Algiers from 1815 to 1828, in his "Sketches of Algiers," says; "There are various opinions respecting the population of this kingdom. As any actual enumeration is entirely out of the question, it can only be mediately estimated by comparison with other countries whose statistics are actually known. Thus upon a surface of about 30,000 square miles, considering the small number of commercial or manufacturing towns, the barbarous despotism of the government, and that by far the greater number of its inhabitants have scarcely emerged from the shepherd state, notwithstanding their fine climate, fertile soil, and temperate habits of living, I am of opinion that the population of this kingdom must be rather under than over *a million of souls.*"

In July, 1830, the city of Algiers was taken by the French army under General Bourmont, and it has since been held by the French government; so that France has now a colony at the northern extremity of Africa, and England at the southern. The establishment of these colonies by two of the most prominent nations in the civilized world, has already had the effect to increase our knowledge of the geography of Africa; and it

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may be reasonably hoped that it will be attended with beneficial effects upon the inhabitants.

M. D'Avezac, author of the "Études de Géographie Critique sur une Partie de l'Afrique Septentrionale," is the Secretary of the Geographical Society of Paris, and a corresponding member of that of London. His work (a valuable contribution to the geography of this little-known continent,) comprises a critical examination and comparison of various publications relating to North Africa, with a view to determine more accurately, than had before been done, the positions of the principal places found in the States of Barbary, for the construction of a new map. The first nineteen pages in the volume consist of the "Notes of a Journey into the Interior of North Africa by Hadji Ebn-ed-din El Eghwaati," written at the request of William B. Hodgson, Esq., who succeeded Mr. Shaler as American consul at Algiers in 1828. It was translated by him from the Arabic into English, and was reviewed, with copious extracts, in the thirty-fifth volume of this Review. M. D'Avezac has made a version of Mr. Hodgson's translation into French.

M. D'Avezac says of his work;

"I have endeavoured entirely to remodel the representations which we now possess of this portion of North Africa, over which France has extended her sceptre; henceforth an inalienable domain, since the heir to the throne has gone to consecrate by his sword a possession too long considered as precarious. And I have, in addition, extended this new study of the delineations of the territory to the extreme limits of the countries which border on our state of Algiers; thus comprehending in my map the Mauritania, Numidia, Africa Proper, and Getulia, of the ancients; since called by the Arabs, El Maghreb el Aousath, El Maghreb el-Aqssày, Afryqyah, and Belêd el-Géryd; and now by the moderns, the States of Barbary.

"In such a study the details are of little importance. They are easily interwoven in the net which I have attempted to frame. The construction of the map has been my principal object; for the accomplishment of which I have called to my assistance the documents which the ancients have left us, those which we have received from the Arabs, and the information which the moderns have collected. I have undertaken to illustrate one by the other; and to derive from an examination and comparison of them results more certain, than a too easy criticism has hitherto adopted.

"I do not wish to attach to this map a value higher than that

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to which it is entitled. What I said on finishing my first draft, I will here repeat after the revision which I have made. It is a work incomplete, often conjectural, one which cannot pretend to strict accuracy; but I will add, with equal confidence of its comparative value, that this work, incomplete and conjectural, is better than those which we have hitherto possessed; and that instead of an exactness, which it is impossible to attain in the present state of knowledge, probability, at least, has been sought, not by a compilation, more or less skilful, from previous maps, but by a careful and thorough examination of the original elements of all ages."

It is a disheartening labor to search for truth by the use of means, which we know beforehand are insufficient to enable us to obtain it with any degree of certainty. M. D'Avezac is fain to say, at the close of his laborious investigation; "Je ne pousserai pas plus loin mes investigations sur ces contrées, où le géographe ne peut encore marcher qu'à tâtons." Such a region has the greater part of Africa always been, and such it seems likely long to continue,—a region "in which a geographer can only grope in the dark."

The public attention has been recently attracted to the North of Africa, in consequence of the signal failure of a French expedition against the town of Constantine in November last, under the command of Marshal Clausel. Constantine or Constantina, the capital of a province of the same name, is the second town in population in the regency of Algiers. Some geographers stated the population, some years since, at 80,000 or 100,000; but Mr. Shaler says, "It is described by the natives as containing about 25,000 inhabitants." It is the residence of a Bey, who, before the capture of Algiers by the French, was a lieutenant of the Dey of Algiers, from whom he received his appointment, possessing within his own jurisdiction an authority almost despotic. The town has a remarkable situation on an elevated, rocky eminence, which forms a peninsular promontory in the river Rummel; and is defended by a wall and garrison. It occupies the site of the ancient Cirta, the celebrated bulwark of Numidia, the residence of its kings, and famous for a siege described by Sallust in his history of the Jugurthine war; and the vicinity now abounds in ruins of its ancient greatness. The modern town is built wholly on the promontory; though the ancient city was much more extensive. Dr. Shaw, in his description of the town, says;

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"Constantina, or Cirta, or Cirta Sittianorum, as it was anciently called, is well situated, by Pliny, XLVIII M. [48 Roman miles] from the sea. We learn from history that it was one of the chiefest, as well as one of the strongest cities of Numidia; the first of which circumstances is confirmed by the extent of the ruins, the latter by its particular situation. For the greater part of it has been built upon a peninsular promontory, as I may call it, inaccessible on all sides except towards the southwest, where it is joined to the continent. This promontory is computed to be a good mile in circuit, lying a little inclined to the southward; but to the northward it ends in a precipice of at least one hundred fathoms perpendicular, from whence we have a beautiful landscape over a great variety of vales, mountains, and rivers, which lie to a great distance before it."

Marshal Clausel, in his Official Report, says;

"Constantine is admirably situated, and at all points except one, is wonderfully defended by nature. A ravine of sixty yards wide, and of an immense depth, at the bottom of which runs the Oued Rummel, presents as a scarp and counterscarp a perpendicular rock, equally unassailable by bombardment or undermining. The plateau of Mansoura has communication with the town by a very narrow bridge, terminating a double gateway of great strength, and well defended by musketry from the surrounding houses and gardens."

The town was defended by a garrison of between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred Turks and Kabyles, commanded by Ben Haissa, the lieutenant of the Bey Achmet. Owing to the inclemency of the weather and the wretched state of the roads, the French troops endured great hardship and suffering, and became weary, diseased, and unfit for service; and a few miles before reaching Constantine, while passing through an almost impracticable defile, exposed to the incessant attack of the enemy, they were deprived of nearly the whole of their baggage and provisions. They commenced their attack on the town on the 22d of November; and, though it was resolutely defended, they did not give up the effort till compelled by the danger of starvation and the loss of their remaining ammunition, which was captured by the Arabs, who beheaded all their prisoners. "The weather," says the Marshal, "was still horrible. The snow fell in thick flakes, and the cold was excessive. The troops near and around Constantine were overwhelmed by rain, snow, hail, and mud. The loss was inconsiderable from the fire of the place." On the 25th, the army commenced a difficult and disastrous retreat. Of the

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seven thousand men who accompanied the commander, only fifteen hundred returned to Bona, and these were either ill or suffering under extreme hunger and fatigue.

It was doubtless little expected by the commander, that the elements would prove his most formidable enemy; that in November he would find a Russian winter to the south of the Mediterranean; and that his troops would be exposed to sufferings, similar to those endured by the French army in the disastrous expedition against Moscow in the winter of 1812. The climate of this country is described as uncommonly mild and pleasant. Dr. Shaw, speaking of Algiers and Tunis, says; "The Tell, or cultivated parts of these kingdoms, lying between 34° and 37° north latitude, enjoy a very wholesome and temperate climate, neither too hot and sultry in summer, nor too sharp and cold in winter. During the space of twelve years that I attended the Factory of Algiers, I found the thermometer twice only contracted to the freezing point; and then the whole country, which was very unusual, was covered with snow." Mr. Shaler also states; "The inhabited part [of Algiers] enjoys a healthy and agreeable temperature of climate, which is neither oppressively hot in summer, nor severely cold in winter." The following extract forms the commencement of Marshal Clausel's "Official Report of the Expedition to Constantine," addressed to the "Governor-General of the [French] Possession in North Africa," dated at Bona, December 1, 1836.

"I had the honor of informing you, before the departure of the expedition, how much difficulty I had in collecting at Bona the troops and stores, which contrary winds and storms had dispersed in all directions. While the troops embarked suffered from being kept so long on board, abundant rains were falling at Bona; and the different corps, as they arrived, not being able to recover themselves from the effects of their voyage, I was obliged to leave in the hospitals two thousand out of the seven thousand infantry I had succeeded in assembling. The weather having become fine on November 12th, I left Bona on the 13th, and set out on my march against Constantine, with seven thousand men of all arms. On the 19th we encamped at Raz Oned Zenati, and here commenced the most cruel, unexpected, and unparalleled hardships. We were in the most elevated region; and during the night, rain, snow, and hail fell so constantly, and in such abundance, that we were exposed to all the rigors of a winter at St. Petersburg, while the ground resembled, in the eyes of old officers, the mire of Warsaw.

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"We were within sight of Constantine, and yet began to despair of reaching its walls. We, however, continued our march on the 20th; and the army, with the exception of the baggage and the rear guard, reached the monument of Constantine, where it was forced to halt. The cold became excessive; many of the men had their feet frozen, and many perished in the night; for since we left Raz el Akba there was no more fuel to be obtained."

The result of this unfortunate enterprise has wounded the national pride of France, and its newspapers have abounded with lamentations and complaints. After a long military career, in which he had gained a distinguished reputation, Marshal Clausel, the veteran commander, who was more than thirty years since raised to the rank of General of Division, has, in consequence of this reverse of fortune, had the mortification to have his skill and courage seriously impugned, and has been superseded in his command and recalled. A new and far more formidable expedition against Constantine was projected by the French government, to consist of upwards of twenty-five thousand men; and such of the troops as were to be sent from France, were directed to be embarked before the last of February; but it has been since stated that the government had determined to put it off till September, which indicates an intention to relinquish it entirely.

To return to English researches into African Geography. Measures were adopted for the formation of the Royal Geographical Society of London at a numerous meeting of the members of the Raleigh Traveller's Club, and several other gentlemen, held on the 24th of May, 1830. On the 16th of the succeeding July, the Society was fully organized; and on the 23d of July, 1831, the African Association was united with it. Its Journal comprises six volumes, which consist of geographical documents relating to countries situated in all the quarters of the globe, but chiefly to those countries of which the geography is but little known; and there are some interesting articles which treat of North Africa.

The first volume contains a "Geographical Notice of the Empire of Morocco," by Lieutenant, now Captain, Washington, the present Secretary of the Society. It is accompanied by a map, respecting which the author remarks, after mentioning the assistance of which he had availed himself; "with such

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help there is no hesitation in asserting, that the present is by far the most correct map hitherto completed of the Empire of Morocco." This communication of Lieutenant Washington was made use of by M. D'Avezac in the preparation of his "Études de Géographie Critique." The following remarks are quoted from Lieutenant Washington.

"*Berēbers* and *Shellūhs* inhabit the mountain range of Atlas; the former the northeastern part, as far as the province of Tedla, the latter thence to the southwest. They live chiefly in villages of houses built of stones and mud, with slate roofs, occasionally in tents, and even in caves; their chief occupation is that of huntsmen, yet they cultivate the ground and rear many bees. Their mode of life renders them more robust and active than their neighbours of the plains. They are probably the aborigines of this country, direct descendants of Ham, and have been driven to the mountains by the incursions of the Arabs and Moors. Their language has no resemblance to the Arabic, though many words of that language are in common use among the natives. It has long been a disputed point whether the *Shellūh* and *Berēber* are the same language. Jackson, who lived many years at Mogadore and Santa Cruz, declares they are not, and gives a specimen of eighteen words in the two languages, to show there is not the smallest resemblance. Of these eighteen words I have found five, in two different Berēber vocabularies, to be the same as in the Shellūh dialect. During our visit to the Atlas, we wrote down from the mouth of a native Shellūh, who had passed all his life there, some hundred words of that idiom. On our return home, finding that the British and Foreign Bible Society had lately acquired a translation of part of the Scriptures into one of the dialects of Northern Africa, I applied to them, who most liberally showed me their vocabulary, which proved to be compiled from a manuscript in the Berēber language. Upon comparing this with my own made among the Shellūhs, I found twenty words, in common use, exactly alike, a catalogue of which I subjoin; —

English.	*Arabic.*	*Berēber.**	*Shellūh.*
Bread	El Khobs	Aghroum	Aghroom
Camel	Jimmel	Araam	Arume

* "My authorities for the Berēber, are 'Hodgson on the Berebber Language,' published in the American Philosophical Transactions, volume IV., and another compiled by a Frenchman, long resident at Algiers, I believe M. Venture. See Appendix to Langlès' French Translation of Hornemann's Travels.

"When these papers were read before the Society, it was asserted that these languages were not alike; in the conversation that arose after the reading was finished, a contrary opinion was expressed, and it was intimated that Mr. Barrow (who is of the highest authority in any point connected with Africa) thought differently, upon which further inquiry was made. — The result is given above."

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English.	*Arabic.*	*Berēber.*	*Shellūh.*
Call (to)	Tsāta	Kerar (imp.)	Ir-kerah
Dates	Tamar	Tene Icayn	Teene Icayn
Dinner	El-iftor	Imquilli	Imkelli
Eat (to)	Akal	En-nitch	Ai-nish
Eyes	Ayūn	Allen	Alen
Feet	Rijlain	Etarran	Idarn
Give me	Ara	Efikie	Fikihie
Honey	Asel	Tament	Tamint
Man	Rajel	Erghaz	Argaz
Mountain	Jebel	Addrar	Adderar
Morning	S'bagh	Zik	Zik
Nose	Anf	Thinzarth	Tinzah
Slave	El abd	Isimgham	Issemg'h
Sultan	Sultan	Aghoullid	Aglid
To-morrow	Elgad	Ezikkah	Azgah
Water	Elma	Aman	Aman
Village	Dshar	Theddert	Thedderth
Woman	Murrah	Temthout	Tamtoot
Year	Sanat	Esougas	Acsougaz

"These two languages cannot be very dissimilar; in fact I have little doubt that they are dialects of the same. Further examination is necessary, and a knowledge of the circumstances under which the translation was formed; but if, as I strongly suspect to be the case, a vocabulary derived from a native of one of the *Kabyles* or clans, which inhabit Atlas southeast of Algiers, and that from a native of the mountains south of Morocco, prove to be the same, we shall have obtained a key to a language spoken throughout the mighty range of Atlas, and extending from *Baheereh* on the banks of the Nile, to Cape Noon on the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of more than two thousand miles. Nay more, there is every reason to believe that the Berēber is the native idiom of all northern Africa. It is the language of the Mozabies; the Wadrēgans; the Wurgelans; the Tuaryks; and Berēber words may be traced on the confines of Egypt and Abyssinia." — pp. 142, 143.

The fourth volume of the Journal of the Society contains an extract from the "Journal of Travels of Sir Grenville Temple in the Beylik of Tunis." "The numberless and stately remains of Roman architecture," it is remarked, "which still crown every hill, and moulder in every valley of the regency of Tunis, speak more for the energy and civilizing influence of the Cæsars, than the greatness of Rome itself."

The magnificent amphitheatre of the ancient Tysdrus, or Tisdra, now called El Jemme, is briefly noticed by Dr. Shaw;

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but we have not before met with any detailed description of it.

"Though yielding," says Sir Grenville Temple, "in magnitude and splendor to the Coliseum, it is still one of the most perfect, vast, and beautiful remains of former times which exist, to our knowledge; or, as I should perhaps more correctly state, to my own individual knowledge; combining in itself more of those united properties, than any other building which I can at this moment bring to my recollection."

"The length of the amphitheatre of *Tysdrus*, which extends nearly east and west, is 429 by 368 feet; and that of the arena, 238 by 182 feet. These two latter measurements are taken from the inner *existing* wall, the real boundary of the arena being uncertain. The height of the level of the first gallery is 33 feet, and to the summit of the edifice 96 feet. It possesses four ranges of pillars and arches, 60 in number in each, or rather in the three lower ones, for the fourth is a pilastrade, elevated on a stylobata, with a square window in every third inter-pilaster. The capitals are of that species of the composite order which we see on Diocletian's Pillar at Alexandria, with a slight variation between the second range and those composing the first and third. At each extremity was a grand entrance; but the west one, together with an arch on each side of it, was destroyed, together with the same portion of the whole superstructure, about one hundred years ago, by Muhamed Bey, who thereby wished to prevent the possibility of the amphitheatre being converted into a strong and vast fortress by some tribes of Arabs, then in open revolt against his authority. A very small portion also of the exterior wall of the fourth or upper story remains to this day. The interior of this magnificent building is in a far more dilapidated state than the exterior, which, with the abovementioned exceptions, may be stated to be in complete preservation; but great part of the vaulted and inclined plane, which supported the seats, the galleries, and the vomitoria, are still left. The galleries and stairs leading to the different stages were supported by arches and vaults, composed, not like the rest of the building, of large *pierres de taille*, but of a mass of small stones and mortar; and they have, consequently, in many places fallen in. Under the surface of the arena, as in those of the Coliseum and Amphitheatre of Capua, are seen passages, and little chambers for containing the wild beasts, as well as square apertures opening upon the arena, up which were raised the lions and tigers, enclosed in boxes made on the principle of the pigeon-traps used at shooting-matches, whose sides, on reaching the summit, being unsupported by the walls of the tunnel, fell to the ground, and, working on the hinges which joined them to the bottom of the box, left the

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ferocious monsters at once exposed to the view of the spectators."

"The following list may perhaps prove interesting, as showing the rank in magnitude which this amphitheatre holds among edifices of the same nature." — pp. 256, 257.

	Extreme length.	Extreme breadth.	Length of arena.	Breadth of arena.	Height.
Coliseum . . .	615½	510	281	176	164
Verona . . .	506	405	247	145	
El Jemme . .	429	368	238	182	96
Nismes . . .	430	338			76
Pola	416	337			
Side (Karamania)	409		125		79
Utica	363	240			
Pæstum . . .	211	151			
Capua					
Pompeii . . .					
Syracuse . . .	300	230	180	100	
Carthage . . .	240	200	150	110	
Thapsus . . .	160	113			

Next to the course and termination of the Niger, the object of greatest interest, in modern times, in relation to the geography of the interior of Africa, has been the city of Tombuctoo, of which our knowledge is yet very imperfect. Part I. of the sixth volume of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society contains a very interesting communication from the Rev. G. C. Renouard, Foreign Secretary of the Society, read on the 25th of April, 1836, entitled "Routes in North Africa by Abú Bekr es siddik," who is stated to be a native of Tombuctoo, who has been twenty-seven years a slave in Jamaica, and who is now on his return to his native city as companion in travel to Mr. Davidson. — The name of this city is variously written, Tombuctoo, or Timbuctoo; by Mr. Renouard, Tumbuktú; and by Abú Bekr, Tumbut or Tumbuttu. Mr. Renouard writes as follows.

"Whoever has perused the lively and amusing letters on the West Indies, which were the fruit of Dr. Madden's residence in Jamaica, will be no stranger to the name of Edward Donellan, a negro, who attracted the notice of that active and benevolent magistrate, by the excellence of his moral character, and the superiority of his literary attainments. Dr. Madden, whose travels in the East had made him acquainted with the Arabic character, was not a little surprised to see it written with some neatness and great rapidity by a negro slave; and his surprise was increased when he found that this slave had scarcely attained his fifteenth year when he was torn from his friends and country, and con-

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veyed, with the prospect of perpetual slavery, to a very distant land. When, in addition to this, he found that this slave was no idolater, but a very sincere worshipper of 'the one true God,' and that, consistently with a faith comparatively so pure, his moral conduct had obtained for him the respect of his equals and masters, his anxiety to release him from such degrading thraldom was wound up to the highest pitch. He applied without delay to Mr. Anderson, the slave's master, requesting him to fix a price, that steps might be taken forthwith for his redemption. But he applied in vain. Mr. Anderson declared that no price could recompense him for the loss of this slave's services. His integrity was such, that any sums might be confided to him; and such was his intelligence, that he kept a constant account of all the daily receipts and payments, of the rations allowed to the slaves, of articles brought into the premises, and of goods delivered from the stores. This report, as may be easily conceived, was only an additional stimulus to Dr. Madden's benevolence. He failed not to press on Mr. Anderson's attention the peculiar hardships of this poor man's case, — born in his own country in a distinguished rank, blessed with a learned education, and retaining, through his own talents, industry, and integrity, a large portion of those acquirements and that respect, which he would have obtained in a very eminent degree, had he escaped the degradation of slavery. Mr. Anderson was not insensible to these powerful arguments, and with a liberality truly characteristic of the British character, replied; 'That though the services of his slave were too valuable for him to fix any price upon him, he would give that liberty for which no sum of money could be named as an adequate equivalent.' In consequence of this generous resolution, Dr. Madden had the satisfaction of receiving Edward Donellan's manumission by Mr. Anderson, according to all the legal forms, in a crowded court. Finding that Donellan, whose Mohammedan name is Abú Bekr, was desirous of returning to his own country, Dr. Madden determined to assist him in effecting so desirable an object; and not long after the publication of his letters, in which Donellan's narrative was first printed, he recommended him to Mr. Davidson, an enterprising traveller, who had resolved to make another attempt to reach Tumbuktú. Abú Bekr, in the mean time, had come over to this country under the care of Captain Oldrey, R. N., another of the auxiliary magistrates in Jamaica, who had cordially united in promoting the welfare of Donellan, both before and after Dr. Madden's departure from the West Indies. In Morocco, Mr. Davidson was prevented by various circumstances from passing, as he intended, through Fez and Táfilelt, in his way to the Sahrá or Great Desert; but having been required to attend on the King at the

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capital, his medical skill and attention to his numerous patients secured for him that favor and permission to proceed, which at first seemed utterly unattainable; and after passing about two months there, he was suffered to proceed to Mogadore in his way to Wád Nún, whence caravans set out on their journey to Negroland. While at Morocco, they met some persons who were acquainted with members of Abú Bekr's family, and informed them that one of his relations is at present governor of Tumbuktú.

"The narrative of his life, from which the following abstract is taken, was written after his arrival in this country, in the presence of a friend with whom he was spending a few days in the neighbourhood of London. It is no doubt the same in substance as that compiled from his oral communication by Dr. Madden while in Jamaica, and printed in his work. It agrees, almost word for word, with another account of his life, drawn up while he was on his voyage from New York, at the request of Captain Oldrey. All these papers were written in the Arabic language, — the only one which Abú Bekr had ever learned; for his accounts and memorandums, which were so useful to his employers, would have been of no service without his interpretation, as, though expressed in the English tongue, they were written in the Arabic character, and the difficulty of deciphering negro-English, so expressed, may be easily imagined.

"But it is time to allow Abú Bekr to speak for himself. His narrative is thus headed: — 'This is an account of the beginning of my life.

"'My name is Abú Bekr es siddík: my birthplace is Tumbut. I was educated in the town of Jenneh (Genneh), and fully instructed in reading and construing the Korán, — but in the interpretation of it by the help of commentaries. This was [done] in the city of Ghónah, where there are many learned men ['ulemà], who are not natives of one place, but each of them, having quitted his own country, has come and settled there.'" — pp. 100 – 102.

He proceeds with his narrative, and from this it is collected that he was born at Tombuctoo about the year 1794. His father is stated to have been of the royal family; to have removed from Tombuctoo to Jenneh when Abú Bekr was two years old, and to have died two years after at Ghónah. His mother was a native of the city of Bornú. His grandfather, Omar, was an alcaid or magistrate in Tombuctoo and in Jenneh. About five years after his father's death, he went with his instructer to Ghónah, where he appears to have remained about three years, when a war broke out between Ghónah and Buntukkú; and in a hard-fought battle, the King or Sultan of

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Ghónah was defeated, and Abú Bekr fell into the hands of the conquerors. His narrative proceeds ; —

" 'On that day was I made a slave. They tore off my clothes, bound me with ropes, laid on me a heavy burden, and carried me to the town of Buntukkú, and from thence to the town of Kumásí, the King of Ashantí's town. From thence through Askumá, and Ajimmakúh, in the land of Fantí, to Daghóh, near the salt sea.

" 'There they sold me to the Christians, and I was bought by a certain captain of a ship at that town. He sent me to a boat, and delivered me to the people of the ship. We continued on board ship, at sea, for three months, and then came on shore in the land of Jamaica. This was the beginning of my slavery until this day. I tasted the bitterness of slavery from them, * and its oppressiveness : but praise be to God, under whose power are all things, He doth whatsoever he willeth ! No one can turn aside that which He hath ordained, nor can any one withhold that which He hath given ! As God Almighty himself hath said, — Nothing can befall us unless it be written for us (in his book) ! He is our master : in God, therefore, let all the faithful put their trust !

" 'The faith of our families is the faith of Islám. They circumcise the foreskin ; say the five prayers ; † fast every year in the month of Ramadán ; give alms as ordained in the law ; marry [only] four free women, — a fourth is forbidden to them except she be their slave ; they fight for the faith of God ; perform the pilgrimage [to Mecca] — *i. e.* such as are able so to do ; eat the flesh of no beast but what they have slain for themselves ; drink no wine, — for whatever intoxicates is forbidden unto them ; they do not keep company with those whose faith is contrary to theirs, — such as worshippers of idols, men who swear falsely by the name of the Lord, who dishonor their parents, commit murder or robbery, bear false witness, are covetous, proud, insolent, hypocrites, unclean in their discourse, or do any other thing that is forbidden. They teach their children to read, and [instruct them in] the different parts of knowledge ; their minds are perfect and blameless according to the measure of their faith.

" 'Verily I have erred and done wickedly, but I entreat God to guide my heart in the right path, for He knoweth what is in my heart, and whatever [can be pleaded] in my behalf.

" 'Finished in the month of August, on the 29th day, in the year of the Messiah 1834 [1835].' "

" * That is, the people of Buntukkú, Ashantí, and Fantí. This is more distinctly expressed in another paper written by him."

" † That is, pray five times a-day."

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Mr. Renouard infers that Abú Bekr was in his fourteenth year when he fell into the hands of the Ashantís [Ashantees], and was sent as a slave to the West Indies in 1807 or 1808; and that he passed about twenty-seven years as a slave in Jamaica; first, as a slave of a stone-mason named Donellan, subsequently of Mr. Haynes, and finally of Mr. Anderson. He was baptized by the name of Edward Donellan, but it does not appear that he was much instructed in the Christian religion.

"He never," says Mr. Renouard, "had opportunity to learn to read or write English, but in the accounts which he kept for his master, Mr. Anderson, he put every thing in negro-English, and in the Arabic character, and read it off to the overseer in the evening. Though far from being able to write Arabic with strict grammatical accuracy, or possessing the command of an abundant stock of words and phrases, his power of expressing himself in that copious and difficult tongue, and the clearness and facility with which he writes its characters, are truly surprising, when his peculiar circumstances are taken into account. His acquaintance with the Korán is remarkable. He must have known it almost by heart, as he declared that he had never seen a copy of it from the time he left Ghónah, till one was put into his hands by the writer of this paper. He was not old enough, he said, when captured, to enter on a course of logic and rhetoric, or to study the commentaries on the Korán; but he knew the names of the most celebrated commentators. This is a plain proof of the superior civilization of the negroes in the interior over those near the coast; and, however incredible at first sight, it is confirmed by Burckhardt's account of the Shaïkíyah Arabs in Meroë, and the well-written Arabic despatches from Bello's court, now in the records of the Foreign Office."

"Of the kindness of his present master, he speaks in terms of the warmest gratitude; and Mr. Davidson, on his part, fully appreciates his merits. Should that enterprising traveller be so fortunate as to reach Tumbuktú in safety, he will find, independently of the rank, which, it seems, Abú Bekr's relations hold, that so faithful, affectionate, and intelligent an interpreter is a treasure, the value of which cannot be too highly estimated."

In Part II. of the sixth volume of the Journal of the Geographical Society is found a letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Wad Noon, 22d May, 1836, "written on the ground in an Arab tent swarming with vermin." From the extract which we give from this letter, it will be manifest that an expedition

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to Tombuctoo differs somewhat from a journey undertaken among us for purposes of pleasure; and the mode of subsistence will perhaps appear little more desirable than that of "living without means." Mr. Davidson complains of "vexatious and expensive delays, which have tended to damp his spirits and throw doubts upon his success; that every thing that could be urged had been most forcibly used to dissuade him from undertaking the journey at that season of the year, and great doubt as to whether even the children of the desert would make the attempt;—the heat would be too oppressive for him to bear; the wells would in all probability be dry," &c. &c. "But he had, notwithstanding, resolved on going." He proceeds;

"The Sheik Khurfee, whose friendship I have purchased, takes charge of me by command of his superior, Sheik Beyrook. This man, now advanced in years, has made the journey twenty times, and four of these by a direct line from Wad Noon, having once performed the journey in twenty-five days. He tells me, if I can bear it, he will take me in thirty-five, as he wishes to show me two places where we are to stop a day or two, or he will make it in forty days. He states there are but two wells on the whole route; these will very likely be dry. We carry water for forty days, but he tells me he shall not give me any water on the road only at two halts; that the *herie* I am to ride will give me milk, and that he hopes to make me one of the *Eshrub el Rukh*, which performs the whole journey without eating, its allowance being camel's milk. I find I can work hard the whole day upon a draught of this, its satisfying quality being such that no other food is required. I have been some time in training; a small portion of meat but every other day, no bread, a little tea; and milk, the day I do not take meat. With the exception of my stay at Mogadore, I have had no bed for five months; I can nearly warrant myself sun-proof, my face, hands, and arms, feet and legs, having been three times excoriated. I have now acquired the power of resisting the action of the sun; I have adopted, in toto, the Arab dress, and am nearly as brown as some of the Paria caste.

"From this we are to set out on the 6th of June, that being one of their lucky days; so that by the time this reaches you, I hope, please God, to have arrived, or nearly, at Timbuctoo."

But by another letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Glamiz Wad Noon, September 25th, read in the Royal Geographical Society, November 21st, and published in the London news-

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papers, it appears he did not proceed at the time and in the manner he expected. In this letter he states that he was then expecting, after this long additional delay, to proceed in company with a large caravan, in two or three days.

"Our arrangement, at present, is," he says, "that I travel in company with the whole of the *Tajacanths*, who are here to the number of two hundred men and six hundred camels; one division, laden with corn and water, will start directly from the Sahara; a second of two hundred camels and sixty men, with the Sheiks, show themselves at the Sok, and then proceed to join the former at three days' journey from hence; thirty camels will carry my baggage, which you will say is no trifle; but the presents I am obliged to take, and the money, all in cowries, ten camel loads of which only equal £100 sterling, make it very bulky. We shall push on without delay to Towdeni, about six hundred miles across the Desert, where all the camels will load with salt for Soudan; this will detain us ten days; at this place, and at El Arawan, two hundred miles farther, are the only spots at which we shall get meat; our usual food will be barley and dates ground up together, and moistened with milk or water. I have lately had a trial of this fare, as I have been on an excursion of ten days; part of it through a beautiful country, as to scenery, but wholly without drinkable water. We started many herds of gazelles, &c.; the heat we found excessive, as much as 112° in our tents at midnight, yet I did not suffer, though my companion, Abú Bekr, felt it much."

Further intelligence from Mr. Davidson is awaited with the strongest interest.

ART. V.—*The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., from a Variety of Original Sources.* By JAMES PRIOR, Author of "The Life of Burke," &c. Two Volumes, 8vo. London. 1837.

UNLESS we have lived with a celebrated man, or studied human life well, we may be often surprised at the fluctuations of his temper and conduct; at the inconsistencies and contradictions (for so in our ignorance they appear to us) in his character. If we know him at first from general reputation only,

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the habit of associating his name with something uncommon, unfits us in a degree to estimate him as a human being placed in circumstances such as we are familiar with, and to look at him in every point of view, and see the natural results of the varied influences to which he is subjected. So it is, very often, when we have been acquainted with him through his writings only. We first set up an image, and worship it for a certain perfection our fancies have given it; and should it afterwards appear tarnished or defaced, and ready to be cast down, we are disposed to think that the change is the work of an enemy, or the effect of some enchantment, without dreaming a moment that the fault or surprise is wholly in our making an idol of one in most respects like ourselves. If, from the first, our knowledge of him has been obtained from a full and accurate history of his life, we are saved perhaps from such idolatry, but we may still be perplexed and offended at the union of opposite qualities, and believe that we are contemplating as eminent a moral as intellectual exception to our common experience of humanity. How, we are ready to exclaim, can sweetness, delicacy, and affection at home, be reconciled with ferocity, circumvention, and utter contempt of others' rights and happiness in public action? How could a sentiment so pure, generous, and lofty, fall from one in whose conduct we read of pollution, meanness, or low frivolity? How is it that he can love pictures, music, statues, and gardens, and delight in quiet evenings with the chosen spirits of the time, and have the respect and even the love of some venerable philosopher or saint, whose name we have bound up with all that is wise and excellent? He surely was no hypocrite; he did not bribe men's love. He was open as the day, and we know him thoroughly. No, we do not know him thoroughly, nor human nature thoroughly, or we should interpret the enigma.

Contrasts as striking perhaps as these, are to be found in Goldsmith. In the first place, we observe them between the general character of his writings, and his temper, condition, and conduct, as they are exhibited in his memoirs and in several contemporary publications. We suppose it will be admitted that his productions are marked with one spirit; and no one can doubt that this spirit is natural to him as well as predominant. Now what are the obvious characteristics of his writings? Refinement and generosity of sentiment, sympathy with his species, a collected and thoughtful study of man, an

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agreeable mixture of humor with wisdom and sobriety, and a prevailing tone of happiness and good nature. He writes as if he were at full leisure to make every thing perfect, and as serenely as if he were indifferent to fame, or already secure in the possession of it. He is so remarkably free from the coarseness and ribaldry which were more than tolerated in some of the ablest writers of his time, that it seems as if he could not have lived in the midst of licentiousness, and known how much public taste would endure. He gives us pictures of home and rural life which denote an exquisite sense of their charms, and exact knowledge of their petty troubles, and a disposition that could be happy nowhere else.

But what do we hear of him from others? Why, that he was reckless, envious, jealous, fond of pressing himself into notice in company, and unable to sustain himself in the conversation he was eager to engross, and unhappy that any one should be thought to excel him and draw attention, though in things beneath the ambition of a man, in the least intellectual. As for home, he had none better for years than the lodgings of a needy literary adventurer in London. He was miserably poor; and the little he received from the bounty of others, or from his writings, or for correcting proofs, or teaching a school, was readily expended upon his pleasures, or dress, or in gaming, or in the most absurd purchases as presents for his friends, or thrown away on any poor creature who could invent a tale of distress. He was so completely a dupe, that he was imposed upon both by himself and everybody else. He scarcely knew the meaning of literary leisure and ease. He must write or starve. His best book was sold for a trifle to keep him out of prison; and at the age of forty-five, his health broken by his excessive labor to fulfil his engagements to the booksellers, and his spirits at last failing him under a load of debts, to which no habit of insolvency could make him insensible, he sinks into the grave. Is this our philosopher, our poet, our man of refinement, humor, and guileless wisdom, our favorite painter of village scenes, and historian of the village pastor?

Again, in his relations with others, we may find what some would call strange incongruities. While there is reason enough to deny him so vague a title as that of a respectable man, and to charge him with a want of common sense, so that men, immeasurably his inferiors in other respects, are seen ridiculing

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his rudeness and blunders, and either making him their mirth, or pitying his weaknesses, or torturing their philosophy to explain the unusual combinations in his mind; yet we find him, at the same time, the familiar friend of the greatest wits, philosophers, and artists of the age, his foibles either borne with from their union with good-nature and ardent temperament, or overlooked in admiration of his powers.

Then as to the growth of his mind; whence this admirable style, this rapid pen, this profusion of thought, this knowledge, various at least, if not vast and profound? For he was little better than a vagabond from his youth up, a trifler at school, an idler and offender at the university, and a runaway. With the advantage of a medical education at Edinburgh and Leyden, he scarcely enters upon the practice of his profession. With no distinct object and few apparent results, he travels over kingdom after kingdom on foot, depending for support upon what accident might supply. His whole early life seems to be aimless. Where then was this extraordinary mind educated and furnished?

These violent antitheses are not brought together to make an occasion for a theory of Goldsmith's character or of human inconsistencies generally; but rather to state the difficulty plainly. This difficulty is, in part, that uncommon power should exist with as signal weaknesses, and sometimes in respect to precisely the same things. And even if we could show clearly that the errors and follies of Goldsmith were not owing to any thing in his original constitution, but to circumstances of different sorts, yet the greatest wonder of all remains, that his genius should pass unscathed through these follies and errors; not merely that it lived with them, but that it suffered no harm from them; for this seems to be the case. We think it much that a man should sustain his integrity, and a clear, firm mind, in the midst of a general corruption of manners and scenes of violence. We think of him as of a spirit securely watching the course of the earthquake or pestilence. But *here* the plague and convulsion are within himself, and yet his grandest capacities are to all appearance untouched. It is in vain that we would account for these things by the common-places, that the mind has compartments; that genius lives in a world of its own; that the tendency to excessive developement in one part of our nature, implies a corresponding weakness elsewhere; and that the more perfect our sense

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and love of the ideal are, the less fitted we must be for common life and action. We only throw the difficulty upon something else, or state in a different form the same confounding fact. And so it will be if we attempt to account for great mental achievements, where apparently there has been no foreign aid, or rather, where every thing seems hostile.

With our imperfect natures, then, and these imperfectly comprehended, we should rather look for contrarieties, and results which we cannot explain, than wonder at them. We are naturally most struck with them when we see them in persons whom we call eminent; but are they not in a degree to be observed in all? Whenever a man is inclined to talk of those whom he deems greater than himself as anomalies, and is surprised at their singularities, let him look into himself. He is too modest, perhaps, too humble to suppose there can be any mystery or difficulty *there*. But is he never conscious of expectations, desires, impressions of duty and a capacity of happiness, which he cannot perceive in a single case to have distinctly affected his actions, and which have been to him no more, as he thinks, than a haunting dream or sound? Does he never put forth a power which others feel, though he knows absolutely nothing of the secret within him, and wonders at the effect? Then, as to the supposed efficacy of outward circumstances; perhaps he has received a thorough literary and professional education, and yet should he find himself, at the sudden call of duty or ambition, ready to transact affairs, prompt to speak, graceful in his expressions and swarming with apt thoughts, can he always say that this new-discovered power is owing to a known source, to a known, voluntary application of his mind? Can his friends say that they foresaw this result, as they watched his course from year to year, and step by step? In fact, is he conscious himself of any change? Just so it often is, where the helps have been apparently few and small; there seems to us to be a potent virtue in a hard, straitened lot, merely because we know very little of the nurture, developement, and habits (so to speak) of moral and intellectual strength. We may have occasion to recur to the subject hereafter, for a moment; but we are now called to other topics.

Our readers are probably acquainted with the biographical sketch of Goldsmith, which, with some variations, is usually prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works. It bears no writer's

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name, and, according to Mr. Prior, it was the production of several hands. In general, the materials are excellent. It contains several of Goldsmith's letters to his friends, and among them are the two which have his amusing description of the Scotch and Dutch. They are in all not more than six or seven; and they are the best of the very small number, which even with Mr. Prior's care has yet been discovered. If we had a continued series of a similar character, the task of his biographer would be easy indeed, and Goldsmith would be distinguished in still another department of literature. Besides these letters, the early memoir contains Mrs. Hodson's precious recollections of her brother in early life, and many anecdotes from others, which are allowed to be authentic, and which illustrate a part of his private and literary history.

It has probably been an injury to his memory, that most readers have formed their idea of him chiefly from the anecdotes, true or false, which have been handed down, and preserved for a certain piquancy which his greatness in some things lent to his weaknesses in others. There can be no worse form, however fascinating, of preparing a biography, or no worse material to constitute its staple. Contemporary gossip is generally fashioned for effect; and even where the stories are fairly related, yet they are unconnected. We read one after another, and are entertained, and catch some strong, obvious points of a character, and perhaps imagine that we have the whole; but there is no level, no tenor of life, in such a history; and, of course, our idea of the man is broken and incomplete. We look in vain for an account of Goldsmith's sixteen years of severe literary application, and astonishing productiveness. We are told from time to time of some work that created a sensation, but months and years of humble labor for his bread are almost a blank. Till the present work appeared, his life seemed to be marked throughout with things occasional, not unlike the surprises of a novel or play. Mr. Prior comes in seasonably to diffuse whatever good matter he found in the former memoirs; and where before there were large vacant places, he has been able to fill up no small part by a discovery of Goldsmith's contributions to various periodicals, or by some new incidents which he has collected; and now and then his researches are rewarded by a new letter; so that without an excessive use of conjectural history, he succeeds in keeping Goldsmith pretty constantly

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before us in the order of time. And we have no doubt that this will impair a little the effect of the anecdotes, not so much by showing that they have led the world into a false notion of his frailties, as by giving us something else to think of, and making him appear more like other people from day to day.

Mr. Prior is already known by his "Life of Burke," and will be hereafter known as one of the most diligent collectors of minute and obscure facts. He makes his painful researches, we suppose, in the belief that the wants and tastes of readers of Lives are to be satisfied in no other way; for, speaking of short histories, he says that men are "disposed rather to have their patience taxed with details, than run the risk of being left unacquainted with circumstances, sometimes apparently trifling, which serve to throw light upon the springs of human conduct." We probably should not object to the size of his work, enormous as it is, if it were filled with circumstances respecting Goldsmith, and of this character only or even chiefly. But it will be most proper to begin with acknowledging our obligations.

His inquiries in general are far from being ill directed. He detects the false application to Goldsmith himself, of several stories which he had related of others, or fabricated for the purpose of illustration. The minute accounts of his unacknowledged contributions to the journals, and of the prices; of his engagements with the booksellers, and of his sad and humiliating difference with Griffiths, are pertinent to literary history, and especially of importance in this case, since, as we have said, his life, through years of want and obscurity, furnishes little else to the biographer. Goldsmith, it seems, was of opinion that "the world has a right to know and notice only such of a man's productions as he wrote for reputation and not for bread;" and that what he desired to conceal, or did not avow, should be left in secret. Mr. Prior rejects the doctrine, and with reason. But the expediency of collecting and publishing with his name his unacknowledged writings, must be left to the prudence and discrimination of his editor. The curiosity of antiquaries, and the eagerness of book-makers, are laying heavy burdens upon the memories of some great authors, and making them responsible for many an idle thing that they and the readers of their day were willing to forget.

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To proceed with the enumeration of Mr. Prior's labors and services. He seems to have inquired after and found out every living memory, that contained a particle of personal knowledge of Goldsmith; and from the pens of some, and the lips of others, he has collected a variety of interesting details, though no doubt of unequal authority. When he had reason to think that the records of any college, or other institution, at home or abroad, could throw light upon obscure points, he caused them to be examined. We have new information of Goldsmith's engagements and habits as an usher, and of his attempts to practise medicine, and of what we must consider as a fortunate disappointment, his rejection at Surgeons' Hall on presenting himself for examination as an hospital mate. The account of his residences in and out of town, his walks, his breakfast and supper parties, given in a spirit of genuine hospitality or benevolence, and the description of Lissoy, the supposed scene of "The Deserted Village," fill by no means too large a place; and even the authority of his tailor's accounts is often very properly and successfully adduced. Goldsmith's singular case, and the meagreness of former memoirs, justify rather unusual investigations. To these particulars we must add the references to his various writings, whenever a passage will in the least degree illustrate his character or the less known portions of his life. We can object to nothing that really bears on Goldsmith himself.

The great fault of the work is, that there is too much about every thing else. The mere mention of a contemporary, however obscure, is most generally made an occasion for a little history, and the occurrence of a topic is a temptation to offer remarks. Mr. Prior gives importance to what are trifles in every sense and bearing, and writes about the idlest rumors as gravely and studiously as if he were occupied with serious difficulties. In this way, and by his frequent stops to make or settle a quarrel, and by the awkward interruptions to the narrative which his formal array of investigations produces, he has filled two large volumes at the sacrifice of nearly all strictly biographical interest. We know not that we can recommend a better office to one who has something of Goldsmith's narrative manner, than to take this book in hand, not for the purpose of mutilation, for that will be far too little; but, after striking out all that is foreign, to recast what is pertinent, and give us a connected view of a whole life.

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We object further, that Mr. Prior should have undertaken his work with an idea not only that his great countryman had been much misunderstood and misrepresented, but also that it was necessary to apologize for his faults and follies, or to represent them as little to his discredit as possible. He would make it out, that though almost everybody laughed at or pitied his absurdities, they were all in the wrong; and he is constantly taking some one to task for it, and deals pretty freely with characters and motives. With Boswell, to whom we owe nearly all our knowledge of the intimacy between Johnson and Goldsmith, he is at open war; and as for Cumberland, he will not take his word for any thing. And all the time he sees not how inevitably he exposes his own fairness and purpose to suspicion, by treating every man as a foe who says aught unfavorable of the poet. We borrow one passage, to show the inclination of his mind in such cases. We think that Northcote's statement is strictly in accordance with what may be seen, in many passages, of Goldsmith's strange mixture of motives.

"Goldsmith's inconsiderate conduct earlier in life had no doubt excited a degree of displeasure not unusual in an anxious parent; neither perhaps was she pleased that his subsequent life in London offered so little of worldly advantage; but there is no reason to believe that this occasioned any thing like alienation of feeling on the part of either; especially in a man of warm affections like her son. No particulars of presumed disagreement were necessarily known to his London friends; but an incident, which, were it true, could be considered but as a whim of the moment, and not as indicative of disregard on his part, excited notice in his familiar circle. It is told by Northcote in the Life of Reynolds.

"'About the year 1770 Dr. Goldsmith lost his mother, who died in Ireland. On this occasion he immediately dressed himself in a suit of clothes of gray cloth trimmed with black, such as is commonly worn for second mourning. When he appeared the first time after this at Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, Miss Reynolds asked him whom he had lost, as she saw he wore mourning; when he answered, a distant relation only; being shy, as I conjecture, to own that he wore such slight mourning for so near a relation. This appears in him an unaccountable blunder in wearing such a dress; as all those who did not know his mother, or her death, would not expect or require him to wear *mourning* at all, and to those who knew of his mother's

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death, it would not appear the proper dress of mourning for so near a relation; so that he satisfied nobody and displeased some; for Miss Reynolds, who afterwards heard of his mother's death, thought it unfeeling of him to call her a distant relation.'

"Circumstantially as this story is told, we may suspect something of the mistake or exaggeration common in so many other stories concerning its subject. Northcote was not then in London, and consequently knew not the circumstances himself; what he afterwards heard may have been incorrectly told, as there seems to have been some indisposition on the part of Miss Reynolds towards Goldsmith, or after the lapse of forty years it may have been imperfectly remembered by the relater. A surer guide to his dress at this moment is the authority already quoted, his tailor's account, where it is entered September 8th, in the same terms as the dress worn after the loss of his brother in 1768, and again for the Princess Dowager of Wales in 1772, simply as a 'suit of mourning.' Had it been half-mourning on one or other occasion, the difference would no doubt have been expressed. The whim, had it been really indulged, was harmless, not necessarily implying want of reverence or affection." — Vol. II. pp. 298, 299.

If Goldsmith has been wronged, he ought to be vindicated; but he was the last man in the world to need apologies, or a mitigated narrative. We give little heed to the charge of envy which Mr. Prior makes against more than one, for the purpose of weakening the impression of Goldsmith's infirmities of temper. We are as well satisfied as he can be, that many of the great men in his circle could not see into his whole character and merits as Johnson and Reynolds did. We know that they practised upon his frailties, and probably they exaggerated them in the relation. Still he was not a man to be generally and substantially misapprehended, in regard to obvious defects of character or follies of conduct; and the testimony here is strong indeed. Though the anecdotes, as we remarked before, have had an undue influence on our judgments in the estimate of Goldsmith's whole character, yet they cannot be rejected upon the points they touch. And though Mr. Prior has enlarged our knowledge of his history, and done much and worthily for his good name, and though all proper deductions should be made on account of the malice, wit, or gossiping humor of those who have told stories or said smart things about him, yet we do not expect to see the old impression materially altered.

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With this opinion, and probably feeling less concerned than many, that Goldsmith should be found after all as worthy of admiration in society as he is in his books, we shall not dwell long upon those traits of character or qualities of temper, for which he has been most generally and least advantageously known. It is so common to expect what we wish, that we are disappointed if his great mental powers and a lively moral perception and taste are not attended with self-respect and self-control; if knowledge of the world and insight into character, which enable him to teach and delight others, are almost powerless as guides of his own conduct. We are unwilling to think that poverty, humble condition, and ordinary breeding should be felt as annoyances and hindrances by a man of genius, when he suddenly finds himself a stranger in a great capital, with new necessities, associations, and objects, to contend with the shrewd and the emulous, and longing to emerge from obscurity and take and maintain his place in the best society.

We think we can see the source of many of Goldsmith's errors and mortifications in his infirm temper. It is his own confession that he wants a strong, steady disposition. He is in perpetual fluctuation, tossed with perplexities, chagrined at trifles, sensitive to every touch, as ready to be delighted as disturbed, little qualified to see things in their true proportions, and we had almost said at the mercy of everybody. One infirmity deserves notice, as it may indicate what construction we should put upon defects in his character that have been thought most decided. Though at times, according to the highest testimony, he was the most reserved of men, even to solemnity, yet in certain moods he was the most communicative. At these moments, whatever was uppermost in his thoughts he was sure to make known; not from any conscientious regard to the duty of frankness, nor chiefly from that unconscious simplicity of heart which discloses a man to everybody but himself, nor yet from reasoning proudly that what was good enough for him to think, was good enough for the world to hear. It seems to be almost wholly owing to the pleasure he took in relieving himself of what was upon his mind, be it what it might. Benevolent purposes, ardent sympathy, his devices for making a better appearance among men, his ill opinion of himself, his vexation at the successes of others, all sprang alike to his lips. And it is no doubt in his

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favor, in some points of view, that his motives and feelings are thus brought to the surface. We see that there is no concealment, and we acknowledge many claims to kind construction. His faults of suspicion and envy, we have his own word for. This most inartificial of men, whose merely thinking that he was suspicious would betray him into far more dangerous trust in others than his natural guilelessness could do, yet charges himself with suspicion, and probably prides himself upon it as a mark of his sagacity and knowledge of men. He sees a man do something that he cannot do, and get money which he cannot get, and envies him his success and profits. He could not talk to the King like Johnson, nor sell the copy of a play to advantage like Kelly, and he is alike envious of the grandeur of Johnson and the evanescent importance of Kelly. We know not which most to admire, that he should have had the feeling, or placed himself at the confessional to reveal it.

Other great men have had their weaknesses, and more deplorable far than Goldsmith's; but the terrors of Johnson, for instance, or the aberrations of Swift, are not things to be laughed at; while the peevishness of a child, and the perverseness of a spoiled one, are ill to be seen in a grown man and a distinguished one, and they are accordingly ridiculed. And, discreditable as it may be to the world, one can get along better in men's report with some positive immorality, than with the laugh for ever against him. We have in view now his follies of ostentation. A restless self-importance was generated by a sense both of his strength and his weakness. He could not be blind to his resources and wonderful facility when writing, nor be ignorant that these were little at his command in conversation of the highest character. He says, very pleasantly, in allusion to his small success in controversy, "I always get the better when I argue alone." Still he is impatient that others should gain attention, and keep the talk to themselves. He rudely thrusts himself in their way, and is rebuffed; and though received cordially by the highest literary set in the metropolis, he is strongly tempted to herd with inferiors, who will grant him more license and be flattered by his presence. He is not satisfied to be praised for what he has, and is ready to "quarrel with our favorable opinion," because we do not bestow it according to his wishes and pretensions.

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Surely there is too much consciousness of self in this, and mortification is inevitable.

His amiable qualities, too, are associated with his weaknesses, and, happily, they are not the less winning for it. The absence of prudence, and of all selfish considerations, (unless there be selfishness in yielding to kind impulse for the pleasure it gives us,) the frailty of unthinking benevolence and good nature, imparts a tenderness to virtue which draws love. It claims protection, and has secured our favor before we can make up our minds to find fault with it. "What a pity it is," says Sir William in "The Good Natured Man," "what a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good will to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction. Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand." We cannot but be amused with the self-confidence which exposes him to frequent impositions; but should we have loved Dr. Primrose so well, or valued his character as a whole so well, if he had been more wise and less single-hearted? Should we have been better satisfied, if the arts and knavery of others had made his temper less confiding, and abated his good opinion of himself? We do not say that Goldsmith's character throughout is such a charming composition as his Vicar's; but we see much that is alike in both, in the point we have just considered.

We find another agreeable view of his character in the thought that with all his trials and crosses, aided by a degree of natural petulance, his native kind-heartedness is never impaired. If he established no habit of Christian or philosophical serenity, he still escaped an habitual moroseness or acerbity. However dissatisfied or disappointed, he has not the slightest hue of misanthropy, and we know not that he ever drew a character, framed a story, or uttered a remark to gratify resentment or spleen. If pride, irritation, subtlety, or contempt could have gained the mastery; if he had been cold as well as timid, or impudent as well as frank, he would have been safe; he would have had enemies of some consideration, and been dreaded and respected; he would have been another man, and we might have wanted the Vicar. If he had been trained from infancy or by suffering to self-government, and deep religious principle had succeeded to impulse, he would have been in some things another man, and we should have lost nothing.

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We see reason to dwell longer upon the brighter points of his history. We are pleased with the friendly terms on which he lived with Johnson and Reynolds. It may seem a matter of regret to some, that he should have been so closely connected with a large literary society, in which there were many who could not comprehend him, and before whom he would most probably be made to appear to disadvantage. But why should we be annoyed by Beauclerk's, or Garrick's, or even Burke's ridicule, when we know that Reynolds, who knew him best of all, loved and honored him? Our author says, that "of all whom Goldsmith knew, Reynolds held the highest place in his affection and esteem, and deserved it by as warm a return of regard." Sir Joshua bears testimony to his friend's powers of pleasing in society, and finds an explanation of his levity and playfulness of manners, and of his readiness to talk carelessly and beneath his own standard of thought, in his social spirit and his wish to be brought nearer to people and loved by them. We have no doubt that in circles where conversation was not, as with Johnson, a great intellectual battle, and where there was nothing of high life to oppress him, he was much the same pleasant talker that he makes others to be in his writings. Johnson too, in spite of occasional roughness, had a sincere friendship for him and unqualified admiration of his genius. He believed, indeed, that Goldsmith had little hope of weight and reputation in talking or in action, and that it was only when he was by himself and writing, that his powers would have full exercise and effect. And he was glad to see him at work and glad of his success, and bestowed his praise not at all as a patron or a literary authority, but as a discerning and delighted reader, and with the natural pride and gratification one feels when a friend has fought his way well out of obscurity and done justice to his eminent powers.

We have another agreeable remembrance of him in his occasional retirement to the farm-house at Hyde, when he had some new work in hand. After associating with his life in general an idea of inquietude, it is delightful to think of him in a chosen and happy solitude. Here he was to be seen "sometimes strolling about the fields, or loitering and musing under the hedges, or perusing a book." He refers to this residence in a letter to Bennet Langton, which makes us quite at home with himself and with many great names; and though

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it has been published, we believe, nearly forty years, it may be new to some of our readers.

"My dear Sir, — Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished; but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am, therefore, so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have, therefore, agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honor of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerk very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle; deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Dr. Taylor, and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a-visiting about and merry but myself; and that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance.

"The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an Abridgment of the History of England, for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers, for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as 'Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you 'll say I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant."

We have now finished what we had to say of Goldsmith's life and personal peculiarities. We have not attempted to trace any connexion between the facts of his history and the

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general character of his writings, and indeed we cannot perceive any. It may be that his genius suffered from his painful and discreditable intercourse with the world. But here we can only speculate, for there is no visible injury, and we can never know what his mind would have been under other circumstances, or what we have lost as things were. Of this we are certain, that his temper, which was under constant trial, was never altered for the worse, nor even disciplined in this severe school. And hence we are strongly inclined to think that his social life was the superficial part of his existence, at least that nothing ill had struck deep, and that his highest mental being is only to be seen when he has retired within himself. After wasting his follies in society, and enjoying its exhilaration, the secret exercises of his mind may have been the more unembarrassed, and the impressions of human life which he was to give us might then proceed more surely from clear and fair reflection. In those of his writings which are thought to be the most characteristic and original, we think we can discern every mark of an entire, healthy, independent, and peculiar genius. It has not been lopped or dwarfed, or tainted by any foreign touch. Nothing is missed, and nothing alien has been bound to it. We do not say that he never has narrow and superficial views, wrong opinions expressed with the utmost deliberation, unsound critical judgments, forced wit, exaggerated drollery, and repetitions of himself. We do not say that the remembrance of a world in which he was personally so unimportant, never gave a false impulse or direction to his thoughts, or a turn to his expressions which the fair suggestions of his mind would not have warranted. But, speaking generally of his best-known and prevailing qualities, where else shall we find clearer characters of individual genius in absorbed and self-directed action; where more of the serenity of reflection; more of inartificial interest in a subject, and unconscious devotion to truth?

It is not our object, in what follows, to give a history or analysis of his writings, but to speak of a few of his most obvious and pleasing peculiarities; and though much of what is said may apply to his political histories, and his History of the Earth and Animated Nature, yet we have particularly in view his Miscellaneous Works. In the course of time, one after another of even his lighter pieces has passed gently out of sight, or they are of interest to none but literary men;

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while two or three of his works are more popularly known than any writings of the last century, and probably are not surpassed by any books in the language for their power of interesting a great variety of readers. To be sure, new editions of his collected miscellanies are not rare, and Mr. Prior announces still another with recently discovered pieces; but what is or will be the consumption of these, compared with that of the few favorites that are published separately? A great author may be pardoned for promising himself immortality; but he should not venture to say which of his numerous works he shall be remembered for. That which cost him least pains, and to whose fate he was indifferent, may be the one that strikes the never-dying note in human hearts, and gives a kind of perpetuity to all the rest. There is an artificial or conventional fame which is created, and for its day sustained, by the efforts of a small set of admirers or applauders. Sometimes the mere force of custom will keep a book in the rank of a classic, while to all important purposes it is dead in literature. And there is a natural fame, which is nothing more than the response of the general mind. It is liable to suffer obscuration, with the revolutions in every thing human; but we never doubt that it will from time to time recover its brightness, with the return of a natural state of feeling in men.

It may be thought that a work of genius cannot be strictly popular; that is, it cannot be generally understood and felt; and that if the people praise it, they do so with exceedingly vague impressions, and more from deference to high names than any distinct perception and hearty delight. This is to say, that if a book is really popular, it cannot be of the highest order. But without entering into the question, or stating reasons for thinking that it is a much narrower one than it may at first appear, we would inquire who are the most fervent admirers of books that everybody allows to be truly popular; such as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and parts, at least, of "Gulliver's Travels." Are they children, and the less cultivated? Does a moderate developement of the faculties, or the freshness and liberty of youth prepare one for the truest estimate of the simple tale, which seems to have been composed purposely to suit the comprehension and taste of the humblest reader? There are secret beauties in this general favorite,

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principles of art, results of high inventive genius, on which its very popularity depends, and which he alone will perceive and value who is capable of estimating what are called the grandest compositions. Whether the amount of his pleasure be greater on the whole than that of a less accomplished reader, is another question. And whether all products of genius are of equal compass and dignity, is no question at all. It is enough if we have raised a doubt in the minds of any, who would exclude a book from the ranks of genius, because it is simple and familiar, and recommends itself to the general apprehension and favor.

The most popular of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, are his two larger poems and the ballad, his Novel, "The Citizen of the World," the little collection of Essays, published in 1765, and his still acted play of "She Stoops to Conquer." Of these, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" are known to everybody, and of as familiar reference as any thing in the language. What a variety of literature is here offered in three or four small volumes! Dramas, essays, poetry, and prose fiction; some of them the elaborate productions of his happier days, and others struck off in haste to supply his urgent wants; but all marked alike with his genius and memorable style.

Nothing seems more easy at first, than to point out what it chiefly is that constitutes the attraction of these writings. But the critic, after carefully distinguishing this and that property, and applying all the discriminating terms of his art, will sometimes own that he knows little more of the secret than the simple-hearted admirer. There is a charm, an effect, and *that* we all feel; and we might almost as well try to produce as to express it. Still there is nothing in the thoughts, the plots, the characters, or the verse, that is difficult to understand. Nobody makes discoveries in Goldsmith. If another points out a beauty to us which we had never stated as such to ourselves, he only revives or defines an old idea or feeling. The impression received in his own time was just the same that he makes now, and just the same in boy and man. Different minds may speculate about him in a different manner, and prefer different things, but there will be found among them all a remarkable general agreement, and but one kind of feeling. At the same time that every thing is so obvious, that the mind scarcely seems to be exercised beyond what is necessary for

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receiving; yet, when we come to think over the matter, and find scenes, reflections, feelings, whole passages, and simple sayings, not merely remembered, but so wrought into the mind that they are a part of itself, rather than its furniture, and that our tempers have been softened by them, our characters and sentiments moulded, and our happiness increased, we own that some power, deep as any philosophy, has been operating without our knowledge to produce effects like these, and that, while reading, we little thought of the mild, tender, yet clear light, which made the images at once distinct and lovely.

Goldsmith's popularity is as natural as our instinctive attachments. It springs not from our studying his beauties and admiring his skill, and stopping to observe the perpetual evidence of his resources; and it depends in no degree upon our finding that others have read him, and talking with them about his excellences. We are pleased off hand and by himself, and for a reason of our own. We should like him in precisely the same degree, if we had happened upon him accidentally, and without ever having heard of him.

Every reader calls him entertaining; and he is eminently, it might almost be said, constantly so. And more is meant by this, than his power of agreeable narrative, description, and dialogue; more than that we have been amused by his humor, or thoughtlessly carried along by a light, graceful, desultory manner, which never wearies, because it never detains. We mean, that he gives a charm to every thing, that he recommends it. We receive agreeably the gravest thoughts, such as we should not for a moment call diverting, and we can never think of them as separated from the pleasure. Our happy emotion belongs to the sentiment itself, and seems in no respect to be produced by any accidental beauty with which he had clothed it, as if to make a disagreeable or indifferent thing welcome. Our minds are exercised, but without the least effort; we get at the full meaning without seeking for it. If his reflections rarely lead us directly to further thoughts, still they put the mind in a good state, and dispose it to work for itself. Instead of fearing that we have been indulging ourselves with a debilitating luxury, or at best a mere relaxation, as is the effect of too many things that we find entertaining, we know that a great mind has been in familiar communication with ours, and we are exhilarated and strengthened much in the same way as when we contemplate material beauty or breathe a wholesome atmosphere.

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Next to his humor, we believe his style of narrative has been most admired. What we particularly observe in this is, that while things are related in a simple, straight-forward manner, so that the merely literary beauty may escape notice and no contrivance of art may be seen, yet it is impossible that any writer with any manner should give us a livelier and more agreeable succession of scenes and actions, and this too with very few occurrences to fill out a story. He seems to bring both the dramatic art and that of painting to his aid, to make his little collection of facts consistent and animated. Thus in his Letters on English History, whatever omissions there may be, he certainly carries us into the very heart of the times, and makes us acquainted with people. So in his Novel; up to the time of Olivia's flight, we feel as if we had been living some years with a great number and variety of persons, and gradually becoming accustomed to their tempers, eccentricities, and ways of life, and acquiring no small amount of common experience; and yet every distinct fact could be soon enumerated, and all this part of the story is comprised in a few short chapters. Richardson produced his great effects in a very different manner.

The Vicar of Wakefield is a plain tale of English rural life. We are set down in a country which we have never thought very picturesque, though the Vicar's thatched house of one story is beautifully situated. There are scattered cottages, near enough however to make a neighbourhood; and next to him is Mr. Flamborough, whom we see smoking his pipe at his door, as the Vicar approaches after his great bargain at the fair. The farms are generally small, but sufficiently productive to supply the comforts of life. The population is evidently of old standing. There are no new comers, save the Vicar himself and his family, and none rich or ambitious enough to run to the city for sights and to bring back the fashions. We are all acquainted with the localities; the short foot-way to the church, and the five-mile route on which the ladies were "thrown from their horses,"—the bank overshadowed with hawthorn and honeysuckle, where in fine weather the family "usually sat together to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening," and the grass plot before the door where Mr. Thornhill gave the ball by moonlight to the young ladies.

Upon the sudden loss of an ample fortune the Vicar retires

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to this scene of antique simplicity, where he had been offered a small cure of fifteen pounds a year, and probably regretting most of all that he can no longer appropriate the profits of his living to the poor. This reverse in his circumstances is important, for his character is to be seen and felt the best among strong contrasts both of fortune and people. Nothing can be more steady than his Christian philosophy under the experience of what is commonly thought to be the good and ill of human life. If he can bring up a virtuous family, discharge his sacred office faithfully, and enjoy his principles of strict monogamy without molestation, the temptations of riches and want are as nothing.

He has his weak side,—great tenacity upon some harmless point, great self-complacency in his sole perception of its importance, great confidence in his own judgment, and upon those matters especially where experience, which he had not, was alone wanted; and all the disappointments and mortifications in the world will not cure him. But vanity and self-sufficiency together are generally too much to permit perfect self-satisfaction; and we are not surprised to see his courage fail him, when, after some of his misadventures, he has to meet his own family. For though they held him in the highest reverence, yet they had so many points of their own to carry against his better judgment, that their eyes would not be shut; and the advantage was too tempting not to be taken, the next time he should overwhelm them with common-place warnings and oracular doubts. He had failed where he had been confident, and was downright ashamed for the moment; but each case of the kind soon comes to be looked at as an exception, and his frailty, though wounded, is soon as active as ever.

And to all appearance it does him no harm; for look at him in any point where high, true feeling is involved; where honor, generosity, integrity, or parental love is touched; and what is all the wisdom of this world by the side of his clear sense of wrong, and the utter surrender of self at the thought of the only real sufferer, — the offender? His heart is wise; and in a real conflict, his courage is that of a hero or martyr. After a long life of speculation, conceit, credulity, and domestic happiness, his time of action and adventure begins with his journey in pursuit of his daughter. Observe, through the whole of his wanderings, the absence of all sentimentality and exhibition of grief. It is just what we should expect. He

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knows the full extent of his calamity, and is prepared for the worst. His object is nothing less than to reclaim a lost child, and without losing sight of it, he retains his interest in common affairs; he is ready to enter into conversation with travellers on the road or at the inns, and is as positive and communicative as ever. This immutable simplicity is the truth of nature. The beauty and pathos with which he describes his return to his own door make the scene imperishable.

"The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frighted from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

"It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; — all was still and silent; — my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration. I gave a loud, convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible." — Chap. 22.

The elements of the Vicar's character are certainly very common. We recognise an old acquaintance, and no study or ingenuity can make him any thing else than what he appears to plain men at the first reading. It is needless to add, that in spite of this, or in consequence of it, it is known all over the world as a master-work of genius. At the close, the Vicar, like the Patriarch, has his blessings doubled upon him;

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and we feel as if all his good fortune were wrought out by his virtues, though, to look at the case truly, every event of his life appears to be brought about by others, and his own will and wisdom to be powerless.

Many of the qualities of this novel will be found in some of the other prose works which we have named; the same unobserved, indefinable fitness of composition, which is satisfied with accomplishing its purpose, and asks no notice; the same unobtrusive, ever-varying humor, seen equally in deeds, words, characters, and situations, calling for no sagacity in us to catch it, and producing no surprise. We have felt inclined to qualify this last remark, with respect to many passages in the plays. Still these might succeed perfectly in acting; and it would require more than a hint to show the difference between a drama and a story, between the position and circumstances of a reader and spectator, and that possibly the whole theatrical apparatus helps to give effect to humor in a play, as the narrative certainly does to conversation in a novel. As the "Vicar" is formed upon English habits and manners of the time in a certain sphere, so in the "Essays" and "Citizen of the World" we have life and character, as they appeared in parts at least of London. Though there are fancy sketches, and a variety of subjects, yet we remember nothing so distinctly, as that we are in the company of a wise, pleasant, acute observer of common life, who has delightful narratives in store, to set out the simple truths that he lets fall; — as when he puts to shame the complaints of the great by the story of the poor soldier with a wooden leg, whom he met begging at one of the outlets of the town; and shows the irksomeness of the company of fools in his sketches of that matchless compound of superficiality, pretension, tawdriness, and self-content, the little second-rate beau, Mr. Tibbs. And so, if allowable, we might go on with instances of situations, occurrences, and characters, which are either fraught with instruction, or give the mind health by surrounding it with truth, — no matter how familiar, if it be so offered that it is *felt* to be truth. But we are talking of old and well-known things; and though we might expect the reader's sympathy whenever we were fortunate enough to revive early recollections and feelings, yet we should consider that there are few who have not as good memories and as distinct impressions as ourselves.

And for the same reason, we need say little of his Poetry.

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We observe in his two larger poems (and to these our remarks will be limited), that, except in the descriptions of the village school and inn, there is a want of his customary humor, even of the most delicate kind; and this is not wholly explained by their serious subject and aim, for humor is always natural to him, and can seldom harm any thing. One explanation might be suggested by his complaint in the "Inquiry," that the "critics have almost got the victory over humor," and that "the most trifling performance now assumes all the didactic stiffness of wisdom." But he, at the same time, derides this false solemnity, and begs people to write naturally, and visits the critics with the most hearty contempt. Another explanation may be sought in the fact, that these poems were deeply studied and slowly finished. Goldsmith deliberately proposed to establish his name upon them, and hence his mind may have been under restraint, and a gay variety of thoughts obstructed. The purpose of carrying out an idea to as great perfection as possible, may defeat those free touches which sometimes accomplish more than the most diligent, intentional adherence to propriety. But the ease and fluent sweetness of the thoughts and verse, forbid the idea that he was under alarm or constraint. Though, undoubtedly, the topics show one steady direction of his mind, and the tone of the composition never varies, unless it be, that there is more tenderness in the "Deserted Village," and more ardor of denunciation in "The Traveller," yet there is no indication that he ever suppresses what he feels, or inserts what he does not.

The reader sees that Goldsmith is writing of what he had witnessed and felt in early life. He turns to this period as to a dream, whose very sorrows he would recover, and whose delights are the dearer, that they are dimmed and saddened. The seasons of inward solitude which often visit the opening and joyous spirit of youth; seasons, when the heart reports not its wants, and knows not on what it shall fasten, to supply them, are the best remembered in after life, and give a color to every recollection that we value. While important events, as they then appeared, have faded, many a trifling occasion or object is invested with strange beauty, and breathes softness and peace over our hearts. We know not what gives them this importance. The association was early made, but not perceived fully till years afterwards. It is in the midst of such

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recollections that Goldsmith writes. Though professing to have public evils in view, he is thinking of private losses, domestic changes, those humble, well-remembered revolutions, that pass between boyhood and matured years. Some of his most affecting descriptions are little more than a series of such recollections, arranged with slight regard to order, and apparently not moulded in the least by the imagination; perhaps stated as they casually rose to his mind, in a time of grief or depression. In this respect they resemble elegiac poetry, and many passages have the true spirit of a pastoral lament.

"How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play!"

"Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

He laments the decay of simplicity in manners and tastes, and the depopulation of the country, in consequence of the gradual amassing of wealth in single hands, and the abandonment of agriculture for trade. In his comparative view of states he does not overlook the blessings which justify patriotism in each; but he misses something which he deems essential to happiness, and falls into a natural exaggeration of what is lost, and sees not that changes may have been for the better. But none of us probably ever think of weighing his political opinions, or his claims to the title of a great philosophical poet. His fame and influence depend on neither. We are not grateful to him because he possesses extraordinary poetical power. There is so much of genuine feeling, just

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thought, true description, and sound moral distinction in these poems, the language is so clear, the strain so liquid, the general style, not quite magnificent, but yet of such an easy, natural elevation and dignity, that they glide into our affections and memory in youth, and are never displaced, we apprehend, by the more exciting pleasures, the more subtile and complicated conceptions, which we owe in later years to poetry of a far higher and infinitely more varied character.

We do ourselves wrong to compare him injuriously with others. We are losers by it. We cannot and ought not to be satisfied with his poetry, and seek nothing higher and different; yet if we forget it, or even think less of it, the change will not be owing to our worship of greater genius, but to a feverish love of idols. Indeed, the relish of such poetry is some evidence of an uncorrupted taste. It owes nothing to affectation, and is in nothing more original than its serenity or tempered feeling. While the glory of greater artists is in subduing their inspiration to their conception of perfect workmanship, his distinction is that he is willing not to stimulate his powers to false efforts. He effects one purpose of all real poetry, by refining the perception and multiplying the sources of truth. Excitement and exhilaration, tears and laughter, all feelings and signs of feeling may be produced both by ordinary and by powerful writers, in a wholly false way. The right instrument has been touched by both, and abused; both have trusted to our weakness or ignorance, and succeeded; little thinking that there were principles in our nature, which would not long endure this tampering, if the note of a true minstrel, though the humblest, was yet to be heard.

ART. VI. — 1. *Essai statistique sur les Bibliothèques de Vienne*, par ADRIEN BALBI. Vienne. 1835. 8vo.
2. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque de son Excellence, M. le Comte de Boutourlin.* Florence. 1831. 8vo.
3. *Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres*, par J. C. BRUNET. 3me ed. Paris. 1820. 4 tom. 8vo.

M. BALBI has long been advantageously known by several works of great merit, upon some of the most important branches of statistics and general geography. The chief

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part, if not the whole of his career, as an author, has been devoted to profound and extensive researches upon these subjects; and the reputation which he enjoys has been earned by long and assiduous labor.

The volume, of which the title stands at the head of the present article, is one of the most recent and interesting of his publications. Its immediate subject is a description, in part historical and statistical, and in part bibliographical, of the public and private libraries of Vienna. In the course of this, M. Balbi has entered into an examination of the literary and numerical value of the principal libraries of ancient and modern times, and given a succinct and lucid exposition of the principles upon which calculations of this kind should be based. The inquiry is conducted throughout with singular ability, and contains several new and striking views. It is shown that the Imperial Library of Vienna, regularly increasing from the epoch of its formation, by means equally honorable to the sovereign and to the nation, held, until the French revolution, the first place among the libraries of Europe. Since that period, several other institutions have risen to a much higher numerical rank. Yet the progress of the Imperial Library has never been interrupted; and the great value of several of the private collections, which have, at different epochs, been incorporated with it, gives it a decided superiority over many others of much greater apparent pretensions. The other public, as well as the private libraries of Vienna, correspond to the high character of the principal one.

It will be sufficiently apparent from this brief sketch, that a large portion of the present work can have but few attractions for the American reader. That part, however, which is devoted to a comparative examination of the great libraries of ancient and modern Europe, and an explanation of the principles by which this examination has been conducted, has strong claims to the attention of all those, who prefer exact details and cautious reasoning to careless and extravagant conjectures. The gross errors, which still prevail upon this curious subject, and which, through the ignorance or negligence of the compilers of many of the books of reference, as well as of the class-books for schools, are daily becoming more extended and deeper rooted, give these claims an additional force. We propose, therefore, to offer our readers a concise analysis of those chapters of the work

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before us, which treat of general bibliographical statistics; and shall translate or abridge the pages of M. Balbi, without any further acknowledgment than the simple avowal, that we are almost wholly indebted to him for the materials, which form the basis of the first part of the present paper.

No one of the libraries of the first class, now in existence, dates beyond the fifteenth century. The Vatican, the origin of which has been frequently carried back to the days of St. Hilarius, in 465, cannot, with any propriety, be said to have deserved the name of library before the reign of Martin the Fifth, by whose order it was removed from Avignon to Rome in 1417. And even then, a strict attention to exactitude would require us to withhold from it this title, until the period of its final organization by Nicholas the Fifth, in 1447.* It is difficult to speak with certainty concerning the libraries, whether public or private, which are supposed to have existed previous to the fifteenth century, both on account of the doubtful authority and indefiniteness of the passages in which they are mentioned, and the custom which so readily obtained, in those dark ages, of dignifying with the name of library every petty collection of insignificant codices. But many libraries of the fifteenth century being in existence, and others having been preserved long enough to make them the subject of historical inquiry before their dissolution, it becomes easier to fix, with satisfactory accuracy, the date of their foundation. We find accordingly, that, including the Vatican, and the libraries of Vienna, Ratisbon, and the Laurentian of Florence, which are a few years anterior to it, no less than ten were formed between the years 1430 and 1500.†

The increase of the libraries of Europe has generally been slowly progressive, although there have been periods of sudden augmentation in nearly all of them. They began with a small number of manuscripts, sometimes with and often without any printed works. To these, gradual accessions

* An interesting account of the early history of the Vatican library may be found in Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, Tom. VI. Lib. I. pp. 142 et seq.

† These were, Turin, the University; Cesena, the Malatestiana; Venice, the Marciana; Oxford, the Bodleian; Copenhagen, the University; Frankfort on the Maine, the city. The Palatine of Heidelberg was founded in 1390, dispersed in 1623, restored in 1652, augmented in 1816.

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were made, from the different sources, which have always been more or less at the command of the sovereigns and nobles of Europe. In 1455, the Vatican contained 5000 manuscripts. In 1685, after an interval of more than two centuries, the number of its manuscripts had only risen to 16,000, and that of the printed volumes did not exceed 25,000. In 1789, but little more than a century later, the number of manuscripts had been doubled, and the printed volumes amounted to 40,000.

Far different was the progress of the Royal Library of Paris. The origin of this institution is placed in the year 1595, the date of its removal from Fontainebleau to Paris by order of Henry the Fourth. In 1660, it contained but 1435 printed volumes. In the course of the following year, this number was raised to 16,746, both printed volumes and manuscripts. During the ensuing eight years the library was nearly doubled; and before the close of the subsequent century, it was supposed to have been augmented by upwards of 100,000 volumes more.

In most cases, the chief sources of these augmentations have been individual legacies and the purchase of private collections. Private libraries, as our readers are well aware, began to be formed long before public ones were thought of. Like these, they have their origin in the taste or caprice or necessities of their founders, and are of more or less value, as one or the other of these motives has presided over their formation. But when formed by private students with a view to bring together all that has been written upon some single branch of science, or by amateurs skilled in the principles of bibliography, they become more satisfactory and complete than they could possibly be made under any other circumstances. Few of them, however, are preserved long after the death of the original collector; but, falling into the hands of heirs possessed of different tastes and feelings, are either sold off by auction or restored to the shelves of the bookseller. It was by availing themselves of such opportunities, that the directors of the public libraries of Europe made their most important acquisitions. This is, in short, the history of the Imperial Library of Vienna; and it can hardly be necessary to add, that it was thus that the rarest and most valuable por-

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tions of that collection were brought together.* It is thus also, that the Vatican has acquired, within the last few years, by the purchase of the library of Count Cicognara, a body of materials, illustrative of the history of the arts, which leaves comparatively little to be wished for, by the most diligent historian.†

It can hardly be necessary to enlarge upon this subject. Every one who has engaged, even in a small degree, in historical researches, must have observed how soon he gets out of the track of common readers, and how dark and difficult his way becomes, unless he chance to meet with some guide among those, who, confining their attention to a single branch of study, have become familiar with, and gathered around them, almost every thing, which can serve to throw light upon it. And when a public institution has gone on through a long course of years, adding to the works derived from other sources these carefully chosen stores of the learned, it is easy to conceive how much it will contribute not merely towards the full gratification of literary curiosity, but to the actual progress of literature itself.

But these opportunities are too uncertain to be relied upon, as they are too important to be suffered to escape, when they present themselves. The principal libraries of Europe now depend for augmentation upon their respective endowments, and upon the laws made by government in their favor. The latter secure them an annual increase in exact proportion to the activity of the press, in the country to which the institution belongs. In France, every publisher is bound by law to deposit at the royal library a certain number of copies of every work that issues from his press. A similar law entitles the Imperial Library of Vienna to one copy of whatever is published within the Austrian dominions. Thus the annual increase of these institutions is not only immense, but keeps pace with the progress of the press, and is gradually transforming them into permanent depositories of the annual intellectual harvest of the nation. Could this law have been en-

* One of the most remarkable of these purchases was that made of the private library of the Prince Eugene, for a life income of 10,000 florins. It was composed of 15,000 printed volumes, 337 manuscripts, 290 folio volumes of prints, and 215 portfolios or boxes.

† The Count Cicognara is well known by his elegant and learned history of sculpture. The catalogue of his library, published by himself, numbers 4800 articles. It was sold for 20,000 dollars.

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forced from the first moment of the invention of printing, how many curious points in literature, how many important questions in history, which are now perplexing and obscure, would be placed in a clear and instructive light by the authority of full and incontrovertible documents! But the augmentations derived from this source can only extend to national literature, and to such foreign works as are reprinted by native booksellers.* The greater and more valuable part of new foreign works can only be obtained by purchase. Hence arises the necessity of an extensive fund, and the equally great but far more difficult requisition of a judicious use of it. The following table, which we translate from M. Balbi, shows the annual appropriations of some of the principal libraries of Europe. As he was not able to state with certainty the exact annual expenditure of the Royal Library of Paris, he has given that of the cabinet of prints which is attached to it. This will help to form some idea of the sum allotted to the other departments.

Comparative View of the Annual Expenditure of some of the principal Libraries of Europe.

		Francs.
Bodleian,	Oxford	75,000
Imperial,	Vienna	47,500
Royal,	Berlin,	29,680
Advocates',	Edinburgh,	25,000
University,	Göttingen,	20,000
Royal,	Madrid,	14,000
University,	Bologna,	10,385
Royal,	Dresden,	10,000
University,	Padua,	5,000
Marcian,	Venice	5,000
Cabinet of Prints of the Royal Library of Paris		15,000

We add the following table to render the view of the state of these institutions more complete.

* It may be not amiss to observe, that, as far as France is concerned, the number of these last is very large. Nearly all the fashionable English literature, and a considerable proportion of the more important new English works, together with the newly prepared editions of American standard classics, are republished by two or three rival houses in Paris before they are dry from the press in England. The same is done with some German and Spanish works, and with almost all the new works of Italy. Brussels plays off upon the French booksellers the turn which they play upon the English.

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Table of the Officers employed in the Imperial Library of Vienna, with their respective Salaries.

Titles.	Salary in Francs.
Prefect or Inspector,	12,500
First Keeper, with the title of Aulic Counsellor,	10,500
Second Keeper,	5,000
Third, "	3,500
Fourth, "	2,500
First Under Keeper,	2,250
Second, "	2,000
Third, "	1,750
Fourth, "	1,500
Aspirant, "	1,000
Three Attendants, each one,	600

In endeavouring to form an estimate of the comparative value of libraries, we cannot but be struck with the unsatisfactory nature of the numerical calculations on which we are constrained to found it. What idea can be formed of the value of any given library, by a mere comparison of the number of volumes which it contains, with that of any other? There are probably but few of our readers, who cannot recall, within the circle of their own observation, some instance of the insufficiency of numbers as the elements of such a comparison. Thus far, however, no other has been discovered; and the judicious reader must trust to his own experience and judgment for giving due weight to all those circumstances, which may be justly supposed to affect the real value of libraries almost numerically equal.

But, after we have once fixed upon numbers as the basis of our calculations, we seem to be almost as far off from the mark as ever. Even if there had been a special effort on the part of all the writers, who have touched upon this subject, to involve it in doubt and perplexity, they could not have succeeded more fully, than they have done while pretending to elucidate it. The question is so curious, and displays in so strong a light the danger of relying upon careless compilers and credulous travellers, that we cannot resist the temptation of translating a part of the interesting chapter, which M. Balbi has devoted to it.

"This portion of comparative statistics," says M. Balbi, "is in very much the same state, in which the subject of population remained during the second half of the last century. We

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possess only approximative data concerning the libraries which are best known, while the most contradictory opinions are hazarded with regard to all others. The natives of a country often repeat without examination the exaggerated statements of some unscrupulous librarian, who, without troubling himself about the truth of his assertions, seeks only to raise the credit of his library by exaggerating the number of its volumes. A similar confidence is often given to those traditional estimates, by which the grossest of all the errors, which prevail upon this subject, are handed down from father to son. Nor is this all; but men, excited by a mixture of personal and national pride, and relying upon calculations, which they have made upon a false principle, frequently accuse of ignorance, or of inexactness, the conscientious writer, who, after a careful comparison of the best authorities, has ventured to advance an opinion different from theirs. Men of learning often pursue the same course; and, though wholly ignorant of the nature of statistical calculations, and the varied information which they require, boldly reject the estimates, which have been obtained through official sources, or which are the result of the long and laborious researches of men both conscientious and learned.

"One of the principal causes of the astonishing diversity of the opinions, which prevail upon the subject of libraries, is the difference in the methods, which have been adopted by different writers, for estimating the literary wealth of the same library. One counts only the printed volumes. Another adds in the manuscripts. A third fixes at a certain number of volumes the essays and pamphlets, which are preserved in portfolios, or stitched together, all of which had been excluded from the first estimate. An adherence to this principle brings into another list all the scattering prints and maps, which, as they belong to no particular work, could not be reckoned among printed volumes. Nor does the difference cease here; for, while some writers, adopting an entirely new method, raise their table to a formidable array of ciphers, by counting as separate volumes every pamphlet, which the library may chance to contain, others strike off a large portion from the sum thus obtained, rejecting in their enumeration all duplicate copies, of whatever kind they may be. These various methods of estimation should be carefully distinguished from the first-mentioned errors, by which the mistakes of travellers, and of men of learning unacquainted with statistics, are repeated and propagated by the ignorance or negligence of compilers.

"It is very much with the wealth of libraries, as with the population of some of the cities of Asia and of Africa, in

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speaking of which a more accurate census, and the criticisms of competent judges, have reduced the millions of inhabitants, to a few hundred thousand. Thus the recent catalogues of some libraries, on an examination of them by travellers or librarians familiar with the principles of statistics, have reduced by a third, or a half, and sometimes even by nine tenths, the ridiculous exaggerations, which still continue to disgrace many works of high and well-merited celebrity.*

"Previously to the Revolution, the Royal Library of Paris was supposed to contain from three to five hundred thousand volumes. An intelligent and judicious writer, the late M. Barbier, had, in a work published in 1805, reduced them to two hundred thousand.† But M. Van Praet, the present librarian, who, in the year 1791, had counted the whole library volume by volume, had found only 152,868 volumes, viz.; 23,243 folios, 41,373 quartos, 88,252 octavos and books of smaller size.

"We had always heard the Library of St. Mark in Venice estimated at 150,000 volumes, and consequently supposed, that, by stating it at 90,000 in our work upon the 'statistics of Portugal,' published in 1822, we could not be far from the truth. But, on our return to Venice in the same year, we were assured by its learned librarian, the Abbé Bettio, that it actually contained only 65,000 printed volumes and 5000 manuscripts. Yet, as late as 1832, we have seen more than twice that number assigned to it by a statistical writer of high rank." — pp. 45–48.

This subject will become still clearer, by a glance at a few passages from the table of comparative estimates, which M. Balbi has compiled with singular patience and industry.‡

"*Comparative Table of the principal Opinions published with Regard to the Number of Volumes contained in some celebrated Libraries.*

PARIS, ROYAL OR NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
Ebert,	350,000	70,000	
Petit-Radel,	350,000	50,000	350,000

* An instance of this may be found in the Tabular View of Libraries in one of the best school books ever written; Woodbridge's General Geography.

"† L'Annuaire administratif et statistique du Département de la Seine, pour l'An XIII. (1805.)"

‡ In the original this table fills ten octavo pages. We have confined our extract to such heads as we supposed most likely to prove interesting to the American reader.

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Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
British Review,	450,000	80,000	450,000
Malchus,	500,000	50,000	
André,	800,000	50,000	
Mazarine Library.			
Malchus,	90,000	3,437	
Boismarsas,	150,000	4,000	
Madrid, Royal Library.			
Villenave,	100,000	a great many.	
Haendel,	125,000		
Hassel,	180,000		
Malchus,	200,000	2,000	
The Escurial.			
Bisinger,		60,000	
Ebert,	17,800	4,300	
Moreau de Jonnès,	130,000	15,000	
Rome, Vatican.			
Schnabel,	30,000	4,000	
Ebert,	30,000	40,000	
Valéry,	80,000	24,000	
Malchus,	160,000		
Bailly,*	400,000	50,000	
D'Haussez,	800,000	38,000	
Eustace, from	200,000 to a million!	50,000	
Quarterly Review,	largest in the world!		
Florence, Laurentian.†			
Ebert,		8,000	
André,		5,000	

"* Journal de la Société Française de Statisque Universelle."

"† It should be remembered that this celebrated library contains manuscripts only. Hence a double error on the part of the above cited authors. It was only by the recent legacy of the Count d'Elci, that it became possessed of printed works, which, however, are exclusively composed of editions of the fifteenth century," and have not yet been placed in the Library.

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Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
Hassel,	20,000		
Malchus,	120,000		
Bailly,	90,000	3,000	
	Oxford, Bodleian.		
Meidinger,	130,000	20,000	
Quart. Rev.	over 200,000		
Ebert,	300,000	25,000	
Bailly,	400,000	25,000	
André,	500,000	30,000	
Schnabel,	700,000	30,000	
Oxford Guide,	more than any library in Europe except the Vatican."		—pp. 35 – 43.

After having thus pointed out the errors and inconsistencies into which his predecessors have fallen, M. Balbi proceeds to give the result of his own inquiries, in a new estimate of the principal libraries of ancient and modern times. This table is evidently the product of long and laborious researches. He has availed himself, for the composition of it, of all the facilities, which an extensive correspondence could afford, and has thus been able to draw his information, in several cases, from direct official sources. In others, his familiarity with statistical calculations, and his personal knowledge of many of the institutions of which he speaks, afford the best assurance of the general correctness of his assertions.

"*Comparative View of the Great Libraries of Ancient and Modern Times.*

Cities.	Libraries.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.
Paris,	Royal,	626,000	80,000
Munich,	Royal or Central,	540,000	16,000
St. Petersburgh,	Imperial,	432,000	15,000 (?)
Copenhagen,	Royal,	410,000	16,000 (?)
Vienna,	Imperial,	284,000	16,000
Berlin,	Royal,	280,000	5,000
Pekin,	Imperial,	280,000	
Dresden,	Royal,	260,000	2,700
Göttingen,	University,	250,000	5,000
London,	British Museum,	220,000	*22,000

"* In this number the 19,093 charters, diplomas, and original documents are not comprised."

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Cities.	Libraries.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.
Oxford,	Bodleian,	200,000	25,000
Wolfenbüttel,	Ducal,	200,000 (?)*	4,500
Madrid,	Royal,	200,000	2,500(?)
Paris,	Arsenal,	186,000	5,000
Stuttgart,	Royal,	174,000	1,800
Milan,	Brera,	169,000	1,000
Naples,	Bourbon Museum,	165,000	3,000
Florence,	Magliabecchiana,	150,000	12,000
Breslaw,	University,	150,000	2,300
Munich,	University,	150,000	2,000(?)
Edinburgh,	Advocates',	150,000	6,000
Jedo,	Sjogoun,	150,000 (?)	
Miako,	Mikado,	150,000 (?)	
Alexandria, the largest of the Ptolemean libraries,		110,000 (??)	
Tripoli in Syria,	Kadis,	110,000 (?)	
Cairo,	Caliphs,	110,000 (?)	
Alexandria † library, destroyed by the Arabs,		100,000 (??)	
Rome, Ulpian, founded by Trajan,		100,000 (??)	
Cordova,	Caliphs,	100,000 (??)" —p. 71.	

Some surprise will be felt upon viewing the rank assigned in the preceding table to the libraries of Japan. The estimates of our author are in this instance derived from the statements of a recent traveller, M. Siebold, whom he honors with the appellation of "learned and conscientious." These libraries, according to M. Siebold, are divided among the princes, the nobles, and the monasteries. Besides the works printed within the empire, they contain a large number of ancient and modern Chinese books, together with many rare manuscripts in Japanese and Chinese, maps, topographical plans, and sketches in natural history. There are also, in the libraries of some amateurs, extensive collections of European books, chiefly of a scientific character, and for the most part in Dutch. The activity of the press in that country is astonishing, but nevertheless, as would seem from the work of

* It will be observed that an interrogative point is affixed to those numbers which M. Balbi considers doubtful.

† In admitting the third Alexandrian library into this table, M. Balbi has not done justice to his own knowledge of the subject. It seems impossible that any one who has read the XXVIII. and LI. chapters of Gibbon should place the least confidence in so absurd and ill-supported a tale.

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M. Siebold, unequal to the productive power of the authors; for, in one of the royal libraries, may be seen a modern work upon the natural history of the empire, of which the plates alone would fill 800 volumes.

But we should be guilty of great injustice towards our author, were we to pass over the ninth chapter of his volume, in which he has explained at length the process, which he has followed in the formation of his comparative estimate. The reasoning refers more particularly to the Royal Library of Paris, the claim of which to the first rank among all the libraries of the world has been disputed.

In the year 1822, this library contained, according to MM. Van Praet and De Mane, keepers of the printed books,

450,000	volumes,
450,000	pamplets, essays, and fugitive pieces, bound up in volumes, or distributed in portfolios or drawers.
80,000	manuscripts, inclusive of the printed works in Chinese.
1,200,000	charters, diplomas, &c.
6,000	volumes and portfolios, containing 1,200,000 prints.

Now in order to estimate these different elements, we will suppose;

1st. That each manuscript forms a volume, such being the usual method of estimating this portion of the literary wealth of public libraries.

2d. That every ten pamphlets or fugitive pieces, taken together, form a volume. This is a moderate calculation; for an ordinary octavo contains only from sixteen to eighteen sheets.

3d. That fifty charters, diplomas, &c., taken together, form a volume.

By means of these reductions we shall find that 450,000 pamphlets, &c. are equivalent to 45,000 volumes. 1,200,000 diplomas, charters, &c. are equivalent to 24,000 volumes. Taking the manuscripts, and the 6000 volumes and portfolios of prints for an equal number of volumes, we find that in 1822, the Royal Library of Paris contained;

450,000	volumes of all sizes.
45,000	" in pamphlets, &c.
24,000	" in diplomas, &c.
80,000	" of manuscripts.
6,000	" of prints, engravings, &c.
605,000	

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At the same epoch the annual increase of the library, as reported by MM. Van Praet and De Mane, amounted to about 4,000 volumes, and 3,000 fugitive pieces, pamphlets, &c., printed in France, and about 3,000 volumes purchased at public sales or abroad.

Since 1822, there has been a great increase in the activity of the French press. The following table, formed by a comparison of the *Journal de la Librairie* of M. Beuchot, with the manuscript Catalogue of the books, pamphlets, &c. deposited at the Royal Library, shows the progress of this augmentation of activity, and supplies the data for an approximative calculation of the increase of the library through the channel of the French press. This extends, however, only to the third quarter of 1828, the last time that our author had it in his power to consult the Catalogue of the Library. The estimate for the subsequent period is derived from an approximative calculation, based upon the proportion, which the products of the French press, as recorded in the *Journal de la Librairie*, bear to the same products as registered during the correspondent years in the Catalogue of the Royal Library. The facts contained in the second and third columns of the table form the elements of his calculation, and the basis of the inductions that he draws from it.

Table of the Articles printed in France.

Year.	Number of Articles. Recorded in the "Journal de la Librairie."	Entered on the Catalogue of the Royal Library.
	First Period.	
1822	6,893	7,016
1823	7,213	6,900
1824	8,337	7,994
1825	8,971	8,723
1826	9,754	10,655
1827	9,800	16,744
Sum of the first period,	50,968	58,032
	Second Period.	
1828	9,022	
1829	9,027	
1830	8,456	

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1831	7,390
1832	7,577
1833	8,060
Sum of both periods,	100,500

Now we will say; as 50,968, the sum of the works announced by the *Journal de la Librairie*, during the six years, which form the first period, to 58,032, the number representing the works entered upon the Catalogue of the library during the same years, — so 100,500, the sum of the works announced in the same "Journal," during the first and second periods, to the number x of works entered upon the Catalogue during both periods taken together, or from 1822, through all 1833. This proportion gives us $x = 114{,}800$.

Now, adopting the supposition of M. de Mane, that the number of the pamphlets and fugitive pieces is equal to that of the volumes; and that these last form half of the annual product of the press; and supposing, as has already been shown by a calculation to be more than probable, that the totality of the works or articles deposited at the library from the beginning of 1822, to the 31st of December, 1833, amounted in round numbers to 115,000, we shall have half this sum, or 57,500, for the number of volumes, and 57,500 for the number of pamphlets and fugitive pieces, taken separately. Dividing these last by ten, we shall have 5,750 volumes to be added to the first sum.

It has already been shown, that, at the beginning of 1822, the Royal Library contained 605,000 volumes. In order to ascertain its actual state (i. e. in 1835,) we will say,

	Volumes.
in 1822, ...	605,000
augmentation by means of public sales and purchases from abroad, ...	36,000
augmentation through the French press, offering 57,500 volumes of works, and 5,750 volumes of pamphlets, amounting in all to 63,250, or in round numbers	63,000
	704,000

This number should be raised to 706,000, on account of the increase in the department of prints.*

* For an account of this augmentation, see "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," 1834.

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The Royal Library of Paris, therefore, is the largest in existence. It will be easy to prove, that it is the largest that ever has existed.

The number of writers, and consequently of books, in the bright days of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome, could not have been very great. It must, on the contrary, have been limited by various causes, which contributed powerfully to retard the composition of new works, and prevent the multiplication of new editions. In fact, the histories of cities and of nations, together with descriptions of the earth, which have become exhaustless sources for the writers of modern times, must have been but sterile themes, at a period in which history was confined within the limits of a few centuries, and hardly a sixth part of the world, now known, had been discovered. Add to these considerations, the difficulties of communication, by which the inhabitants of different countries, and often those of different sections of the same country, were kept apart; together with the number of arts and sciences, which were either wholly unknown, or confined within very narrow bounds; and it will become evident, that, for every thirty or forty authors of the present day, ancient Europe could hardly have supported one or two.

Another circumstance, which, however, has escaped the observation of M. Balbi, is the undeniable fact, that an increase in the number of readers leads to a proportionate augmentation in the number of works prepared for their gratification. We have every reason to suppose, that the reading class of the ancient world was small in comparison with that of the modern. Even setting aside the circumstance of the narrow limits, by which the creative literature of ancient Europe was bounded, Greece and Rome being almost the only nations whence new productions were derived, we shall still be constrained to acknowledge the vast distance, which separates the creative literary power of modern, from that of ancient times. Our schools, which abound with such a variety of class-books upon every subject, bear little or no resemblance to those of Greece and Rome; nor can the text-books prepared for our universities be brought into comparison with the oral instructions of the old philosophers. Passing by, also, the subjects which have been opened to our research by the discoveries of modern science, and confining our attention to the single branch of philosophy, in the old

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sense of the word, which has always been more or less studied and disputed upon, since the days of the earliest Greeks, we shall probably find that the productions of any one modern school outnumber those of the whole body of Greek philosophers. How much more would the balance lean towards the moderns, were we to add all the varieties of the French, and German, and English, and Scottish schools, to say nothing of those whose tenacious subtilties have procured them the name of schoolmen! If, going a step further, we consider that reading, which the peculiar cast of modern civilization has classed among the luxuries of life, is one of those luxuries, in the enjoyment of which all classes come in for a share, we shall find here also a great distinction between ancient times and our own. During that epoch of splendid decay, in which the immense wealth of the Roman senators was found insufficient to satisfy the longing for new forms of stimulant and of pleasure, their reading, as we are told by a contemporary historian,* was confined to Marius Maximus and Juvenal. What would they not have given for a modern novel, or to what unlimited extent would the imagination have poured forth its fantastic creations, had the art of printing been at hand to keep pace with the productive powers of the mind, and the cravings of a morbid intellect! On every score, therefore, the numerical difference between the intellectual wealth of ancient and of modern Europe, which is the only point in question, must have been decidedly in favor of the latter.

The high price of the materials for writing, and the difficulty of procuring them, must also have been a great obstacle to the multiplication of books. When copies could only be procured by the slow and expensive process of transcription, it seems impossible to suppose that a large number could have been usually prepared of any ordinary work. Those of our readers, who are aware that only about four hundred and fifty, upon an average, were struck off of the celebrated *Princeps* editions, will readily assent to the correctness of this opinion. The barbarous system of ancient warfare must have also caused the destruction of a great many works, raised the price of others, and rendered extremely difficult, not to say impossible, the accumulation of a very large number in any one place. The difficulties, which the bibliomaniacs of our own times encounter in

* Ammianus Marcellinus.

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procuring copies of the editions of the fifteenth century, and the extravagant prices, at which some of them have been sold, are enough to show how small a part of an entire edition has been able to pass safely through the short space of four centuries, which is all that has elapsed since their publication. How few copies, then, of a work published in the times of Alexander, could have reached the age of Augustus or of Trajan! With facts like these before us, how can we talk of libraries of 700,000 or 800,000 volumes in the ancient world? When we find it so difficult, at the present day, in spite of the testimony of intelligent travellers, and of all the advantages we possess for making our estimates, to ascertain the truth with regard to the great libraries of modern Europe, how can we give credit to the contradictory and exaggerated statements, which were promulgated in ages of the darkest ignorance, concerning ancient Rome and Alexandria? "After an attentive examination of this subject," says our author, "it seems to us improbable, if we should not rather say, impossible, that any library of ancient Europe, or of the middle ages, could have contained more than 300,000 or 400,000 volumes."

But even allowing 700,000 volumes to the largest of the Alexandrian libraries, that, namely, of which a great part was accidentally destroyed during the wars of Julius Cæsar; allowing the same number to the library of Tripoli, and to that of Cairo; and admitting that the third library of Alexandria contained 600,000 volumes, and the Ulpian of Rome, and the Cordovan founded by Al-Hakem, an equal number; it will still be easy to show, that the whole amount of one of these was not equal to even a fifth part of a library composed of printed books.

Every one, who has had any thing to do with publication, is well aware of the great difference between the space occupied by the written, and that occupied by the printed letters.

It is well known, that the volumes of ancient libraries consisted of rolls, which generally were written only on one side. Thus the written surface of one of these volumes would correspond to but half the written surface of one of our books, of which every page is covered with letters. A library, then, composed of 100,000 rolls, would contain no more matter than one of our libraries composed of 50,000 manuscripts.

It is well known, also, that a work was divided into as many rolls, as the books which it contained. Thus the Natural History

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of Pliny, which in the *Princeps* edition of Venice forms but one folio volume, would, since it is divided into thirty-seven books, have formed thirty-seven rolls or volumes. If it were possible to compare elements of so different a nature, we should say that these rolls might be compared to the sheets of our newspapers, or to the numbers of works published in numbers. What would become of the great library of Paris, were we to suppose its 706,000 volumes in folio, octavo, &c. to be but so many numbers of five or six sheets each? Yet this is the rule, by which we ought to estimate the literary wealth of the great libraries of antiquity and of the middle ages, which were composed of rolls, and even those of the middle ages which contained only manuscripts. "Hence," says M. Balbi, "notwithstanding the imposing array of authorities which can be brought against us, we must persist in believing, that no library of antiquity or of the middle ages can be considered as equivalent to a modern one of 100,000 or 110,000 volumes."

Small, however, would be the interest, which we should feel for these magnificent establishments, were they designed solely for the benefit of a few individuals, or of one favored class. They would still be splendid monuments of the productive powers of the human mind, and of the taste or learning of their founders; but they would have no claims to that unbounded admiration with which we now regard them. There is a republican liberality in the management of the great libraries of the continent of Europe, which is well worthy of our imitation. In these alone is the great invention of printing carried out to its full extent, by the free communication of all its productions to every class of society.* No introduction, no recommendation, no securities are required; but the stranger and the native are admitted, upon equal terms, to the full enjoyment of all the advantages, which the uncontrolled use of

* The ancients, who have said almost every thing before us, and said it so well, have also given the best description of public libraries, and the best eulogium of their founders. What finer eulogy can be pronounced than the following brief sentence of Pliny? "Qui primus, bibliothecam dicando, ingenia hominum rem publicam fecit."

Ovid, too, in the touching little elegy which serves as introduction to the 3d book of the "Tristia," gives the following complete description of the public libraries of Rome.

"Quæque viri docto veteres cepere novique
Pectore, lecturis inspicienda patent."

Many words might be added to this, but not a single idea.

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books can afford. As this mode of accommodating, or rather of meeting the wants of the public, is the real object of these institutions, they are provided with librarians, who, under different titles corresponding to the duties imposed upon them, receive from government regular salaries, proportioned to their rank, and to the services which they perform. To these the immediate superintendence of the library is wholly intrusted. They take care of the books. They enter the titles of new ones upon the catalogue, and arrange them in their proper places. They prepare memorials for new purchases, and direct all binding and repairs. This, however, is but a part of their duty. At a stated hour of every day in the week, except of such as are set apart for public or religious festivals, they open the library to the public. The hall is set round with tables, which are provided with ink, and convenient frames for the books of each student. The librarians at their respective posts await his orders. Thus undisturbed, and supplied with every thing which the library contains, that can aid him in his studies, the scholar may pass from three to five hours of every day, without any expense, and with no other care than that natural attention to the books he uses, which every one, capable of appreciating the full value of such privileges, will readily give. Nor do his facilities cease here. Five hours a day are insufficient for profound and extensive researches; and the writer who has to trace his facts through a great variety of works, and examine the unpublished documents which are to be found in public libraries alone, would be obliged to sacrifice a large portion of every day, if his studies were regulated by the usual public hours of the libraries. For such persons, a proper recommendation can hardly fail to obtain the use, at their own houses, of the works they may need. In this manner the door is thrown open to every one who wishes to enter, and science placed within reach of all who court her favors.

But is this view of the subject correct? Is it true that science requires such aid; and does not this accumulation of books contribute rather to form a taste for ostentatious erudition, than to build up a pure literature, at once vigorous, original, and profound?

It cannot be expected that we should enter into a full examination of this question. A single page from the literary history of any one of the nations of Europe would be more

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than sufficient to refute the opinion, which has found its way, we know not how, into the minds of some, whose own experience and example form the best commentary upon their belief. We shall endeavour to meet the objection under one only of its various aspects; and, if our reasoning on this be found correct, we may fairly trust to our readers for the application of it to the rest.

And, in the first place, it seems to us, that, setting aside the subdivisions, which any pretension to logical accuracy would require, all the works which compose the public libraries of Europe may be divided into two classes; books for study, and books of reference. The number of those works which can be accurately studied, is not only comparatively small, but is doubtless susceptible of still further reduction. The progress of science enlarges the sphere of our observations and of our studies, by opening new fields for speculation and research; but it simplifies and facilitates them at the same time, by reducing the mass of observation and experiment to a few general and comprehensive principles. We begin by observing and making experiments. We next discuss and reason upon the results, which are thus obtained; and accurate reasoning never fails to lead, sooner or later, to a discovery of the principles on which they depend. Whoever engages in the study of a science in the first stage of this progress, will find a mass of materials, interesting in their nature, but repulsive and perplexing from their want of connexion, and of the certainty, which can only be felt in those sciences which are based upon clear and well-established principles. In its more advanced stages, it is found simple, lucid, and connected. Here, then, dividing lines are drawn between scientific works, composed at the different periods of the developement. Students are ranged upon opposite sides of them, according to the diversities of their aims and tastes. They who wish to study the science in its results, find all they want in the latest treatises. Another class goes further, and extends its examination to the works of all those, who have attempted to give a fuller developement to its acknowledged principles, or to add to the store by new discoveries. Last comes the student, who with a thorough knowledge of the actual state of his favorite science, wishes to examine its history, trace its progress from its earliest origin, and follow the course of the speculations and experiments which have progressively contributed to its formation.

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Here, therefore, we find ourselves among books of reference, useless to the first class of students; of more or less value to the second; indispensable to the third. What private library can supply them? What public library in this country contains the materials for an accurate history of any one department of science? Take even the most limited, or rather one of the most recent of all, the science of political economy. Here our researches are confined to one definite period. We have no dusty archives to explore, no time-worn manuscripts to decipher. The origin of the science is within the memory of our fathers, and we ourselves have witnessed its sudden growth and rapid developement. Yet how much is to be done, how many authorities to be weighed, how many different treatises to be analyzed and compared, before we can venture to say, Here is the history, for such was the rise, such the progress, such the changes of opinion, such the received, and such the rejected theories of political economy! The writers of the first French school, of the Scotch school, (and if we wish for history we must go beyond the publication of Adam Smith's great work,) the Italian, the new French, and the new English schools, all have not merely a claim upon our attention, but are entitled to a full and accurate examination. And even then our task would be incomplete; for literary justice would require us to trace, through the works of general political writers, the hints and remarks which have contributed to the progress of the branch we are studying, by the discovery of truth or by the exposition of error.

If such be the obligations of the student, whose researches are confined to a subject so new, what must be the necessities of the historian who attempts to throw light upon those periods, for which the testimony of printed authorities is to be confronted with that of manuscripts and public documents, and where ignorance and prejudice have combined with the more powerful incentives of interest, to perplex his path by contradictory statements and conflicting opinions! It has been said, that the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" could not have been written in America; and, in fact, although the personal fortune of Gibbon enabled him to purchase for his own library nearly all the materials, which he employed in the composition of his great work, yet he was more than once indebted for important facts and views to the great libraries of the continent. Now most of the works by means

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of which his history was compiled, were of necessity works of reference; works which few, perhaps, may consult, fewer still would think of reading; but which, nevertheless, supply the materials for our richest and noblest instruction.

If it be said that the class of readers, whose wants extend to works of this description, is small, we would reply, that as far as America is concerned, it is true at the present moment, but that every appearance indicates a great and speedy augmentation in their number. The present state of things is a necessary consequence of the actual condition of our literature. Holding a distinguished rank in several branches, there are still many in which we have as yet accomplished little or nothing. There are exceptions. But how far do they go, and what is the true character of them? The best life of Columbus is the work of an American; but it was written in Spain. The "History of the Northmen" is a work of great learning and research; but Mr. Wheaton collected his materials and wrote in Europe, with all the advantages of a high public station. These cases, therefore, instead of making against us, show how great a change has taken place in the literary aims of our countrymen, and how rapidly their wants are extending beyond the bounds, which individual wealth can meet.

How far is our community prepared to supply the sewants? The call for a sound literature is universal; and there is no one who understands the real state of the country, who does not perceive, how promptly the impulse, already given to our literature in some departments, has been followed by the ambition to carry out the work into other branches. A literary class is gradually forming itself into a distinct order; opening for many new springs of wealth, for all new sources of enjoyment, but still dependent upon the other classes of society for its subsistence and its success, and destined to form for them a literature either superficial and ephemeral, or profound and durable, in exact proportion as its intellectual wants are neglected or supplied. Of the nature of these wants we have already spoken. Books are needed, not confined to any single branch, but embracing the whole range of science and of literature, which shall supply the means of every species of research and inquiry, and which, placed within reach of all, shall leave idleness no excuse for the lightness of its labors, and poverty no obstacles, which industry may not surmount.

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What has been done, or what is doing, towards the performance of this duty?

No reply can be given to this question, which will not require many limitations. Much has been done at Boston and at Cambridge. The Boston Athenæum has made already a large collection of valuable works, and follows, we believe, though perhaps at somewhat too respectful a distance, the progress of the literature of the day. The library of Cambridge is of a high order. Forty thousand volumes of printed works go far towards supplying the ordinary wants of the members of our oldest university. And when we consider the care and judgment with which a large part of them have been selected, we are disposed to place this far above many of the European libraries, which, in a numerical point of view, are vastly its superiors. In the department of American history, it is the richest in the world. It contains the choicest works of English literature; and it is provided with good editions of the classics of Greece and Rome, as well as of many of the most valuable among the great writers of Italy, Germany, France, and Spain.

The Philadelphia library is estimated at about 42,000 volumes. Among these there is a considerable proportion of valuable articles, and the Spanish department is uncommonly complete. The New York Athenæum has 25,000 volumes. The library of Congress has about 20,000; but in this last, if we except the law library, which, though too exclusive in its character, has been formed upon a sounder basis, there are far too many of those trifling productions, which, after the year of their publication is over, become a useless burden to its shelves. Besides these, there are libraries in many of our cities; and each of our universities and colleges contains a collection of more or less value, and pretty well adapted to the wants of academic students.

The general regulations of these libraries do not, as far as we have been able to learn, differ in any material particulars. With few exceptions, the libraries of our colleges are restricted to the use of the students, the professors, and the members of the corporation or directors, under whatever name they may be classed; none of these are supposed to study in the library, but call at stated hours for the books they want; and strangers and students, not connected with the institution, can only obtain books by a special concession or through some

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individual of the privileged body. The other libraries are generally held by shares open to subscription.

Such, we believe, is the general character of our public libraries. And here we may be allowed to renew the question, how far do they meet the wants of our community ?

Whoever reflects, though but for a moment, upon the numerous branches into which modern literature runs, and remembers that the literary glory of a nation can only be secured by a certain degree of success in each of them ; whoever considers the immense mass of varied materials, without which no historical work of importance can be composed, or the extensive learning which is required of even the most gifted genius of an age like ours, and adds to these considerations the general and undeniable fact, that of those who would gladly devote themselves to literature, but a few can ever hope to obtain by their own resources the command of the works that are essential to the successful prosecution of their studies, — will be ready to acknowledge that we have, as yet, done but a small part of what may be justly claimed from a nation, which aspires to the first rank for the liberality and politeness and high moral tone of its civilization. Late, however, as we are to begin, scarce any thing in this department has been accomplished in Europe, which might not be done with equal success in America. And so numerous and manifest are our advantages in some important particulars, that a prompt will and sound judgment in the execution of it might, in the course of a very few years, render the American student nearly independent of those vast collections, which, in Europe, have required centuries for their formation. The undertaking, however, in order to be successful, should be a national one. Without urging, that no State is fully equal to it, or that in the hands of any single State, it would not answer the same purpose, we may be permitted to say that the enlargement of the library of Congress upon those broad principles, the application of which to the collection of books has become a difficult and important art, would reflect an honor upon the country, equal to the permanent advantages which it would secure to every member of the community.

The first class in such an institution should be devoted to national history. And here, although we have neglected to do what might easily have been done a few years ago, yet it is still in our power to do more than any nation has ever done

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for its own history. The purchase of the manuscripts of Washington was the first step. The papers of Mr. Madison are another valuable acquisition. Were these to be followed up by the purchase of the papers of the other distinguished men of our revolution, what a body of invaluable documents would be brought together for the historians of the country! No individual, no single State, could accomplish an undertaking like this. But the voice of Congress would be heard in every part of the Union; and with whatever veneration these relics might be regarded, and however unwilling their owners might feel to intrust them to the hands of an individual, or to the library of any State institution, gladly would they meet the first offers of Congress, and feel as if they had performed their duty toward their ancestors, by placing within a sure asylum the best records of their worth, and the materials from which posterity will raise the most durable monument to their glory. If the same course were to be pursued with regard to the other public men of our country; if the private papers of our presidents, or, to avoid an enumeration, of which it is easier to find the beginning than the end, if the papers of all those men, whose lives will form an integral part of American history, were collected in the same archive, instead of being left to the chances of preservation or destruction, to which they are inevitably exposed while passing through the hands of heirs differing in their tastes and pursuits, a large and perhaps the most valuable portion of our history would be placed beyond the control of chance, and the influence of those casualties which have involved so many portions of European history in impenetrable obscurity. Many important documents also, which, for fear of a premature publication, are now likely to be destroyed, would be readily intrusted to a public and responsible institution, which should undertake to withhold them from every eye until the proper moment for making them public had arrived. What collection of manuscripts could compare with such a collection as this? What parchment, however venerable from the dust of ages, could awaken emotions, like those with which we should contemplate the original records of the events which interest us most, prepared during the hurry of action and in the hour of trial, and speaking to us, as it were, with the very tones of the epoch which they commemorate?

Another important source of history is supplied by the

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industry of our historical societies. Many of the documents which they collect, must, from their nature, remain in the archives of the societies; but all the published volumes, which, in many cases, form valuable accessions, not merely to the materials for our history, but to our historical literature, might be regularly transmitted to the library of Congress and deposited in the class of national history. And this circumstance itself might perhaps contribute to awaken new energy in those societies, which languish for want of encouragement, or of that stimulus, which a consciousness that an attentive public is watching their course never fails to impart. In this manner, the history of the past would be secured upon the evidence of incontrovertible and characteristic documents, while that of the present and of the future would be placed under the sure protection of the pride and emulation of rival bodies.

For the other departments of our library, our chief dependence would necessarily be placed on the acquisition of books from Europe, both by the direct purchase of private libraries, and the subsequent collection of such works as are not to be found in private sales. The first of these methods, as we have already shown, has ever proved the surest source of important and extensive acquisitions. It was thus that nearly 58,000 printed volumes and 800 manuscripts were added, at different epochs, to the Imperial Library of Vienna. No other part, perhaps, of that immense collection can be compared with this, whether we consider the choice and elegance of the editions, or the taste and learning with which the works themselves were selected. It will be long, before such opportunities can become frequent in America; but they still occur from time to time in Europe. When the fifty thousand volumes, which the library of Sir James Mackintosh is said to have contained, passed under the hammer, what an occasion was offered, for laying the foundation of a perfect library! We have never seen the catalogue of that sale, nor heard the price at which it was made; but no one acquainted with the cast of Mackintosh's mind, and the extent and variety of his acquisitions, can doubt that his library was nearly complete in some departments, and highly valuable in all. Here the purchase of the whole collection would have secured, for a moderate price, many things which cannot be obtained separately but at a great and even extravagant one.

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The library of Count Boutourlin, which has been recently offered to Congress, is a parallel case. It is smaller than that of Sir J. Mackintosh, for it contains barely twenty-four thousand volumes. Yet in these twenty-four thousand, the scholar will find ample materials for the gratification of his curiosity in some of the most interesting branches of literature.

The Count Boutourlin deserves to be classed among the most intelligent and industrious of European bibliophilists. During the course of a long life, he formed two of the most remarkable libraries ever collected by a private individual. The first was destroyed in the conflagration of Moscow. The second is still in the hands of his family. This last was made in Italy, and with the concurrence of several peculiarly favorable circumstances. Many books and manuscripts, which had hitherto been inaccessible to any purchaser, had been put into circulation by some changes connected with the political revolutions of the country, without being brought into the ordinary course of trade. Other works of great value were exposed for sale, but in that indirect manner well known to the amateurs of rare books and paintings in Italy. The extensive pecuniary resources of Count Boutourlin enabled him to avail himself of these opportunities; and his profound knowledge of bibliography secured him from imposition. The purchase of a private library, which had been originally formed after the suppression of some of the old convents of Tuscany, gave him the basis of his new collection, and put him in possession of some of the rarest articles which it contains. The remainder was the work of a patience and assiduity, seldom, if ever, surpassed. Nearly every article was a personal purchase. Many were brought to him in sheets; others merely divested of their original binding. These were to be numbered, and subjected, in short, to that rigorous examination, by which the skilful bibliophilist distinguishes the really rare from spurious editions. Thus, unwearied in his labors and unsparing in his expenditures, he continued to the last years of life daily adding to his collection, and has left behind him a monument of taste and skill which any bibliophilist might envy.

The catalogue of the Boutourlin library is divided into classes. The class of manuscripts is composed of 244 articles. Among these are several autographs and many pieces of great rarity. That of the "Divina Commedia" is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. It is written on vellum,

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in Gothic letters, which evidently belong to the first half of the fourteenth century, and in beauty and regularity of execution are not inferior to the neatest type. It contains ninety-eight folio sheets, written in double columns. The titles are distinguished by red ink; the initials of the chapters are alternately red and blue; those of the beginnings of the three divisions are of a larger size and ornamented with colored arabesques.

This curious manuscript was obtained from the last of the celebrated family of Malespini, to a member of which the second part of the poem was originally dedicated. The arms and seal of the family, which it still bears, the form of the letters in which it is written, which is of the age of Dante, and the circumstance of the dedication, would seem to favor the supposition, that has been hazarded by some skilful judges, that this is the identical copy presented by the author to his friend and patron.

The manuscript of the poems of Filicaja is enriched with corrections in the handwriting of the author, and might furnish materials for a new edition of his works.

The "Africa" of Petrarca is contained in a beautiful manuscript of a very ancient date. There are manuscripts of some of the choicest works of Latin literature; and, in the miscellanies, there are many curious historical documents, which have never been published.

The editions of the fifteenth century form, as our readers already know, one of the most difficult objects of bibliographical research. The texts of the Greek and Latin classics, as contained in some of these editions, enjoy an authority equal to that of the most precious manuscripts. Their typographical execution makes them curious monuments of the early perfection of this art. Such is the rarity of these editions, and the value attached to them, that it may be safely said that no efforts could, at the present day, make a collection of them complete. In this class the Boutourlin library contains six hundred and forty-two articles, exclusive of the Aldines, and of an extensive collection of sermons and discourses.

One of the most beautiful pieces of this department is the "Natural History" of Pliny, printed in 1470. That of Livy, executed in the same year, in three folios, is hardly less remarkable. The "Rei Rusticæ Scriptores" is rendered of

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inestimable value by the marginal and interlineary notes of Poliziano, written with his own hand, and affording a striking proof of the exactness which this extraordinary man carried into all his studies. The Florentine Homer, published in 1488, forms an epoch in the annals of Greek typography. It was the first printed edition of the works of the old bard, and its appearance was greeted as a triumph of the art. It is still much esteemed for the correctness of its text; and with its broad margins, the yellowish tinge of the paper, and antique though graceful form of its type, is one of the most interesting remains of the art of printing in the fifteenth century.*

The class of editions without date contains 169 articles.

A separate class is devoted to the works of the celebrated enthusiast Savanarola. It contains 53 pieces, and is probably as nearly complete as it can be rendered.

No name stands so high in the history of printing as that of the Aldi; for there is none, to which we are indebted for the preservation of so many of the most important monuments of antiquity. The history of their editions has been often written, and is considered one of the most interesting branches of bibliographical literature. The Boutourlin Library contains 386 articles of the Aldine press, some of which are among the rarest of these celebrated editions. The beautiful folio Theocritus, printed in 1495, the works of Aristotle, of Horace, of Cæsar, of Livy, of Euripides, of Demosthenes, of nearly all, in short, of the classics of Greece and Rome, with many original editions of distinguished writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are in the Boutourlin collection. If to these we add the Bodonian, which is complete, and the numerous copies of works printed during the interval which elapsed from the death of the younger Aldus, to the first editions of Bodoni, we shall find the history of printing traced from near its origin to our own times, in well-preserved specimens of the most remarkable productions of the art.

Several divisions still remain to be spoken of, which, for extent and importance, are hardly less worthy of description than those which we have more minutely specified. But descriptions of this kind are never satisfactory. It is only when you find yourself in the midst of a large library, view

* This work has been sold several times for prices ranging between sixty and ninety pounds sterling. See Brunet.

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the imposing array of its countless volumes, and are brought, as it were, face to face with nearly all that the human mind has accomplished in literature, and all the forms that art has devised in order to perpetuate these productions, that you can feel with full force the advantages which such collections secure.

It should, however, be added, that every part of the Boutourlin Library is in the highest state of preservation. The old editions are remarkably free from spots, and many of them have been rebound with great elegance. In others the original binding is still preserved, affording, as those acquainted with the state of this art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries well know, curious specimens of taste and skill. The more recent and the modern works are nearly all bound in morocco or Russia leather.*

Here, then, we find the nucleus of a great library, around which it would be easy to form a collection, that should leave us little to ask for from the noblest libraries of Europe. There is, it is true, one department, in which we could never pretend to vie with them. We mean in the beautiful specimens which they possess of ancient manuscripts. But all the real utility that can be derived from these might be secured by careful collations, and by causing the most important unpublished

* We add, for a further illustration of the subject, a list of the divisions of the catalogue, with the number of articles contained in each class.

Manuscripts,	243
A portfolio containing forty-five pieces, from the tenth to the seventeenth century, composed of bulls, diplomas, &c., counting as one manuscript,	1
Editions of the fifteenth century,	964
Aldines,	423
Bodonians,	377
Italian classics,	1868
Theology and Ecclesiastical History,	603
Arts, Sciences, and Fine Arts,	974
Belles-lettres and Literary History,	1217
History,	1260
	7930

If we allow three volumes for each article, which would probably be a just proportion, we should have $7930 \times 3 = 23790$, the whole number of volumes contained in the Boutourlin Library.

In these classes, several things are grouped together, which we have spoken of in the text as separate. The sermons, &c., and editions without date, for example, are classed under the head of the editions of the fifteenth century.

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works to be copied. Both of these measures are practicable. The latter, if conducted with judgment, would put us in possession of exact copies of many documents of the highest importance to the student of history, and which are often inaccessible to private individuals in Europe itself.

We would be understood, however, as leaving no room for the immediate action of bibliomania. If, when the real wants of society are supplied, there should be a disposition to indulge the passion for luxurious editions, we would be far from withholding from our bibliomaniacs the exquisite delight of feasting their eyes upon leaves of yellow hue and tomes of pure black letter. The extravagant bibliomania, which has prevailed since the close of the last century, may not have been altogether useless; and we would fain believe that the character of our modern editions has been improved by this excessive partiality for the old. But no public library, designed solely to foster a growing taste for literature, by placing within reach of every student all the facilities that his pursuits may require, can be the work of a bibliomaniac. It is not by the elegance of a few choice copies, nor by the possession of a few rarities, which boast an older date than any of a rival institution, that the wants of the student can be satisfied, or the cause of real literature advanced. Good, or in other words, correct editions answer every purpose of rare ones; the latter are rather the ornaments, than the appropriate furniture of a library, and, although valuable additions, where the more important object has been secured, should never be suffered to engross any extraordinary share of attention, at the earlier periods of its formation.*

Other sources remain to be spoken of, which, as we have already been carried beyond the limits which we had originally set to our paper, we shall rather allude to, than develope. One of the most important of these, is the purchase of all the works necessary for the completion of the particular classes, which are incomplete in the private libraries, that form the basis of the public one. The celebrated catalogue of Brunet

* A distinction should always be made between the bibliomaniac and the bibliophilist; the man who prizes an old edition merely because it is old, and one who attaches a just value to particular editions of good authors, for the qualities of the text and readings.

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will here furnish an unerring guide.* There are but few articles of importance in any department of literature, which are not cited in this catalogue. All the divisions of history, the various schools of philosophy, treatises upon the arts and sciences, and a large proportion of the productions of polite literature, are arranged in it with an exactness and skill in classification, which give this work a decided superiority over every other bibliographical treatise that we have seen.

To these sources should be added a competent endowment, or appropriation, to be employed according to a carefully formed plan of annual expenditure. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose, that a library can be formed at the present day, in such a manner as to answer the purposes of a literary community, without a strict attention to method. A carefully formed plan, and a rigid adherence to it, are no less essential to the success of this, than of any other undertaking. Bibliography is a science, vast, and full of difficulties; embarrassed moreover by the disadvantage of being constantly liable to misinterpretation and unmerited censure. Yet when properly understood, it contributes in the promptest and most efficacious manner to the progress of every other branch of knowledge. By its aid the student in every department knows where to go, what to consult, how much assistance he can hope for from others, and how far he must brace his nerves to a new and unbroken path. The application of profound bibliographical knowledge to the formation of a library

* The "Manuel" of Brunet forms four octavo volumes, to which a supplement of three volumes was added in 1834. The first three volumes of the "Manuel," as well as the supplement, contain a dictionary of the principal works published since the invention of printing. The arrangement is alphabetical; the author's name being employed, where known, the title of the work, when anonymous; and with all the details, with regard to editions, which are necessary in order to guard against deception, or a bad selection. The prices, as far as they could be ascertained from catalogues and a long practical acquaintance with the trade, have been scrupulously marked.

The fourth volume contains a catalogue, in which all the best works, upon every subject, are arranged under their respective classes. We know of nothing so complete in its kind, as this catalogue; nor is there any work, to which the student can have recourse with so much confidence and satisfaction, in order to ascertain what has been written upon any branch of literature. It should be observed, however, that all the classes of this catalogue are not equally full. The French is the most complete of all. The English, Italian, Spanish, and Oriental are good; the Latin and Greek nearly, if not fully complete. For the German, reference is made to a German work of the same description.

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is the only course that can lead surely, promptly, and economically to the end.

There would still be many considerations to urge upon our readers, were it our intention to engage in a full examination of our subject. But we have aimed solely at collecting a few facts, and throwing together a few suggestions, in the hope that they might be gathered up and applied by some one, better able than we are to do them justice. The subject is one that may be deferred, but cannot long be neglected. It will go on gaining upon public attention, until seen by all in its true light, and in all its bearings. Then the connexion between a sound literature and the means used for its formation will be felt. Then the numerous and immediate advantages of such a form of encouragement, as that which we have ventured to propose, will be clearly seen and fully understood; and the rich harvest of glory, which our scholars will reap in every branch of study, will convince even the most incredulous, that literature asks no favors, and receives no aid, for which she does not repay the giver with a tenfold increase.

ART. VII. — 1. *Frithiofs Saga* af ESAIAS TEGNÉR. Femte Upplagan. (*The Legend of Frithiof*, by ESAIAS TEGNÉR. Fifth Edition.) Stockholm. 1831.

2. *Die Frithiofs-Sage* von ESAIAS TEGNÉR. *Aus dem Schwedischen übersetzt* von AMALIE VON HELVIG. Stuttgart und Tubingen. 1832.

3. *Frithiof's Saga, or the Legend of Frithiof. Translated from the Swedish.* London. 1835.

HERE beginneth the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant.* He was the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, a thane, and loved fair Ingeborg, the daughter of a king. His fame was great in the North, and his name in the song of bards. His marvellous deeds on land and sea are told in tradition; and his

* *Hèr byrjar sögu af Fridthjófi enum frækna.* These are the first words of the old Icelandic Saga. This Saga has been published in Björner's "Nordiska Kämpadater," and more recently in the "Fornaldar Sögur Nordlanda eptir Gömlum Handritum utgefnar, af C. C. Rafn." Copenhagen. 1829.

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history is written in the old Icelandic Saga, that bears his name. This Saga is in prose, with occasionally a few stanzas of verse. Upon the events recorded in it, the poem of Tegnér is founded.

Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö and Knight of the Order of the North Star, was born in the parish of By in Wärmland, in the year 1782. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund, as a student, and in 1812, was appointed professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he stills holds. He stands first among the living poets of Sweden; a man of a grand and gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order. His countrymen are proud of him, and rejoice in his fame. If you speak of their literature, Tegnér will be the first name upon their lips.* They will speak to you with enthusiasm of *Frithiofs Saga;* and of *Axel*, and *Svea*, and *Nattvardsbarnen*, (the Children of the Sacrament.)† Here, at least, the prophet is not without honor in his own country. Nor in other countries is the voice of fame wholly silent. "Frithiof's Saga" has been twice translated into German, and twice into English.‡ The modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes; not on the bark of trees alone, in the "unspeakable rural solitudes" of pastoral song, but on the mountains of his fatherland, and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes, whose histories are epic poems.

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* Madame Ehrenström, in her "Notices sur la Littérature et les Beaux Arts en Suède," bursts forth into the following rapturous pæan. "Je te salue, ô Tegnér! Ossian de la Scandinavie, poëte divin, dont le génie volcanique ressemble à la flamme qui s'élance des abîmes vers l'immensité, embrâse tous les cœurs et les saisit d'admiration. Quelles scènes, quels tableaux ton *Axel* nous présente! Ta dédicace est bien le prélude le plus beau de ta lyre enchanteresse! Sous tes doigts chaque corde rend un son tendre et harmonieux; dans l'enthusiasme, qui t'inspire et t'entraine, tu cueilles le laurier verdoyant pour le déposer aux pieds du noble barde, ton modèle et ton prédécesseur." p. 94. This noble bard is Carl Gustaf of Leopold.

† These smaller poems have been collected by the author, and published with many lyrical pieces in a volume under the title of "Smärre Samlade Dikter af Esaias Tegnér." Stockholm. 1832.

‡ Besides the translation of Madame von Helvig, the Germans possess another by a gentleman bearing the puritanical name of Praise-God Christian Frederick Mohnike. It was published at Stralsund, 1826. The other English translation is by the Reverend Mr. Strong; who in his Preface congratulates himself on being the first to grasp the prize, and speaks of casting a flower now and then upon the pillow of the Northern Homer, when he nods!

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Indeed we consider the "Legend of Frithiof" as one of the most remarkable productions of the age. It is an epic poem, composed of a series of ballads, each describing some event in the hero's life, and each written in a different measure, according with action described in the ballad. This is a novel idea; and perhaps thereby the poem loses something in sober, epic dignity. But the loss is more than made up, by the greater spirit of the narrative; and it seems to us a very laudable innovation, thus to describe various scenes in various metre, and not employ the same for a game of chess and a storm at sea.

It may be urged against Tegnér, with some show of truth, that he is too profuse and elaborate in his use of figurative language, and that the same figures are sometimes repeated with very little variation. But the reader must bear in mind, that the work before him is written in the spirit of the past; in the spirit of that old poetry of the North, in which the same images and expressions are oft repeated, and the sword is called the Lightning's Brother, — a banner, the Hider of Heaven; gold, the Daylight of Dwarfs, and the grave the Green Gate of Paradise. The old Scald smote the strings of his harp, with as bold a hand, as the Berserk* smote his foe. When heroes fell in battle, he sang of them in his Drapa, or song of Apotheosis, that they had gone to drink beer with the gods. He lived in a credulous age; in the dim twilight of the past. He was

> "The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
> The poet of the morn."

In the vast solitudes around him, the heart of Nature beat against his own. From the midnight gloom of groves the deep-voiced pines answered the deeper-voiced and neighboring sea. To his ear, these were not the voices of dead, but of living things. Demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines flapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm.

With this same baptism has the soul of the modern Scald been baptized. He dwells in that land, where the sound of

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* The *Bareshirt;* thus were called the descendants of the ancient Sea-king, Arngrim, who fought his foes without armour or weapon of any kind.

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the sea and the midnight storm are the voices of tradition, and the great forests beckon to him, and in mournful accents seem to say, "Why hast thou tarried so long?" Those "ancestral voices" have not spoken in vain. In this spirit the poem has been written, and in this spirit it must be read. We must visit, in imagination at least, that distant land, and converse with the Genius of the place. It points us to the Past; to the great mounds, which are the tombs of kings. Their bones are within; skeletons of warriors mounted on the skeletons of their steeds; and Vikings sitting gaunt and grim on the plankless ribs of their pirate ships. There is a wooden statue in the Cathedral of Upsala. It is an image of the god Thor, who in Valhalla holds seven stars in his hand, and Charles's Wain.* In the village of Gamla Upsala there is an ancient church. It was once a temple, in which the gods of the old mythology were worshipped. — It points us also to the Present. In every mysterious sound that fills the air, the peasant still hears the trampling of Odin's steed, which many centuries ago took fright at the sound of a church bell. The memory of Balder is still preserved in the flower that bears his name, and Freja's spinning-wheel still glimmers in the stars of the constellation Orion. The sound of Strömkarl's flute is heard in tinkling brooks, and his song in waterfalls. In the forest, the Skogsfrun, of wondrous beauty, leads young men astray; and Tomtgubbe hammers and pounds away, all night long, at the peasant's unfinished cottage.

Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates,

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* "Thor Gudh war högsten aff them
Han satt naken som ett Barn
Sir stiernor i handen och Karlewagn."
Old Swedish Rhyme-Chronicle.

His statue is likewise naked as a child, but there are no stars.

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which are opened for you by troops of flaxen-haired children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, God bless you. The houses in the villages and smaller cities are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heir-loom,—wherewith to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little pine bark.* Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco, and the great bank-note of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or city-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and the soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a great rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, thus representing an index of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On

* Speaking of Dalekarlia a Swedish writer says; "In the poorer parishes the inhabitants are forced, even in good years, to mingle some bark in their bread." *Ett År i Sverge*, p. 14. Of Elfdalen he says; "The people are poor; without bark-bread they could not live the year out. The traveller, who visits these regions, and sees by the road-side long rows of young pines stripped of their bark, in answer to his question, wherefore this is so, hears, and truly not without emotion, his postillion's reply; "To make bread for ourselves and for our children." p. 39.

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some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the Westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, How quietly they rest, all the departed! Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchisedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

We must describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the East, just as Olof Olofsson, our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the South. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of blue-bottles or corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the

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happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous *kryddqvaster*, or nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits. Foremost rides the spokesman, (*Taleman*,) followed by some half dozen village musicians, all blowing and drumming and fifing away like mad. Then comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with meat and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribands and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a brave salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a *lomflask* or black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon of the sumpter horse, and after eating and drinking and loud hurrahs, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce, that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale, and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre thereof, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music. In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck, strings of gilded beads, and a gilded chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in

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health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones; "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights, which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave." The dinner is now served up, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy are served up between the courses, and here and there a pipe smoked, while waiting for the next dish. There are likewise all kinds of cake and cheese; egg-cheese and toasted-cheese, and sweet-cheese and sour-cheese. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance (*den sista dansen*). The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must we forget the sudden changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering Spring; unfolding leaf and blossom one by one;—no long and lingering Autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broad-cast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars

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shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices and the sound of bells,

> "Jingling in a whistling wind as clear,
> And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell."

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groom's-man come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls church-songs shall be sung, and sermons preached;

> "And all the bells on earth shall ring,
> And all the angels in heaven shall sing
> On Christmas day in the morning."

But for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake (*Julhögen*) crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. *A gens de village, trompette de bois!* They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

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there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice thus chanteth he; "Ho! watchman, ho! Twelve is the clock! God preserve our city from fire and brand and hostile hand! Twelve is the clock!" * From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

And all this while the good bishop of Wexiö is waiting with his poem in his hand. And such a poem, too! Alas! we are but too well aware that by a brief analysis and a few scattered extracts, we can give only a faint idea of the original, and that consequently the admiration of our readers will probably lag somewhat behind our own. If the poem itself

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* This is the Swedish watchman's song.

"Ho! Väcktare, ho!
Klockan är tolf slagen!
Gud bevare vår stad
Från eld och brand,
Från fiendens hand!
Klockan är tolf slagen!"

The poet Stagnelius alludes to this custom of blowing a horn when the clock strikes at night, in these lines:

"Klockan slår i tornet, hornet
repar opp dess hemska slag."
Samlade Skrifter. III. p. 290.

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should ever fall into their hands, we hope that the foregoing remarks on Sweden, which now may seem to them a useless digression, will nevertheless enable them to enter more easily into the spirit of the poem, and to feel more truly the influences under which it was written. The German translation of Frau von Helvig is very spirited and faithful, and moreover preserves the measure of the original in each canto. We regret, that we cannot award the same praise to the English version now lying before us. "There are," says Göthe, "two maxims of translation; the one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities." We recognise only one of these maxims of translation, — the last. The English translators of Frithiof (judging by the initials they are three in number) seem to recognise neither. In hardly a single instance has the measure of the original been preserved. Entire passages are introduced which do not belong to the poem; and others omitted which not only belong to it, but are essential to its beauty; and sometimes a single line, or even part of a line, is spread out into three or four.* In a word, the following note on a passage in Canto Eighteenth, will show upon what false principles this translation has been made. "Stanza 11, 'Bath so cold.' In the original these words (kalla bad) belong to the second stanza. Not having found it convenient to introduce them in the second stanza, I have done so in the eleventh." We are obliged, therefore, to make our own translations; and our aim will be to make them very literal. Probably this will be their sole merit. Let us now pass to the poem itself.

The first ballad describes the childhood and youth of Frithiof and Ingeborg the fair, as they grew up together under the humble roof of Hilding, their foster-father. They are two plants in the old man's garden; — a young oak, whose stem

* For example, in Canto Third, the half line "*det var, som han lekte med vagen,*" (it was as if he played with the wave,) is thus done into English;

"The billows rose and heaved the plank; no terror changed his eye,
Nor blanched his cheek of ruddy hue; can he thus death defy,
And fearlessly with danger play, as if the boiling wave
His accents knew, and must obey each mandate that he gave?" — p. 45.

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is like a lance, and whose leafy top is rounded like a helm; and a rose, in whose folded buds the Spring still sleeps and dreams. But the storm comes, and the young oak must wrestle with it; the sun of Spring shines warm in heaven, and the red lips of the rose open. The sports of their childhood are described. They sail together on the deep blue sea; and when he shifts the sail, she claps her small white hands in glee. For her he plunders the highest birds-nests, and the eagle's eyry; and bears her through the rushing mountain brook, it is so sweet when the torrent roars, to be pressed by small white arms.

But childhood and the sports thereof soon pass away, and Frithiof becomes a mighty hunter. He fights the grisly bear without spear, or sword, and lays the conquered monarch of the forest at the feet of Ingeborg.* And when, by the light of the winter evening hearth, he reads the glorious Songs of Valhalla, no goddess, whose beauty is there celebrated, can compare with Ingeborg. Freya's golden hair may wave like a wheat-field in the wind, but Ingeborg's is a net of gold around roses and lilies. Iduna's bosom throbs full and fair beneath her silken vest, but beneath the silken vest of Ingeborg two Elves of Light leap up with rose-buds in their hands.† And she embroiders in gold and silver the wondrous deeds of heroes; and the face of every champion, that looks up at her from the woof she is weaving, is the face of Frithiof; and she blushes and is glad;—that is to say, they love each other a little. Ancient Hilding does not favor their passion, but tells his foster-son that the maiden is the daughter of King Bele, and he but the son of Thorsten Vickingsson, a thane; he should not aspire to the love of one who has descended in a long line of ancestors from the star-clear hall of Odin himself. Frithiof smiles in scorn, and replies that he has slain the shaggy king of the forest, and inherits his ancestors with his hide; and moreover that he will possess his bride, his "white lily," in spite of the very god of thunder; for a puissant wooer is the sword.

* A lithographic sketch represents Frithiof bringing in a bear by the ears, and presenting it to Ingeborg; a delicate little attention on the part of the Scandinavian lover.

† In the Northern mythology, two kinds of Elves are mentioned; the Ljus Alfer, or Elves of Light, who were whiter than the Sun, and dwelt in Alfheim; and the Svart Alfer, or Elves of Darkness, who were blacker than pitch, and had their dwelling under the earth.

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Thus closes the first fit. In the second, old King Belé stands leaning on his sword in his hall, and with him is his faithful brother in arms Thorston Vikingsson, the father of Frithiof, silver-haired, and scarred like a runic stone. The King complains that the evening of his days is drawing near, that the mead is no longer pleasant to his taste, and that his helmet weighs heavily upon his brow. He feels the approach of death. Therefore he summons to his presence his two sons, Helgé and Halfdan, and with them Frithiof, that he may give a warning to the young eagles, before the words slumber on the dead man's tongue. Foremost advances Helgé, a grim and gloomy figure, who loves to dwell among the priests and before the altars, and now comes, with blood upon his hands, from the groves of sacrifice. And next to him approaches Halfdan, a boy in locks of light, and so gentle in his mien and bearing, that he seems a maiden in disguise. And after these, wrapped in his mantle blue, and a head taller than either, comes Frithiof, and stands between the brothers, like mid-day between the rosy morning and the shadowy night. Then speaks the King, and tells the young eaglets that his sun is going down, and that they must rule his realm after him in harmony and brotherly love; that the sword was given for defence and not for offence; that the shield was forged as a padlock for the peasant's barn; — and that they should not glory in their fathers' honors, as each could bear his own only. If we cannot bend the bow, says he, it is not ours; what have we to do with worth, that is buried? The mighty stream goes into the sea with its own waves. These, and many other wise saws, fall from the old man's dying lips; and then Thorston Vikingsson, who means to die with his King, as he has lived with him, arises and addresses his son Frithiof. He tells him that old age has whispered many warnings in his ear, which he will repeat to him; for as the birds of Oden descend upon the sepulchres of the North, so words of manifold wisdom descend upon the lips of the old. Then follows much sage advice; — that he should serve his King, for one alone shall reign; the dark Night has many eyes, but the Day has only one; that he should not praise the day, until the sun had set, nor his beer until he had drunk it; that he should not trust to ice but one night old; nor snow in spring; nor a sleeping snake; nor the words of maiden on his knee. Then the old men speak together of their long-tried friendship; and the

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King praises the valor and heroic strength of Frithiof, and Thorston has much to say of the glory which crowns the Kings of the North-land, the sons of the gods. Then the King speaks to his sons again, and bids them greet his daughter, — the rose-bud. In retirement, says he, as it behoved her, has she grown up ; protect her ; let not the storm come, and fix upon his helmet my delicate flower. And he bids them bury him and his ancient friend by the sea-side ; — by the billow blue, for its song is pleasant to the spirit evermore, and like a funeral dirge ring its blows against the strand.

And now King Belé and Thorston Vikingsson are gathered to their fathers ; Helgé and Halfdan share the throne between them, and Frithiof retires to his ancestral estate at Framnäs ; of which a description is given in the third ballad, conceived and executed in a truly Homeric spirit.

" Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the tops of the hills, but over the sloping hill-sides
Sprang up the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys full widely around, there fed on the green-sward
Herds with sleek shining hides, and udders that long'd for the milk-pail.
Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast, countless number
Of white-woolled sheep as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in Spring time.
Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fetter'd storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder,
Their manes all knotted with red, their hoofs all white with steel shoes.
The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timber'd of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred) *
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule-tide.
Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel ; the columns twain of the High-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree ;
Oden † with lordly look, and Frey ‡ with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin, (the skin, it was coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver,)
Thorston sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon among night clouds flew, related the old man
Wonders from far-distant lands, he had seen, and cruises of Vikings §

* " An old fashion of reckoning in the North."

† Oden, the All-father ; the Jupiter of Scandinavian Mythology.

‡ Frey, the god of Liberty ; the Bacchus of the North. He represents the sun, at the Winter Solstice.

§ The old pirates of the North were called Vikingar, Kings of the Gulf.

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Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North sea.
Hush'd sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the gray-beard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of Braga,*
Where with silver beard, and runes on his tongue he is seated
Under the leafy beach, and tells a tradition by Mimer's †
Ever murmuring wave, himself a living tradition. [ever
Mid-way the floor, (with thatch was it strewn) burn'd the fire-flame for-
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and through the wide-mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there among them
Downward lighten'd a sword, as in Winter evening a star shoots.
More than helmets, and swords, the shields in the hall did glisten,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up the drink-horns,
Ever cast she her eyes down and blush'd; in the shield too her image
Blush'd likewise even as she; this gladden'd the drinking champions.‡

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* Brage, the god of Song; the Scandinavian Apollo.

† Mimer, the god of Eloquence. He sat by the wave of Urda, the Destiny of the Past.

‡ "Tre mil sträckte sig kring den gårdens ägor på tre håll,
dalar och kullar och berg, men på fjerde sidan var hafvet.
Björkskog krönte de kullarnas topp, men på sluttande sidor
frodades gyllene korn och manshög vaggade rågen.
Sjöar, många i tal, sin spegel höllo för bergen,
höllo för skogarna opp, i hvars djup höghornade elgar
hade sin kungliga gång, och drucko af hundrade bäckar.
Men i dalarna vida omkring der bette i grönskan
hjordar med glänsande hull och med jufver som längta till stäfvan.
Mellan dem spriddes än hit och än dit en oräknelig skara
af hvitulliga får, som du ser hvitaktiga strömoln
flockvis spridda på himmelens hvalf, när det blåser om våren.
Springare två gånger tolf, bångstyriga, fjettrade vindar,
stampande stodo i spiltornas rad och tuggade vallhö,
manarna knutna med rödt och hofvarna blanka af jernskor.
Dryckessalen, ett hus för sig sjelf, var timrad af kärnfur.
Ej femhundrade män (till tio tolfter på hundrat) *
fyllde den rymliga sal, när de samlats att dricka om julen.
Genom salen, så lång som han var, gick bordet af stenek,
bonadt och blankt som af stål; högsätespelarne båda
stodo för ändan deraf, två Gudar skurna af almträd;
Oden med herrskareblick och Frej med solen på hatten.
Nyss emellan de två på sin björnhud (huden var kolsvart,
gapet skarlakansrödt, men klorna skodda med silfver)
Thorsten bland vännerna satt, som gästfriheten bland glädjen.
Ofta, när månen bland skyarna flög, förtalde den gamle
under från främmande land, dem han sett, och vikingafärder
fjerran i Östervåg och i Vestersaltet och Gandvik.
Tyst satt lyssnande lag och dess blickar hängde vid gubbens
läppar, som biet vid sin ros; men skalden tänkte på Brage,
när med sitt silfverskägg och med runor på tungan han sitter
under den lummiga bok och förtäljer en saga vid Mimers
evigt sorlande våg, han sjelf en lefvande saga.

* Ett gammalt räknesätt i Norden.

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Among the treasures of Frithiof's house are three of transcendent worth. The first of these is the sword Angurvadel, brother of the lightning, handed down from generation to generation, since the days of Björn Blåtand, the Blue-tooth'd Bear. The hilt thereof was of beaten gold, and on the blade were wondrous runes, known only at the gates of the sun. In peace these runes were dull, but in time of war they burned red as the comb of a cock when he fights; and lost was he, who in the night of slaughter met the sword of the flaming runes.

The second in price is an arm-ring of pure gold made by Vaulund, the limping Vulcan of the North; and containing upon its border the signs of the zodiac, — the Houses of the Twelve Immortals. This ring had been handed down in the family of Frithiof from the days when it came from the hands of Vaulund, the founder of the race. It was once stolen and carried to England by Viking Soté, who there buried himself alive in a vast tomb, and with him his pirate-ship and all his treasures. King Belé and Thorston pursue him, and through a crevice of the door look into the tomb, where they behold the ship, with anchor, and masts, and spars; and on the deck, a fearful figure, clad in a mantle of flame, sits gloomily scouring a blood-stained sword; though the stains, "the red death-signature of the destroying angel," cannot be scoured off. The ring is upon his arm. Thorston bursts the doors of the great tomb asunder with his lance, and entering, does battle with the grim spirit, and bears home the ring as a trophy of his victory.*

The third great treasure of the house of Frithiof is the dragon-ship Ellida. It was given to one of Frithiof's ances-

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Midt på golfvet (med halm var det strödt) brann lågan beständigt,
gladt på sin murade häll; och igenom det luftiga rökfång
blickade stjernorna in, de himmelska vänner, i salen.
Men kring väggen, på naglar af stål, der hängde det radvis
brynja och hjelm vid hvarann, och här och der dem emellan
blixtrade neder ett svärd, som i vinterqvällen ett stjernskott.
Mera än hjelmar och svärd dock sköldarne lyste, i salen,
blanka som solens rund, eller månans skifva, af silfver.
Gick der stundom en mö kring bordet och fyllde hornen,
slog hon ögonen ned och rodnade: bilden i skölden
rodnade äfven som hon: det gladde de drickande kämpar."
— pp. 17–20.

* Not unlike the old tradition of the Brazen Ring of Gyges; which was found on a dead man's finger in the flank of a brazen horse, deep buried in a chasm of the earth.

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tors by a Sea-god, whom this ancestor saved from drowning, somewhat as Saint Christopher did the angel. The ancient mariner was homeward bound, when, at a distance on the wreck of a ship, he espied an old-man, with sea-green locks, a beard white as the foam of waves, and a face, which smiled like the sea, when it plays in sunshine. Viking takes this old man of the sea home with him, and entertains him in hospitable guise; but at bed-time the green-haired guest, instead of going quietly to his rest like a christian man, sets sail again on his wreck, like a hobgoblin, having, as he says, a hundred miles to go that night, at the same time telling the Viking to look the next morning on the sea-shore for a gift of thanks. And the next morning, behold! the dragon-ship Ellida comes sailing up the harbour, like a Phantom Ship, with all her sails set, and not a man on board. Her prow is a dragon's head, with jaws of gold; her stern, a dragon's tail, twisted and scaly with silver; her wings black, tipped with red; and when she spreads them all, she flies a race with the sousing storm, and the eagle is left behind.

These were Frithiof's treasures, renowned in the North; and thus in his hall, with Björn his bosom friend, he sat, surrounded by his champions twelve, with breasts of steel and furrowed brows, the comrades of his father, and all the guests that had gathered together to pay the funeral rites to Thorston the Son of Viking. And Frithiof, with eyes full of tears, drank to his father's memory, and heard the song of the Scalds, a dirge of thunder.

Frithiof's Courtship is the title of the fourth Canto.

"High sounded the song in Frithiof's hall,
And the Scalds they praised his fathers all
But the song rejoices
Not Frithiof, he hears not the Scalds' loud voices.

And the earth has clad itself green again,
And the dragons swim once more on the main,
But the hero's son
He wanders in woods, and looks at the moon." *

* "Väl klingar sången i Frithiofs sal,
och skalderna prisa hans ättartal.
Men sången gläder
ej Frithiof, han hör ej hvad skalden qväder.

Och jorden har åter klädt sig grön,
och drakarna simma igen på sjön.
Men hjeltesonen
han vandrar i skogen och ser på månen." — p. 30.

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He had lately made a banquet for Helgé and Halfdan, and sat beside Ingeborg, the fair, and spoke with her of those early days when the dew of morning still lay upon life; of the reminiscences of childhood; their names carved in the birch-tree's bark; the well-known vale and woodland, and the hill where the great oaks grew from the dust of heroes. And now the banquet closes, and Frithiof remains at his home-stead to pass his days in idleness and dreams. But this strange mood pleases not his friend the Bear.

"It pleased not Björn these things to see,
'What ails the young eagle now,' said he,
'So still, so oppress'd?
Have they plucked his wings; — have they pierced his breast?

What wilt thou? Have we not more than we need
Of the yellow lard and the nut-brown mead?
And of Scalds a throng?
There 's never an end to their ballads long.

True enough, that the coursers stamp in their stall,
For prey, for prey, scream the falcons all.
But Frithiof only
Hunts in the clouds, and weeps so lonely.'

* * * * *

Then Frithiof set the dragon free,
And the sails swell'd full, and snorted the sea.
Right over the bay
To the sons of the King he steer'd his way." *

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* "Det väsen behagade icke Björn,
Han sade: 'hvad fattas vår unga örn,
så tyst, så sluten?
Är bröstet träffadt, är vingen skjuten?

Hvad vill du? Ha vi ej i öfverflöd,
det gula fläsk och det bruna mjöd?
Och skalder många?
det tar aldrig slut på de visor långa.

Sant nog att gångaren stampar i spilt,
på rof, på rof skriker falken vildt.
Men Frithiof jagar
i molnen allena, och tärs och klagar.'

* * * * *

Då släppte Frithiof sin drake lös,
och seglet svällde och vågen fnös.
Rakt öfver fjärden
till kungens söner han styrde färden." — pp. 32, 33.

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He finds them at the grave of their father, King Belé, giving audience to the people, and promulgating laws, and he boldly asks the hand of their sister Ingeborg, this alliance being in accordance with the wishes of King Belé. To this proposition Helgé answers, in scorn, that his sister's hand is not for the son of a thane; that he needs not the sword of Frithiof to protect his throne, but if he will be his serf, there is a place vacant among the house-folk, which he can fill. Indignant at this reply, Frithiof draws his sword of the flaming runes, and at one blow cleaves in twain the golden shield of Helgé, as it hangs on a tree, and turning away, in disdain, departs over the blue sea homeward.

In the next Canto the scene changes. Old King Ring pushes back his golden chair from the table, and arises to speak to his heroes and Scalds, —old King Ring, a monarch renowned in the North, beloved by all, as a father to the land he governs, and whose name each night goes up to Odin with the prayers of his people. He announces to them his intention of taking to himself a new queen, as a mother to his infant son, and tells them he has fixed his choice upon Ingeborg, "the lily small, with the blush of morn on her cheeks." Messengers are forthwith sent to Helgé and Halfdan, bearing golden gifts, and attended by a long train of Scalds, who sing heroic ballads to the sound of their harps. Three days and three nights they revel at the court; and on the fourth morning receive from Helgé a solemn refusal and from Halfdan a taunt, that King Greybeard should ride forth in person to seek his bride. Old King Ring is wroth at the reply, and straightway prepares to avenge his wounded pride with his sword. He smites his shield as it hangs on the bough of the high linden tree, and the dragons swim forth on the waves, with blood-red combs, and the helms nod in the wind. The sound of the approaching war reaches the ears of the royal brothers, and they place their sister for protection in the temple of Balder.*

In the next Canto, which is the sixth, Frithiof and Björn are playing chess together, when old Hilding comes in, bringing the prayer of Helgé and Halfdan, that Frithiof would aid them in the war against King Ring. Frithiof instead of answering the old man, continues his game, making allusions,

* Balder, the Son of Odin; — the Apollo of the Northern Mythology.

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as it goes on, to the King's being saved by a peasant or pawn, and the necessity of rescuing the queen at all hazards. Finally, he tells the ancient Hilding to return to Belé's sons and tell them, that they have wounded his honor, that no ties unite them together, and that he will never be their bondsman. So closes this short and very spirited ballad.

The seventh Canto describes the meeting of Frithiof and Ingeborg in Balder's temple, when silently the high stars stole forth, like a lover to his maid, on tip-toe. Here all passionate vows are retold; he swears to protect her with his sword, while here on earth, and to sit by her side hereafter in Valhalla, when the champions ride forth to battle from the silver gates, and maidens bear round the mead-horn, mantled with golden foam. The parting of the lovers at day-break resembles the parting of Romeo and Juliet in Shakspeare. This is the only trace of imitation we have discovered in the whole poem. "Hark! 't is the lark," says Ingeborg;

> "Hark! 't is the lark! O no, a dove
> Murmured his true-love in the grove." *

And again, farther on;

> "See, the day dawns! No, 't is the flame
> Of some bright watch-fire in the east." †

The eighth Canto commences in this wise. Ingeborg sits in Balder's temple, and waits the coming of Frithiof, till the stars fade away in the morning sky. At length he arrives, wild and haggard. He comes from the Ting, or council, where he has offered his hand in reconciliation to King Helgé, and again asked of him his sister in marriage, before the assembly of the warriors. A thousand swords hammered applause upon a thousand shields, and the ancient Hilding with his silver beard stepped forth and *held a talk*‡ full of wisdom, in short, pithy language, that sounded like the blows of a sword. But all in vain. King Helgé says him nay, and brings against him an accusation of having profaned the temple of Balder, by daring to visit Ingeborg there.§ Death or

* "Tyst, det är lärken." Nej, en dufva
i skogen kuttrar om sin tro.

† "Se dagen gryr." Nej, det är flamman
af någon vårdkas österut.

‡ Höll et tal.

§ The temple of Balder was a sanctuary where male and female were forbidden to hold interviews together. *Engi vidskipti skyldu karlar vid konur ega thar;* says the old Icelandic Saga; — No meeting should men hold there with women.

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banishment is the penalty of the law; but, instead of being sentenced to the usual punishment, Frithiof is ordered to sail to the Orkney Islands, in order to force from Jarl Argantyr the payment of an annual tribute, which since Belé's death he had neglected to pay. All this does Frithiof relate to Ingeborg, and urges her to escape with him to the lands of the South, where the sky is clearer, and the mild stars shall look down with friendly glance upon them, through the warm summer nights. By the light of the winter evening's fire, old Thorsten Vikingsson had told them tales of the Isles of Greece, with their green groves and shining billows; — where, amid the ruins of marble temples, flowers grow from the runes, that utter forth the wisdom of the past, and golden apples glow amid the leaves, and red grapes hang from every twig. All is prepared for their flight; already Ellida spreads her shadowy eagle-wings; but Ingeborg refuses to escape. King Belé's daughter will not deign to steal her happiness. In a most beautiful and passionate appeal, she soothes her lover's wounded pride, and at length he resolves to undertake the expedition to Jarl Argantyr. He gives her the golden arm-ring of Vaulunder, and they part, she with mournful forebodings, and he with ardent hope of ultimate success. This canto of the poem is a dramatic sketch, in blank verse. It is highly wrought up, and full of poetic beauties.

"Ingeborg's Lament," is the subject of the ninth ballad. She sits by the sea-side, and watches the westward-moving sail, and speaks to the billows blue, and the stars, and to Frithiof's falcon, that sits upon her shoulder, — the gallant bird whose image she has worked into her embroidery, with wings of silver and golden claws. She tells him to greet again and again her Frithiof, when he returns and weeps by her grave. The whole ballad is full of grace and beauty.

And now follows the ballad of "Frithiof at Sea"; one of the most spirited and characteristic cantos of the poem. The versification, likewise, is managed with great skill; each strophe consisting of three several parts, each in its respective metre. King Helgé stands by the seashore, and prays to the fiends for a tempest; and soon Frithiof hears the wings of the storm, flapping in the distance, and, as wind-cold Ham and snowy Heid beat against the flanks of his ship, thus singeth he;

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"Fairer was the journey,
In the moonbeam's shimmer,
O'er the mirrored waters
Unto Balder's grove.
Warmer than it here is,
Close by Ingeborg's bosom;—
Whiter than the sea-foam,
Swell'd the maiden's breast." *

But the tempest waxes sore:—it screams in the shrouds, and cracks in the keel, and the dragon-ship leaps from wave to wave like a goat from cliff to cliff. Frithiof fears, that witchcraft is at work; and calling Björn, he bids him gripe the tiller with his bear-paw, while he climbs the mast to look out upon the sea. From aloft, he sees the two fiends, riding on a whale; Heid with snowy skin, and in shape, like a white bear,—Ham with outspread, sounding wings, like the eagle of the storm. A battle with these sea-monsters ensues. Ellida heard the hero's voice, and with her copper keel smote the whale, so that he died; and the whale-riders learned how bitter it was to bite blue steel, being transfixed with Northern spears, hurled from a hero's hand. And thus the storm was stilled, and Frithiof reached at length the shores of Argantyr.

In the eleventh Canto, Jarl Argantyr sits in his ancestral hall, carousing with his friends. In merry mood, he looks forth upon the sea, where the sun is sinking into the waves like a golden swan. At the window the ancient Halvar stands sentinel, watchful alike of things within doors and without; for ever and anon he drains the mead-horn to the bottom, and uttering never a word thrusts the empty horn in at the window, to be filled up anew. At length he announces the arrival of a tempest-tost ship; and Jarl Argantyr looks forth, and recognises the dragon-ship Ellida, and Frithiof, the son of his friend. No sooner had he made this known to his followers, than the Viking Atle springs up from his seat and screams aloud;

* "Skönare var färden
uti månans skimmer
öfver spegelvågor
hän mot Balders lund.
Varmare än här är,
var vid Ingborgs hjerta,
hvitare än hafsskum
svällde hennes barm."

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"Now will I test the truth of the tale, that Frithiof can blunt the edge of hostile sword, and never begs for quarter." Accordingly he and twelve other champions seize their arms, and rush down to the seashore to welcome the stranger with warlike sword-play. A single combat ensues between Frithiof and Atle. Both shields are cleft in twain at once; Angurvadel bites full sharp, and Atle's sword is broken. Frithiof, disdaining an unequal contest, throws his own away, and the combatants wrestle together unarmed. Atle falls; and Frithiof, as he plants his knee upon his breast, tells him, that, if he had his sword, he should feel its sharp edge and die. The haughty Atle bids him go and recover his sword, promising to lie still and await his death, which promise he fulfils. Frithiof seizes Angurvadel, and when he returns to smite the prostrate Viking, he is so moved by his courage and magnanimity, that he stays the blow, seizes the hand of the fallen, and they return together as friends to the banquet hall of Argantyr. This hall is adorned with more than wonted splendor. Its walls are not wainscoted with roughhewn planks, but covered with gold-leather, stamped with flowers and fruits. No hearth glows in the centre of the floor, but a marble fireplace leans against the wall. There is glass in the windows, and locks on the doors; and instead of torches, silver chandeliers stretch forth their arms with lights over the banquet-table, whereon is a hart roasted whole, with larded haunches, and gilded hoofs lifted as if to leap, and green leaves on its branching antlers. Behind each warrior's seat, stands a maiden, like a star behind a stormy cloud. And high, on his royal chair of silver, with helmet shining like the sun, and breastplate inwrought with gold, and mantle star-spangled, and trimmed with purple and ermine, sits the Viking Argantyr, Jarl of the Orkney Isles. With friendly salutations he welcomes the son of Thorston, and in a goblet of Sicilian wine, foaming like the sea, drinks to the memory of the departed; while Scalds, from the hills of Morven, sing heroic songs. Frithiof relates to him his adventures at sea, and makes known the object of his mission; whereupon Argantyr declares that he was never tributary to King Belé, that although he pledged him in the wine cup, he was not subject to his laws; that his sons he knew not; but that if they wished to levy tribute, they must do it with the sword, like men. And then he bids his daughter bring from her chamber a richly

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embroidered purse, which he fills with golden coins, of foreign mint, and gives it to Frithiof, as a pledge of welcome and hospitality. And Frithiof remains his guest till spring.

In the twelfth Canto we have a description of Frithiof's return to his native land. He finds his homestead at Framnäs laid waste by fire; house, fields, and ancestral forests, are all burnt over. As he stands amid the ruins, his falcon perches on his shoulder, his dog leaps to welcome him, and his snow-white steed comes with limbs like a hind, and neck like a swan. He will have bread from his master's hands. At length old Hilding appears from among the ruins, and tells a mournful tale; how a bloody battle had been fought between King Ring and Helgé; how Helgé and his host had been routed, and in their flight through Framnäs, from sheer malice, had laid waste the lands of Frithiof; and finally how, to save their crown and kingdom, the brothers had given Ingeborg to be the bride of King Ring. He describes the bridal, as the train went up to the temple, with virgins in white, and men with swords, and Scalds, and the pale bride seated on a black steed, like a spirit on a cloud. At the altar the fierce Helgé had torn the bracelet, the gift of Frithiof, from Ingeborg's arm, and adorned with it the image of Balder. And Frithiof remembers that it is now mid-summer, and festival time in Balder's temple. Thither he directs his steps.

Canto thirteenth. The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red on the mountains of the North. It is not day, it is not night, but something between the two. The fire blazes on the altar in the temple of Balder. Priests, with silver beards, and knives of flint in their hands, stand there, and King Helgé with his crown. A sound of arms is heard in the sacred grove without, and a voice, commanding Björn to guard the door. Then Frithiof rushes in, like a storm in autumn. Here is your tribute from the western seas, he cries; take it; and then be there a battle for life and death, between us twain, here by the light of Balder's altar; — shields behind us, and bosoms bare; — and the first blow be thine, as King; but forget not that mine is the second. Look not thus toward the door; I have caught the fox in his den. Think of Framnäs, think of thy sister with golden locks! With these words he draws from his girdle the purse of Argantyr, and throws it into the face of the King with such force, that the blood gushes from his mouth, and he falls senseless at the foot of the altar.

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Frithiof then seizes the bracelet on Balder's arm, and in trying to draw it off, he pulls the wooden statue from its base, and it falls into the flames of the altar. In a moment the whole temple is in a blaze. All attempts to extinguish the conflagration are vain. The fire is victorious. Like a red bird the flame sits upon the roof, and flaps its loosened wings. Mighty was the Funeral Pyre of Balder.

The fourteenth Canto is entitled "Frithiof in Exile." The metre which is here adopted, we think unfortunate. It is the same used in Skelton's "Boke of Philip Sparow," and in the various Abstracts of the Months, which serve as prologues to Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Frithiof sits at night on the deck of his ship, and chants a song of welcome to the sea, which, as a Viking, he vows to make his home in life, and his grave in death. Thou knowest nought, he sings, thou Ocean free, of a King who oppresses thee at his own wild will.

"Din Kung är den	Thy King is he
bland frie män,	Among the free,
som aldrig skälfver,	Who trembles never,
hur högt du hvälfver	How high soever
i retad harm	Heaves in unrest
hvitskummig barm.	Thy foam-white breast.
De blåa fälten	Blue fields like these
förnöja hjelten.	The hero please.
Han kölar gå	His keels go thorough
som plog derpå,	Like a plough in the furrough,
men stålblankt är	But steel-bright are
utsädet der.	The seeds sown there."

He turns his prow from shore, and is putting to sea, when King Helgé, with ten ships, comes sailing out to attack him. But anon the ships sink down into the sea, as if drawn downward by invisible hands, and Helgé saves himself by swimming ashore. Then Björn laughed aloud, and told how, the night before, he had bored holes in the bottom of each of Helgé's ships. But the King now stood on a cliff, and bent his mighty bow of steel against the rock with such force that it snapped in twain. And Frithiof jeering cried, that it was rust that had broken the bow, not Helgé's strength; and to show what nerve there was in a hero's arm, he seized two pines, large enough for the masts of ships, but shaped into oars, and rowed with such marvellous strength, that the two

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pines snapped in his hands like reeds. And now uprose the sun, and the land-breeze blew off shore, and bidding his native land farewell, Frithiof the Viking sailed forth to scour the seas.

The fifteenth Canto contains the Viking's Code, the laws of the pirate ship. "No tent upon deck, no slumber in house; but the shield must be the Viking's couch, and his tent the blue sky overhead. The hammer of victorious Thor is short, and the sword of Frey but an ell in length; and the warrior's steel is never too short, if he goes near enough to the foe. Hoist high the sail, when the wild storm blows; 't is merry in stormy seas; onward and ever onward; he is a coward who strikes; rather sink than strike. There shall be neither maiden, nor drunken revelry on board. The freighted merchantman shall be protected, but must not refuse his tribute to the Viking; for the Viking is king of the waves, and the merchant a slave to gain, and the steel of the brave is as good as the gold of the rich. The plunder shall be divided on deck, by lot and the throwing of dice; but in this the sea-king takes no share; glory is his prize; he wants none other. They shall be valiant in fight, and merciful to the conquered; for he who begs for quarter has no longer a sword, is no man's foe; and Prayer is a child of Valhalla, — they must listen to the voice of the pale one." — With such laws, sailed the Viking over the foaming sea, for three weary years, and came at length to the Isles of Greece, which in days of yore his father had so oft described to him, and whither he had wished to flee with Ingeborg. And thus the forms of the absent and the dead rose up before him; and seemed to beckon him to his home in the North. He is weary of sea-fights, and of hewing men in twain, and of the glory of battle. The flag at the mast-head pointed northward; there lay the beloved land; he resolved to follow the course of the winds of heaven, and steer back again to the North.

Canto sixteenth is a dialogue between Frithiof and his friend Björn, in which the latter gentleman exhibits some of the rude and uncivilized tastes of his name-sake, Bruin the Bear. They have again reached the shores of their fatherland. Winter is approaching. The sea begins to freeze around their keel. Frithiof is weary of a Viking's life. He wishes to pass the Jule-tide on land, and to visit King Ring, and his bride of the golden locks, his beloved Ingeborg. Björn, dreaming all

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the while of bloody exploits, offers himself as a companion, and talks of firing the King's palace at night, and bearing off the queen by force. Or if his friend deems the old King worthy of a *holmgång*,* or of a battle on the ice, he is ready for either. But Frithiof tells him, that only gentle thoughts now fill his bosom. He wishes only to take a last farewell of Ingeborg. These delicate feelings cannot penetrate the hirsute breast of Bruin. He knows not what this love may be; —this sighing and sorrow for a maiden's sake. The world, he says, is full of maidens; and he offers to bring Frithiof a whole ship-load from the glowing south, all red as roses and gentle as lambs. But Frithiof will not stay. He resolves to go to King Ring; but not alone, for his sword goes with him.

The seventeenth Canto relates, how King Ring sat in his banquet hall at Jule-tide, and drank mead. At his side sat Ingeborg his queen, like spring by the side of autumn. And an old man, and unknown, all wrapped in skins, entered the hall, and humbly took his seat near the door. And the courtiers looked at each other with scornful smiles, and pointed with the finger at the hoary bear-skin man. At this, the stranger waxed angry, and seizing with one hand a young coxcomb, he "twirled him up and down." The rest grew silent; he would have done the same with them. "Who breaks the peace?" quoth the King. "Tell us who thou art, and whence, old man." And the old man answered,

"In Anguish was I nurtured, Want is my homestead hight,
Now come I from the Wolf's den, I slept with him last night." †

"Once on a dragon's back I rode; strong wings had he, and flew with might. But now he lies wrecked and frozen on the strand, and I am grown old and burn salt by the sea-shore." But King Ring is not so easily duped, and bids the stranger lay aside his disguise. And straight the shaggy bear-skin fell from the head of the unknown guest, and down from his lofty forehead, over his shoulders broad and full, floated

* A duel between the Vikings of the North was called a *holmgång*, because the two combatants met on an island to decide their quarrel. Fierce battles were likewise fought by armies on the ice; the frozen bays and lakes of a mountainous country being oftentimes the only plains large enough for battle-fields,

† "I Ånger är jag uppfödd, min arfgård heter Brist,
hit kom jag ifrån Ulfven, hos honom lag jag sist."

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his shining ringlets, like a wave of gold. Frithiof stood before them, in a rich mantle of blue velvet, with a hand-broad silver belt around his waist; and the color came and went in the cheek of the queen, like the Northern light on fields of snow,

> "And as two water-lilies, beneath the tempest's might,
> Lie heaving on the billow, so heav'd her bosom white."*

And now a horn blew in the hall, and kneeling on a silver dish, with haunch and shoulder hung "with garlands gay and rosemary," and holding an apple in his mouth, the wild-boar was brought in.†

And King Ring rose up in his hoary locks, and laying his hand upon the boar's head, swore an oath that he would conquer Frithiof, the great champion, so help him Frej and Oden, and the mighty Thor. With a disdainful smile, Frithiof threw his sword upon the table, so that the hall echoed to the clang, and every warrior sprang up from his seat, and turning to the King he said; "Young Frithiof is my friend; I know him well; and I swear to protect him, were it against the world; so help me Destiny and my good sword." The King was pleased at this great freedom of speech, and invited the stranger to remain their guest till spring; bidding Ingeborg fill a goblet with the choicest wine for the stranger. With downcast eyes and trembling hand, she presented Frithiof a goblet, which two men, as men are now, could not have drained, but he, in honor of his lady-love, quaffed it at a single draught. And then the Scald took his harp, and sang the song of Hagbart and fair Signe, the Romeo and Juliet of the North. And thus the Jule-carouse (*Julerus*) was prolonged far into the night, and the old fellows drank deep, till at length,

> "They all to sleep departed, withouten pain or care,
> But old King Ring, the grey-beard, slept with Ingeborg the fair."‡

---

* "Som tvenne vattenliljor inunder stormens larm
stå gungande på vågen, så häfdes hennes barm."

† The old English custom of the Boar's Head at Christmas, dates from a far antiquity. It was in use at the festivals of Jule-tide among the pagan Northmen. The words of Chaucer in the Franklein's Tale, will apply to the old hero of the North;

> "And he drinketh of his bugle horn the wine,
> Before him standeth the brawne of the tusked swine."

‡ "Gick sedan bort att sofva förutan harm och sorg,
men konung Ring den gamle sof hos skönga Ingeborg."

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The next Canto describes a sleigh-ride on the ice. It has a cold breath about it. The short, sharp stanzas are like the angry gusts of a northwester.

"King Ring with his queen to the banquet did fare,
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

'Fare not o'er the ice,' the stranger cries;
'It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies.'

'The King drowns not easily,' Ring out-spake;
'He who 's afraid may go round the lake.'

Threat'ning and dark look'd the stranger round,
His steel-shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

The sleigh-horse starts forth strong and free;
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

'Strike out,' scream'd the King, 'my trotter good,
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's * blood.'

They go as a storm goes over the lake,
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,
He passeth by them as swift as he will.

He carves many a rune in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide." †

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* The steed of Odin.

† "Kung Ring med sin drottning till gästebud far,
på sjön står isen så spegelklar.

'Far ej öfver isen,' den främling sad':
'han brister, för djupt är det kalla bad.'—

'Kung drunknar icke så lätt,' sad' Ring,
'den som är rädd, kan gå sjön omkring.'

Den främling blickar så mörk med hot,
han spänner stålsko i hast på fot.

Slädtrafvarn sätter med makt åstad,
han frustar lågor, han är så glad.

'Sträck ut,' skrek kungen, 'min trafvare god,
låt se om du är af Sleipners ‡ blod!'

Det går, som stormen går öfver sjön,
den gamle ej aktar sin drottnings bön.

Men stålskodd kämpe står heller ej still,
han far dem förbi så snart han vill.

Han ritar många runa i isens famn,
skön Ingeborg åker öfver sitt namn."—p. 130.

‡ Odens häst.

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Thus they speed away over the ice, but beneath them the treacherous Ran * lies in ambush. She breaks a hole in her silver roof, the sleigh is sinking, and fair Ingeborg is pale with fear, when the stranger on his skates comes sweeping by like a whirlwind. He seizes the steed by his mane, and at a single pull, places the sleigh upon firm ice again. They return together to the King's palace, where the stranger, who is none else than Frithiof, remains a guest till spring.

The nineteenth Canto is entitled Frithiof's Temptation. It is as follows.

"Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosen'd torrents downward singing to the ocean run;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport;
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor is assembled all the court;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And with hoods upon their eye-lids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the Queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white.
Half of Freya,† half of Rota,‡ yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

* * * * *

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But with spear outstretch'd before her, after them Valkyrian § comes." ‖

* A giantess holding dominion over the waters.

† The Goddess of Love and Beauty.

‡ One of the Valkyries.

§ The Valkyries are celestial virgins, who bear off the souls of the slain in battle.

‖ "Våren kommer: fåglen qvittrar, skogen löfvas, solen ler,
och de lösta floder dansa sjungande mot hafvet ner.
Glödande som Frejas kinder tittar rosen ur sin knopp,
och i menskans hjerta vakna lefnadslust och mod och hopp.

Då vill gamle kungen jaga, drottningen skall med på jagt,
och det hela hof församlas hvimlande i brokig prakt.
Bågar klinga, koger skramla, hingstar skrapa mark med hof,
och med kappor ofver ögat skrika falkarna på rof.

Se, der kommer jagtens drottning! Arma Frithiof, se ej dit!
Som en stjerna på en vårsky sitter hon på gångar hvit.
Hälften Freja, hälften Rota, skönare än begge två,
och från lätta purpurhatten vaja högt de fjädrar blå.

* * * * *

Nu är jägarskaran färdig. Hejsan! öfver berg och dal!
Hornet smattrar, falken stiger lodrätt emot Odens sal.
Skogens åbor fly med ångest, söka sina kulors hem,
men med spjutet sträckt framför sig är Valkyrian efter dem."

— pp. 132, 133.

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The old King cannot keep pace with the chase. Frithiof rides beside him, silent and sad. Gloomy musings rise within him, and he hears continually the mournful voices of his own dark thoughts. Why had he left the ocean, where all care is blown away by the winds of heaven? Here he wanders amid dreams and secret longings. He cannot forget Balder's grove. But the grim gods are no longer friendly. They have taken his rose-bud, and placed it on the breast of winter, whose chill breath covers bud, and leaf, and stalk with ice. And thus they came to a lonely valley shut in by mountains, and overshadowed by beeches and alders. Here the King alighted; the quiet of the place invited to slumber.

" Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient King so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head;
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough,
'Hasten Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow,
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave,
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the grave.'

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough;
'Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward, wilt thou murder sleep! and a defenceless old man slay?
Whate'er thou winn'st, thou cann'st not win a hero's fame this way.'

Thus the two wood-birds did warble; Frithiof took his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurl'd it from him, far into the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand,* but on light unfolded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient King awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he said;
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?'

'It avails not,' Frithiof answer'd; 'in the North are other swords,
Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words,
Murky spirits dwell in steel-blades, spirits from the Niffelhem,
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.' " †

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* The Strand of corpses; a region in the Niffelhem, or Scandinavian Hell.

† " Då tog Frithiof af sin mantel, bredde den på marken hän,
och den gamle kungen lade tryggt sitt hufvud på hans knän;
somnade så lugnt som hjelten somnar efter stridens larm
på sin sköld, så lugnt som barnet somnar på sin moders arm.

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To this the old King replies, that he has not been asleep, but has feigned sleep, merely to put Frithiof, — for he has long recognised the hero in his guest, — to the trial. He then upbraids him for having come to his palace in disguise, to steal his queen away; he had expected the coming of a warrior with an army; he beheld only a beggar in tatters. But now he had proved him, and forgiven; had pitied and forgotten. He is soon to be gathered to his fathers. Frithiof shall take his queen and kingdom after him. Till then he shall remain his guest, and thus their feud shall have an end. But Frithiof answers, that he came not as a thief to steal away the queen, but only to gaze upon her face once more. He will remain no longer. The vengeance of the offended gods hangs over him. He is an outlaw. On the green earth he seeks no more for peace; for the earth burns beneath his feet, and the trees lend him no shadow. Therefore, he cries, away to sea again. Away, my dragon brave, to bathe again thy pitch-black breast in the briny wave! Flap thy white wings in the clouds, and cut the billow with a whistling sound; fly, fly, as far as the bright stars guide thee, and the subject billows bear. Let me hear the lightning's voice again; and on the open sea, in battle, amid clang of shields and

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Som han slumrar, hör! då sjunger kolsvart fågel ifrån qvist:
'skynda, Frithiof, dräp den gamle, sluta på en gång er tvist.
Tag hans drottning, dig tillhör hon, dig har hon som brudgum kysst,
intet menskligt öga ser dig, och den djupa graf är tyst.' —

Frithiof lyssnar: hör! då sjunger snöhvit fågel ifrån qvist:
'ser dig intet menskligt öga, Odens öga ser dig visst.
Niding, vill du mörda sömnen? vill du värnlös gubbe slå?
Hvad du vinner, hjelterykte vinner du dock ej derpå.' —

Så de begge fåglar sjöngo; men sitt slagsvärd Frithiof tog,
slängde det med fasa från sig fjerran i den mörka skog.
Kolsvart fågel flyr till Nastrand, men på lätta vingars par,
som en harpoton den andra klingande mot solen far.

Strax är gamle kungen vaken. 'Mycket var den sömn mig värd,
ljufligt sofver man i skuggan, skyddad af den tappres svärd.
Dock, hvar är ditt svärd, o främling? blixtens broder, hvar är han?
Hvem har skilt Er, J som aldrig skulle skiljas från hvarann?' —

'Lika mycket,' Frithiof sade; 'svärd jag finner nog i Nord;
skarp är svärdets tunga, konung, talar icke fridens ord.
Mörka andar bo i stålet, andar ifrån Niffelhem,
sömnen är ej säker för dem, silfverlockar reta dem.'"

— pp. 135, 136.

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arrowy rain, let me die, and go up to the dwelling of the gods.

In the twentieth Canto the death of King Ring is described. The sunshine of a pleasant spring morning plays in the palace hall, when Frithiof enters to bid his royal friends a last farewell. With them he bids his native land good night.

"No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave;
The Fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean
There is my father-land, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Wash'd up by the tide,
The bones of the outlaw'd Viking may lie.

Then quoth the King,
'T is mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die.'" *

He then says that he himself is about to depart for Valhalla; that a death on the straw (strådöd) becomes not a King of the

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* "Ej skall jag skåda
stigande röken
mer ifrån Nordlanden. Menskan är slaf;
Nornorna råda.
Böljornas öken,
der är mitt fädernesland och min graf.

Gå ej till stranden,
Ring, med din maka,
helst sedan stjernorna sprida sitt sken.
Kanske i sanden
vräkes tillbaka
Frithiofs, den biltoge vikingens, ben." —

Då qvåder kungen:
"Tungt är att höra
mannen som klagar likt qvidande mö.
Dödssång är sjungen
ren i mitt öra.
Hvad är det mer? den som föds han skall dö.'" — p. 141.

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Northmen. He would fain die the death of a hero: and he cuts on his arms and breast the runes of death,—runes to Odin. And while the blood drops from among the silvery hairs of his naked bosom, he calls for a flowing goblet, and drinks a health to the glorious North; and in spirit hears the *Gjallar Horn*,* and goes to Valhalla, where glory, like a golden helmet, crowns the coming guest.

The next Canto is the Dirge of King Ring; in the unrhymed, alliterative stanzas of the old Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon poetry. The Scald sings how the high-descended monarch sits in his tomb, with his shield on his arm and his battle-sword by his side. His gallant steed, too, neighs in the tomb, and paws the ground with his golden hoofs.† But the spirit of the departed rides over the rainbow, which bends beneath its burden, up to the open gates of Valhalla. Here the gods receive him, and garlands are woven for him, of golden grain with blue flowers intermingled, and Braga sings a song of praise and welcome to the wise old Ring. In order to exhibit the peculiar structure of the verse, we subjoin a few stanzas, with a literal translation:—

"Nu rider rike	Now rideth royal
Ring öfver Bifrost,	Ring over Bifrost,‡
svigtar för bördan	Sways with the burden
bågiga bron.	The bending bridge.
Upp springa Valhalls	Open spring Walhall's
hvalfdörrar vida;	Vaulted doors widely;
Asanar's händer	Asanar's§ hands are
hänga i hans.	Hanging in his.
* * *	* * *
Brage, hin gamle,	Braga, the gray-beard,
griper i guldsträng,	Gripeth the gold string,
stillare susar	Stiller now soundeth
sången än förr.	Song than before.
* * *	* * *
Högt sjunga svärden	High sings the sword-blade
ständigt i hjelmar;	Steady on helmet;

* The Gjallar Horn was blown by Heimdal, the Watchman of the gods. He was the son of nine Virgins, and was called "the God with the Golden Teeth." His watch-tower was upon the rainbow, and he blew his horn whenever a fallen hero rode over the Bridge of Heaven to Valhalla.

† It was a Scandinavian as well as a Scythian custom, to bury the favorite steed of a warrior in the same tomb with him.

‡ The rainbow. § The great gods.

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brusande böljor
blodas alltjemt.
Kraften, de gode
Gudarnas gåfva,
bister som Berserk
biter i sköld.

* * *

Välkommen, vise
Valhalla-arfving
Länge lär Norden
lofva ditt namn.
Brage dig helsar
höfviskt med horndryck,
Nornornas fridsbud
nerifrån Nord.

Boisterous the billows, and
Bloody alway.
Strength, of the gracious
Gods is the gift, and
Bitter as Berserk *
Biteth in shield.

* * *

Welcome, thou wise one,
Heir of Walhalla!
Long learn the Northland
Laud to thy name.
Braga doth hail thee,
Honored with horn-drink,
Norners' peace-herald
Now from the North."

The twenty-second Canto describes, in a very spirited and beautiful style, the election of a new king. The yeoman takes his sword from the wall, and, with clang of shields and sound of arms, the people gather together in a public assembly, a Ting, whose roof is the sky of heaven. Here Frithiof harangues them, bearing aloft on his shield the little son of Ring, who sits there like a king on his throne, or a young eagle on the cliff, gazing upward at the sun. Frithiof hails him as King of the Northmen, and swears to protect his kingdom; and when the little boy, tired of sitting on the shield, leaps fearlessly to the ground, the people raise a shout, and acknowledge him for their monarch, and Jarl Frithiof as regent, till the boy grows older. But Frithiof has other thoughts than these. He must away to meet the Fates at Balder's ruined temple, and make atonement to the offended god. And thus he departs.

Canto twenty-third is entitled "Frithiof at his Father's Grave." The sun is sinking like a golden shield in the ocean, and the hills and vales around him, and the fragrant flowers, and song of birds, and sound of the sea, and shadow of trees awaken in his softened heart the memory of other days. And he calls aloud to the gods for pardon of his crime, and to the spirit of his father, that he should come from his grave and bring him peace and forgiveness from the city of the gods. And lo! amid the evening shadows, from the western wave

* The Berserks were the most ferocious fighters of the North. See note, p. 151.

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uprising, landward floats the Fata Morgana, and sinking down upon the spot where Balder's temple once stood, assumes itself the form of a temple, with columns of dark blue steel, and an altar of precious stone. At the door, leaning upon their shields, stand the Destinies. And the Destiny of the Past points to the solitude around, and the Destiny of the Future to a beautiful temple newly risen from the sea. While Frithiof gazes in wonder at the sight, all vanishes away, like a vision of the night. But the vision is interpreted by the hero, without the aid of prophet or of soothsayer.

Canto twenty-fourth; "The Atonement." The temple of Balder had been rebuilt, and with such magnificence, that the North beheld in it an image of Valhalla. And two by two, in solemn procession, walked therein the twelve virgins, clad in garments of silver tissue, with roses upon their cheeks, and roses in their innocent hearts. They sang a solemn song of Balder, how much beloved he was by all that lived, and how he fell, by Höder's arrow slain, and earth and sea and heaven wept. And the sound of the song was not like the sound of human voice, but like the tones which come from the halls of the gods, like the thoughts of a maiden dreaming of her lover, when the nightingale is singing in the midnight stillness, and the moon shines over the beech-trees of the North. Frithiof listened to the song; and as he listened, all thoughts of vengeance and of human hate melted within him, as the icy breastplate melts from the bosom of the fields, when the sun shines in Spring. At this moment the high priest of Balder entered, venerable with his long, silver beard; and welcoming the Viking to the temple he had built, he delivered for his special edification a long homily on things human and divine, with a short catechism of Northern Mythology. He told him, likewise, very truly, that more acceptable to the gods than the smoke of burnt-offerings, was the sacrifice of one's own vindictive spirit, the hate of a human soul; and then spake of the Virgin's Son, —

"Sent by All-father to declare aright the runes
On Destiny's black shield-rim, unexplained till now.
Peace was his battle-cry, and his white sword was love,
And innocence sat dove-like on his silver helm.
Holy he lived and taught, he died and he forgave,
And under distant palm-trees stands his grave in light.

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His doctrine, it is said, wanders from dale to dale,
Melting the hard of heart, and laying hand in hand,
And builds the realm of Peace on the atoned earth.
I do not know his lore aright, but darkly still
In better hours I have presentiment thereof,
And every human heart feeleth alike with mine.
One day, that know I, shall it come, and lightly wave
Its white and dove-like wings over the Northern hills.
But there shall be no more a North for us that day,
And oaks shall whisper soft o'er the graves of the forgotten." *

"Sänd af Allfader att förklara runorna
på Nornors svarta sköldrand, outtydda än.
Frid var hans härskri, kärlek var hans blanka svärd,
och oskuld satt som dufva på hans silfverhjelm.
From lefde han och lärde, dog han och förlät
och under fjerran palmer står hans graf i ljus.
Hans lära, sägs det, vandrar ifrån dal till dal,
försmälter hårda hjertan, lägger hand i hand,
och bygger fridens rike på försonad jord.
Jag känner ej den läran rätt, men dunkelt dock
i mina bättre stunder har jag anat den;
hvart menskligt hjerta anar den ibland, som mitt.
En gång, det vet jag, kommer hon och hviftar lätt
de hvita dufvovingar öfver Nordens berg.
Men ingen Nord är längre till för oss den dag,
och eken susar öfver de förgätnas hög."

He then spake of his hatred to Belé's sons; and told him that Helgé was dead, and that Halfdan sat alone on Belé's throne, urging him, at the same time, to sacrifice to the gods his desire of vengeance, and proffer the hand of friendship to the young king. This was done straightway, Halfdan having opportunely come in at that moment; and the priest removed forthwith the ban from the Varg-i-Veum, the sacrilegious and outlawed man. And then Ingeborg entered the vaulted temple, followed by maidens, as the moon is followed by stars in the vaulted sky; and from the hand of her brother, Frithiof receives the bride of his youth, and they are married in Balder's Temple.

Ok enda hèr nú sögu frá Fridthjófi enum frækna; and here endeth now the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant.

* We give these few lines as a specimen of the singular measure of the original. It is the Iambic trimeter; solemn-sounding, but to English ears unmusical and lame.

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ART. VIII. — *A New Dictionary of the English Language.* By CHARLES RICHARDSON. [To be completed in Thirty Parts.] London; William Pickering. New York; William Jackson.

THE history of English lexicography, it seems to us, if it should fall into the right hands, might be wrought into a very curious and amusing book; one which would interest not only the learned philologist, but every widely read English scholar. But to this end the author would be compelled to resort to the original sources; to go back to the dawn of Christianity, of civilization, and of learning in England, in the seventh century; to trace, through the increasing gleams of light in the first half of the eighth century, the planting of the Saxon language, into which, in the coming age, Alfred regretted that the learned men, who were spread over England, did not translate the best of the books, in several languages, with which the churches and monasteries were filled; to mark how these fair hopes were blasted by the incursion of the Danes, who not only destroyed the monasteries, the seats of learning, with the libraries they contained, but mingled with the language of the English a new dialect; to begin again, after more than a century of thick darkness, with Alfred the Great, whose genius for learning was inspired by a Saxon poem of beautiful penmanship and richly illuminated, — the gift of his mother; and after his reign, glorious to him as a prince, as a learned man and as the founder and patron of learned institutions, to pause while learning languishes and expires, and barbarism is again triumphant; and then to emerge from this long night, in the eleventh century, and, in the midst of it, to find the Saxon subject to the Norman, and submitting to the edicts and decrees of the latter, promulgated in his own language, both in the end mingling in good fellowship, though the pride and stability of the Saxon eschew, so far as may be, the novelties which have been strenuously forced upon him.

With this preliminary research, he who would give a thorough history of English lexicography, should collect all the English provincial glossaries, in which local causes have generated words peculiar to each. Some philological antiquaries, more curious than wise, have thought that they dis-

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covered traces of the ancient British in the English language, as it now exists, sufficient to encourage the investigations of the philologist. But this was so nearly supplanted by the Romans, Saxons, and Danes, that it may be left out of the account, and we need not wander to the Highlands of Scotland or to the mountains of Wales for the lost fugitives. Their places were supplied by the Saxon, mingled in a greater or less degree, in different districts, with the Danish, and afterwards blended with the Norman. "If," says the author of a work entitled "Anecdotes of the English Language," "you would seek for the terms and expressions of the Northern people of England, it will be in vain to ransack the British tongue, which fled with the natives into the fastnesses of Wales; for the Northern dialect (Scotland included) is for the most part *Saxon*. On the other hand, it would be as fruitless to search in the Saxon forests of the North for the language of the western counties of England, which (except by transplantation,) is of British growth. In Kent and Sussex, and the immediate southern counties (coastwise at least), our pursuit may be directed in a great degree to *Gallicisms*, in point of idiom as well as words; and, lastly, in London (the great Babel of them all) every language will be found incorporated; though that of the true *Cockney*, is, for the most part, composed of *Saxonisms*. The Danes left us some traces of their language, though it is but a dialect of that extensive tongue, which, under the different names of Teutonic, Gothic, &c., was known in every region of what is called *the North of Europe*."

As to the mixtures of more modern origin, occasioned by conquest, by political, ecclesiastical, and commercial relations, it is needless to speak particularly. But of words derived from the Latin, save what we derived from that language through the Norman, we may lay it down as a rule, almost without exception, that they were introduced not by the conquests of the Romans prior to those of the northern invaders, but by learned writers of modern times, partly through the pride of learning, and partly through the facility of multiplying words in this way, framed unconsciously upon the models of other words of similar forms that came through the Norman French. This fact might be illustrated by a multitude of examples drawn from successive periods in the history of English literature.

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A work elaborated agreeably to this outline, would indeed embrace a history of the English Language; but it would embrace also much more of illustration than any treatise with which we are acquainted, by means of constant reference to the changes in the English vocabulary.

We shall here barely state a few facts, respecting the history of English lexicography, beginning with the time when authors professed to embody our language in a full vocabulary.

About the middle of the sixteenth century we find mention of several dictionaries called "Short Dictionaries," and "Little Dictionaries," in Latin and English, particularly one compiled by J. Withals, which passed through several editions from 1559 to 1599. In 1580 was published a dictionary entitled "An Alvearie,* or Quadruple Dictionarie, containing four sundrie Tongues: namelie, English, Latine, Greeke, and Frenche. Newlie enriched with Varietie of Wordes, Phrases, Proverbs, and divers lightsome Observations of Grammar. By John Baret." But the Lexicon said to have been the most copious and celebrated of its day, was that of Sir Thomas Elliot, "declaring Latin by English, greatly improved and enriched by Thomas Cooper in 1552."

Rider's Dictionary, published in 1589, came forth with considerable pretensions. In his Preface, he says, that "no one dictionary, as yet extant, hath the English before the Latine, with a full index of all such Latine words as are in any common dictionary." His additions to the vocabulary, he affirms, "amount to foure thousand words more than any one dictionary now extant affords." The words are sometimes defined in English, and sometimes the meaning is to be

* Baret, in the preface to this work, thus explains the occasion of entitling it *Alvearie*. "Having pupils at Cambridge studious of the Latine tongue, I used them often to write epistles and theames together, and dailie to translate some peece of English into Latine. Perceiving what great trouble it was to come running to me for everie worde they missed (knowing then of no other dictionarie to help us, but *Sir Thomas Eliot's* librarie), I appointed them certaine leaves of the same booke everie daie to write the English before the Latine, and likewise to gather a number of fine phrases out of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, Livy, &c., and to set them under severall titles, for the more readie finding them again at their neede. Thus within a yeere or two, they had gathered together a great volume, which (for the apt similitude betweene the good scholars, and diligent bees in gathering their waxe and honie into their hive) I called then their *Alvearie*, both for a memoriall by whom it was made, and also by this name to incourage other to the like diligence."

Hawkins, in his "Life of Johnson," dates Baret's Dictionary, 1572.

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gathered only from the Latin. We have an edition before us, (London, 1649,) "corrected and augmented" by Francis Holy-Oke, from which "the barbarous words, which were many hundreds, are expunged, to the help of young Scholars, which before they used in stead of good words."

"The New World of English Words: or a General Dictionary," by Edward Phillips, was published in 1658. Phillips was a nephew of Milton, and evidently a man of learning. He acknowledged himself indebted to Thomas Blount's "Glossographia," published in 1656, for essential aid. It was the main purpose of Blount's work to interpret "such hard words, whether Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, &c., that are now used in our refined English tongue," &c. Phillips dedicated his Dictionary, primarily, "to the most illustrious and impartial sisters, the two Universities," which he addresses as "Most equal sisters." Hawkins, in his "Life of Johnson," says of this dictionary, "'The New World of Words,' as it is much more copious than Blount's 'Glossographia,' and comprehends a greater quantity of matter, must be looked upon as the basis of English lexicography." This inference is wanting alike in logical soundness and in truth. The fact is, that neither of those works can be regarded as the basis of English lexicography. Phillips's "World of Words" is a very limited world, including little more than the technical vocabulary of the times, in which Chiromancy [Divination], Astrology, Magic, Heraldry, and Hawking have a prominent place, — "hard words," from other languages, — Proper Names, Mythology, &c. In fact, as a dictionary of the English language, it is exceedingly meagre, and not to be compared with Rider and some other of its predecessors. Even the work of Junius or of Skinner, in regard to the vocabulary and etymology, might be pronounced to be the "basis of English Lexicography," with much more truth than that of Phillips.

The first English dictionary upon a plan sufficiently comprehensive to deserve that name, was Bailey's, entitled, "An Universal Etymological English Dictionary." He says little of his predecessors in the same vocation, except that he made diligent use of their works, rejecting what was redundant, and supplying what was deficient, by adding "several thousand English words and phrases, in no English dictionary before extant." In regard to etymology, he claimed to be

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"the first who has attempted it in English, except what Blount has done in his 'Glossographia,' which is but a very small part of the words, and those of a Latin derivation chiefly, besides a small extract of Dr. Skinner's 'Etymologicon.'"

It was Bailey's Dictionary, as we learn from Hawkins, that formed the groundwork of Johnson's Dictionary. "An interleaved copy of Bailey's Dictionary in folio, he made the repository of the several articles, and these he collected, by incessant reading of the best authors in our language, in the practice whereof his method was to score with a black-lead pencil, the words by him selected, and give them over to his assistants to insert in their places."

The merits of Johnson, as a lexicographer, have sometimes been overstated, but more generally, we believe, undervalued. The conception of his Dictionary, in all its parts, as the plan is expounded in his letter to Chesterfield, and in his Preface, indicates a far-reaching and philosophical mind. That the execution of the work does not approximate nearer to the ideal excellence, of which he appeared to have a distinct view, is no matter of wonder. In regard to the vocabulary, it was no part of his ambition to swell the list of words, in order to boast of the number added; nor on the contrary did he expect to embalm the language, so as to put an end to further corruption and change. He may be thought to take a narrow view of our wants, when he affirms that, "if the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Shakspeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of *English* words in which they might be expressed." But Charles Fox, at a later period, took a still narrower view of the needed extent of a vocabulary, when he resolved, as it is related of him in reference to his intended History, that he would "admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden." This may be regarded, if not as an example of literary bigotry, at least as a needless check upon the freedom of expression. There is no danger of too great copiousness, if the writer is duly watchful of the purity of his words and idioms. Johnson did indeed, at one time, indulge the hope of fixing the language, and in some good

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measure of rescuing it from the fluctuations of time and chance, and from the changes caused by affectation and caprice. But he soon saw how vain the expectation was. With philosophical prescience, also, he perceived that in the progress of intellectual knowledge, new ideas, (new either in fancy or in fact,) would be evolved, demanding a corresponding enlargement of phraseology; and that, especially in arts and sciences, there would be a demand for new words, or new modifications of words, answering to the advancement of knowledge and to the discovery of new facts.

It was the first labor of Johnson to supply the deficiencies in the English dictionaries, which he accomplished to a great extent. He also expunged from them many unauthorized and unused words, generated by pedantry and affectation, such as were either the production of lexicographers themselves, or a component part of the scholastic jargon of preceding centuries. He might have exercised this liberty to a much greater extent than he did, a fact of which any one may satisfy himself without looking far into his Dictionary, even under the first letter of the alphabet. He faithfully preserved the language of poetry, so far back as the time of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, accompanying the words, however, as the occasion seemed to him to require, with cautions couched in terms assumed by him as a literary censor; such as, *little used*, *not used*, *obsolete*, *low and vulgar*, &c. The poetical part of the vocabulary was greatly enlarged, as well as richly illustrated by his own reading; and we owe him great thanks, that he did not sacrifice the more ancient, if not the more opulent stores of English phraseology, to an exclusive regard to those that were more recent, and which were looked upon, by many of his time, as the golden treasures of English letters.

Many omissions, after all the diligent efforts of Johnson to complete the vocabulary, were soon perceived in his Dictionary, even of words in familiar use, and of such as he had used himself in his writings.

In the year 1800, appeared a "Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary," ascribed to Mason, in which the author professed to supply what was omitted in Johnson. His plan extended "not only to the words and senses of words unnoticed by Johnson, but to the exemplification of those that stand unexemplified in the principal Dictionary." It seems to have been

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an object with the author of the " Supplement " to glean what Johnson had not gathered from Spenser, though the authorities cited are various. This " Supplement " must have been serviceable to those who have since compiled English dictionaries ; but it fell far short of what was wanted.

Much fault has been found with Johnson's definitions, particularly by our countryman, Dr. Noah Webster. He has been charged not only with superfluity, and, so to speak, with identical definitions, but, — what we should hardly expect from such a distinguished scholar and master of English, — with want of discrimination. It is not surprising, that, in so large a work as his Dictionary, men far inferior to him in learning and talents can find many definitions which may be amended. But it would be wonderful, if a man of such comprehensive learning and such strong powers of mind, as Johnson, selecting examples of the use of words from the best writers in our language, and thus continually putting in our power, and at our immediate command, the means of detection, should constantly offend, at the same time, against good usage, and common sense, and the judgment of those best skilled in our language. He experienced the difficulty which every one must, of explaining words, especially those of a moral import, by other words nearly synonymous. Such definitions it is much easier to ridicule, than to amend or to avoid. Simple words, also, which cannot be made plainer, whose meaning we acquired in childhood, through an unconscious process of induction, suffer from copious explanations ; and words ambiguous as to their meaning, whether their etymology is clear or doubtful, must be settled by usage rather than by their origin. Taking these things into the account, and extending a reasonable share of indulgence for oversights to the author of so great a work as that of Johnson's Dictionary, his faults in the definitions are by no means so many or so gross, as to merit the indiscriminate censure that has sometimes been uttered. To this result we believe every one will come, who will compare his Dictionary with those which claim to be independent, not to say infinitely superior authorities.

We have never placed a high value upon the etymological part of Johnson's Dictionary. It is a part of his work on which he probably labored with much less diligence, than upon that of his illustrations. Besides his own errors and defects, he copied many of the errors of his predecessors, without

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examination, and sometimes departed from the authority of Junius, of Skinner, or of Bailey, without due investigation, or adequate reasons to justify such a departure.

Since his time, etymology has assumed a more imposing character in the hands of scholars, who have threatened the very existence of our present grammars and dictionaries in all languages. Horne Tooke stands foremost in this new sect, whose principal object it seems to have been, to trace words to their true etymons, and thus to rescue them from the tyranny of custom, and to restore them and confine them to their primitive rights. The principle at the bottom of the theory is, that each and every word has but one meaning, and that the multiplication of definitions and illustrations of a word in our dictionaries is all deceptive, and grows not out of the true meaning of the word itself, but of its associates and adjuncts. That there is some truth in this, is not to be denied; nor need it be, in order to show the necessity of explaining words in their different connexions with other words. Still the theory, carried to its full extent, would not only destroy our present dictionaries, but bring about a revolution in language; such a revolution, however, as can never be effected, except by a universal language, which shall assign a real, unvarying character to every word or sign of thought. The preparation for this must begin with the human mind, with the classing of human thoughts and objects of human knowledge, and a universal, infallible logic. Such a transcendental theory will answer for the philosopher's plaything, but will never supersede the labors of the practical lexicographer.

Johnson's illustrations of his definitions, by copious examples, have been spoken of by some in terms of disparagement which they by no means deserve; and by many others they are not appreciated according to their merits. We are confident, that, in respect to the meaning of the great mass of words which belong legitimately and without controversy to the English language, as such, most of which we find in Johnson, nothing has yet superseded his examples from standard authors. Whoever is laboring in the dark to settle the true or customary sense of a word, or to ascertain the purity and genuineness of an idiom, may obtain from Johnson's illustrations an illumination, for which he will have much reason to be grateful. They go far beyond the mere citing of the

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names of authors who have used a word in a particular sense. We are not left merely to the decision of the lexicographer in the matter, but are enabled to examine the word with its adjuncts and associates, and find how it is affected by the company in which it is found. Many words which appear to be as well defined in dictionaries as they can be, still perplex the young writer; and it is not till he sees them applied to their subjects and fully exemplified, that he can become thoroughly satisfied concerning their exact meaning and the propriety of their use.

Johnson's Dictionary has never been superseded. Other dictionaries have had a portion of public favor, as common manuals; but Johnson's, added to and improved, has held its precedency in England, if not in this country. There are now two rival lexicographers, claiming superiority over each other, and over their great predecessor. We mean our countryman, Webster, whose great Dictionary was published in 1828, and Richardson, whose "New Dictionary of the English Language," the publication of which was begun in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," twenty years ago, is now far advanced toward completion, in a separate form.

Dr. Webster has for a long course of years been signally mindful of his reputation as a linguist; and "a linguist," as Milton says, "should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into." He has ever thought very meanly of the English dictionaries in common use, and his honesty and self-love have taught him, in speaking of them, not "to mince the matter." He has accordingly availed himself of all suitable occasions to proclaim their deficiencies, and to promise to supply them; to speak of their blunders, and to tell us how he should correct them. Great curiosity therefore was felt, as well by the faithless as the believing, to see how his promises would be fulfilled in his forth-coming Dictionary. He promised not only a large accession of words, but "precise and technical definitions." Former dictionaries, he said, were "almost exclusively *translating* dictionaries, in which one word is defined by another, that is synonymous, or nearly so." Instead of this he promised, by an implication not to be misunderstood, that he should substitute "accurate, discriminating, and technical definitions"; and should insert probably thirty thousand significations and distinct applications of words, (many of them among the most important

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words,) which significations and applications are not to be found in other dictionaries. But the greatest of his promises related to "new etymological deductions and affinities." We were told that "the obscurity which has hitherto rested on this subject, and which has brought it into discredit, will be, in a good degree, dissipated by the author's researches; and etymology will be made eminently subservient to the illustration, not only of words, but of history, and the affinities of many different languages. It is found that the most valuable and interesting facts and principles in the formation of languages, have escaped the observation of European philologists. In this work, the aspect of this subject is entirely changed." In regard to the "formation of languages," a preliminary discourse was announced, "in which the principles, on which languages have been formed, will be illustrated by facts and proofs entirely original."

In these and such-like promises Dr. Webster was doubtless sincere, and as fully persuaded that he should fulfil them all, as ever any indefatigable experimenter was convinced that he had discovered perpetual motion. His rival, — Richardson, the author of the "New Dictionary,"—fearing, as he says, that he might be charged with want of courtesy, should he pass unnoticed the "American Dictionary" of Dr. Webster, speaks somewhat uncourteously of its author. "There is," he remarks, "a display of Oriental reading in his Preliminary Essays, which, as introductory to a dictionary of the English language, seems as appropriate and useful, as a reference to the code of Gentoo laws to decide a question of English inheritance." Dr. Webster's ignorance of old English authors is asserted by Richardson, in terms no more respectful, than those in which he condemns the misapplied labors of that learned countryman of ours. The *retort courteous* has been bestowed in ample measure by Dr. Webster. He has assailed Richardson's definitions with various weapons, and has visited his ancient English lore with provoking raillery, in return for the grave charge of ignorance bestowed upon himself. But we will not here further meddle with this warfare.

Dr. Webster's great Dictionary was published in 1828, while Richardson's was in progress in successive numbers of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. We might suppose its vocabulary to be as complete as the efforts of one man could make it, when he tells us, that, while Johnson's Dictionary

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contains but thirty-eight thousand words, his own contains seventy thousand. But we know a collector of words which are found in English books, and used as English words, who affirms, that, after deducting from his catalogue all that he has in common with Webster, there is still a remainder of six thousand not to be found in any English dictionary. The prodigious increase of the vocabulary, since Johnson's work was published, is to be ascribed in great part to the more extended insertion of technical words. They were introduced sparingly by Johnson. And when we consider the advancement of arts and sciences since his time, during which period some of them have been greatly extended, and some of them almost created, or the nomenclature of them in their divisions and ramifications so essentially changed and enlarged as to form almost a new language, and find also that a more liberal introduction of such words into our dictionaries is sanctioned by the wishes of the public, the seeming mystery of this vast increase of words is in a great degree explained.

Much was expected of Dr. Webster in regard to orthography. It is a matter, concerning which he has always been striving against usage, often, we have thought, to little purpose. We were glad to find, on the appearance of his great work, that he had abandoned these skirmishes. It was his principal aim, we believe, in this work, as it should have been, to fix what was loose and uncertain, and to be consistent in the spelling of words of analogous formation, so far as may be, without doing too much violence to custom and prejudice. For all his success in this undertaking he deserves thanks. But sad is the record of the defeat, even of those, who are just throwing off the harness and priding themselves in their conquests. In a review of the orthography of this Dictionary, by Mr. Lyman Cobb, giving proofs of a more minute and thorough examination than it has ever fallen to our lot to witness on a similar subject, the author shows "between seven and eight hundred discrepances in the orthography of the definitions and text of the American Dictionary," and affirms, that he has "noted about five hundred others." How other English dictionaries would fare under a like scrutiny, we are not able to decide.

If in any one department of lexicography, more than another, Dr. Webster has claimed superiority over his predecessors, it is in that of etymology. Indeed he seems to have plumed

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himself, when on that ground, as standing not only "unrivalled," but "alone." "The aspect of this subject," in his work, "is entirely changed," and facts and principles in the formation of languages are developed, as we were told in advance, which "have escaped the observation of European philologists." It was well known, from what he had previously made public concerning his pursuits, that he had been long employed in the unwearied study and comparison of different languages, in order to ascertain their affinities and the derivation of words. But he must have found oftentimes lamentable chasms in the history of their travels, such as to leave much to uncertain conjecture, and to produce doubt concerning their identity. We readily perceive the agreement of a great portion of English words, with those of the northern European dialects, and another large portion we trace, through the Norman French, to the Latin language; but, when we attempt to connect them with the Oriental dialects, some links in the chain are often not to be found. The absurdity of referring the origin of English words directly to the ancient languages of the East, in consequence of a near resemblance in sound, or in letters of like power, without regard to the intermediate languages through which words have come to us, must be manifest to every scholar. We recollect being once present at an exercise in Hebrew, in the lecture-room, when the word דָּקַר occurred. It was at a time when the mode of studying that language was improving, and it was becoming common to speak disparagingly of Parkhurst's Lexicon, which had enjoyed its day of reputation. It was remarked by one present, without knowing the fact, that in Parkhurst would probably be found under that word, as a derivative, the English word *dagger*, especially as the Hebrew verb signifies *to pierce*, or *stab*. Accordingly, in consulting Parkhurst under the Hebrew word, were found, as derivatives — *dagger*, *dirk*. Dr. Webster does not indeed thus land in Britain from Asia by a single leap, but he does it sometimes with an agility very nearly resembling it.

Dr. Webster has entered more deeply into etymological researches, and with greater success, than any of his predecessors in the same vocation. Much, to be sure, as it necessarily must be, he possesses in common with others. What is peculiar to himself is often curious, as well as satisfactory; but from some of his decisions there may be good reasons

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for dissent. On a review of his labor, he must doubtless find less effected, than he had promised to himself, and had led the public to expect. "The aspect of this subject" is not "so entirely changed," as we were told it would be. It is acknowledged by Dr. Webster, that the origin of many words is wholly lost, and that the origin of others is so obscure as to admit of no certainty. It is on the etymology of such words, that the imagination of philologists runs riot; and all the learning and critical acumen of the author of the "American Dictionary," have not, on every occasion, made him an exception from those who are subject to this infirmity.

Great pains were bestowed by Dr. Webster, as we learn from himself, on the definitions of words. In this part of his work, he has supplied many defects, and corrected many faults, which had been copied from one dictionary into another. He has also given the more recent acceptations of old words, though it is to be regretted that he has often failed to cite his authorities. While much in the way of amendment has thus been done by him, he cannot be acquitted of all trespasses; such for example as superfluity (of not infrequent occurrence), and, in some of his definitions of theological words, the couching of a dogma of his own in the terms of the explanation. We are the more inclined to remark upon his superfluity, because this is one of the faults, which, formerly, he charged with much vehemence upon Johnson. And we are prompted by the additional fact, that he has recently brought into comparison, in one of our public journals, his own definitions with those of Johnson. He cites examples under several words, from which we select the following:

From Johnson.

"CAN. To be able; to have power.

2. It expresses the potential mood.

3. It is distinguished from *may*, as *power* from *permission*. I *can* do it, it is in my power; I *may* do it, it is allowed me; but in poetry they are confounded [and sometimes in prose].

4. *Can* is used of the person, with the verb active, where *may* is used of the thing, with the verb passive; as, I *can* do it, it *may* or *can* be done."

From Webster's "American Dictionary."

"CAN. To be able; to have sufficient strength or physical power. One man *can* lift a weight which another *can* not.

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2. To have means or instruments, which supply power or ability. A man *can* build a house or fit out a ship, if he has the requisite property.

3. To be possible. 'Nicodemus said, How *can* these things be?'

4. To have adequate moral power. A man *can* indulge in pleasure, or he *can* refrain.

5. To have just or legal competent power; to be free from any restraint of moral, civil, or political obligation. A man *can* hold an office, or he *can not*. The Jews *could* not eat certain kind of animals which were declared to be unclean.

6. To have natural strength, or capacity; to be susceptible of; to be able or free to undergo any change, or produce any effect, by the laws and constitution of nature, or by divine appointment. Silver *can* be melted, but *can* not be changed into gold. *Can* the rush grow without mire? *Can* the fig-tree bear olive-berries? *Can* faith save him?

7. To have competent strength, ability, fortitude, patience, &c., [what else?] in a passive sense. He *can not* bear reproof. I *can not* endure his impertinence. This is a hard saying; who *can* hear it?

8. To have the requisite knowledge, experience, or skill. An astronomer *can* calculate an eclipse, though he *can not* make a coat.

9. To have strength or inclination, or motives sufficient to overcome obstacles, impediments, inconvenience, or other objection. 'I *can* not rise and give thee,' &c. *Luke.*

10. To have sufficient capacity; as a vessel *can not* hold or contain the whole quantity."

Let it be recollected, that Dr. Webster professed to give *precise* definitions. The meaning of he word *precise*, he defines in his Dictionary as follows; "exact; nice; definite; having determinate limitations." And yet what can be more inexact, loose, indefinite, and unlimited, than the senses he ascribes to the little word, which he singles out for an example to prove his superiority to other lexicographers in his definitions? Johnson defines it, with precision, in a single line, followed by a few grammatical remarks. Webster, besides ascribing to it the true meaning, as including power, ability, possibility, gives it a physical, a moral, and a legal sense; a sense of natural strength, susceptibility, fortitude, patience, skill, knowledge, experience, inclination, motives, and capacity of measure, to say nothing of "&c." To these distinct

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significations ascribed to *can*, he annexes distinct propositions or sentences, and seems wholly unconscious, that, instead of interpreting the little auxiliary, he is all along interpreting the propositions or sentences selected to illustrate its meaning.

All this is about as appropriate, as if one should define a horse to be, —

1. A black animal. The *horse* on which she rode was black.

2. An animal with a man on his back. There came two men on *horse-back*.

3. A huge beast. All wondered at the hugeness of the *horse*.

4. An animal which is sometimes fed with human flesh, &c.

> "Like to the Thracian tyrant, who, they say,
> Unto his *horses* gave his guests for meat."

If we had chanced upon the example cited from Dr. Webster, in his Dictionary, instead of finding it in a communication of his own to a magazine, we should have regarded it as an example so peculiarly unfortunate for his reputation as a critic, that it ought not to be selected as a specimen of his definitions; but as it appears to be a favorite one with him, it seemed fit that we should expose its errors and fallacies.

There are no intimations, we believe, in any of Dr. Webster's writings, that he had seen, before his Dictionary was published, the parts of Richardson's Dictionary which had previously appeared. It is probable, however, that he had; since successive numbers of Richardson's work, which were printed in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana several years before the American Dictionary appeared, attracted much notice in Great Britain, and received great commendation in several respectable English journals. However that may be, their labors were in great part contemporaneous; and, as they became more known to each other and to the public, they came, as we have before hinted, to stand in the relation of rivals. Each of them had been employed, independently of the other, in preparing a new dictionary; and the two works are in many respects as dissimilar as we can conceive two works of the same period to be, the main objects of which are alike, and some of which should seem to require little else for their execution, than a mechanical kind of literature. Richardson appears to have proceeded, in his undertaking,

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more systematically than his rival. Nothing, however, is to be inferred in his favor on this ground; for the questions come up, whether his system is good, and whether the plan of his work is well and faithfully executed. For one of the leading peculiarities of his plan he acknowledges himself indebted to Johnson; to Johnson as a projector, not as an author. It was Johnson's original design to exhibit in his explanations, first, the natural and primitive signification of words, then to give the consequential, and then the metaphorical meaning. Such was the exposition of this part of his plan in his Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. In his Preface it degenerates into the mere shadow of his first conception. "In every word of extensive use," he says in his Preface, "it was requisite to mark the progress of its meaning, and show by what gradations of intermediate sense it has passed from its primitive to its remote and accidental signification; so that every foregoing explanation should tend to that which follows."

"This is specious, but not always practicable; kindred senses may be so interwoven, that the perplexity cannot be disentangled, nor any reason be assigned why one should be ranged before the other."

Richardson seized upon the great idea which Johnson first conceived. He has accordingly aimed so to arrange his definitions and illustrations of words, as to give their history as nearly as possible in chronological order. In connexion with this part of the plan he assumes the *dictum* of Horne Tooke, namely, that "a word has one meaning and one only; and that all usages must spring, and be derived, from this simple meaning." Hence etymology becomes infinitely important; though in defiance of the theory it might be shown, that many words have so far departed from their primitive meaning, as to render their etymological derivation little else than a matter of curiosity. The utility of this theory of language, when reduced to practice and rigidly adhered to, sometimes becomes very questionable. There is a higher law, the *norma loquendi*, established usage. It affords gratification indeed to the philosophical critic, to find the customary use of words vindicated by etymology; but this use, not etymology, however demonstrably true it may be, is the test of criticism, and opposition to it is vain. If we mistake not, the unlearned reader is in danger of being misled by some of Richardson's

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definitions and illustrations, in which the etymological meaning stands so conspicuous as to draw attention from the acquired and customary meaning, and undue importance is given to the chronological succession of his authorities and exemplifications. The genius and idiom of the language as it exists, determined by those who write and speak it in the best manner, are never to be lost sight of by the lexicographer. These it is his great business to ascertain and exemplify. But we must speak a little more particularly of the great work before us.

In regard to Richardson's vocabulary, we have seen it alleged that a large number of words are not to be found, which are contained in Johnson's and Webster's Dictionaries. This case, we should think, is well made out, and the deficiencies will probably be supplied in an appendix. We add to this the opposite fault; namely, the insertion of a multitude of obsolete words and worthless derivatives. Many of these derivatives are antiquated, and have long since given place to other forms, and some are not explained; and therefore the introduction of them serves to confound the unlearned. Numerous words are inserted from Chaucer, which escaped the industrious gleanings of Todd. We do not see the propriety of thus scattering through an English dictionary a glossary of authors unknown to the bulk of English readers. They are made little wiser by the words themselves, or by the citing of the passages in which they occur. Compounded words are sparingly introduced. They are not omitted by accident, as we may infer from the fact that they are frequently contained in the exemplification, when they are not found in the vocabulary.

We pass now to what is peculiar to Richardson's Dictionary; we mean the etymological arrangement, — the grouping of derivatives under the primitive words. We speak of this as peculiar; we mean that it is so in English dictionaries, and in dictionaries of other modern languages. All the lexicons of the Hebrew and the kindred languages were formed upon this plan, till recently; and the modes of derivation of words in those languages, by letters prefixed and changed, made the consulting of them very vexatious. So bigoted were the lexicographers to the theory of uniform, mechanical modes of derivation, that, when they could not discover a root from which supposed derivatives might be analogically formed,

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they imagined one which they pronounced obsolete. This system of lexicography carries with it the absurdity of presupposing the very knowledge which is sought for. Though it has some advantages, it ought not to supersede the alphabetical form; but if adopted at all, it should be superadded. Adam, in his Latin Dictionary, published about the beginning of this century, adopted the etymological arrangement; but, though his Dictionary is in many respects valuable, it has never, we believe, been extensively used.

The inconveniences of this arrangement are not so great in the English language as in some others, particularly in the ancient Oriental languages. From the manner in which derivatives are formed in English, they may follow each other generally without interrupting the alphabetical arrangement. But it is by no means uniformly so; and this method does not appear to be so convenient for the definitions and exemplifications of the words. No one can consult Richardson's Dictionary to any great extent, without perceiving the inconvenience of his arrangement in these respects. And though there is an advantage as well as pleasure in seeing the whole family together, yet it does not compensate for the want of opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each member separately.

One other peculiarity of Richardson's Dictionary, to which we have already incidentally adverted, consists in his manner of illustrating words by selections from English authors. His plan is to come down from the oldest writers in the language, to recent ones, and thus, as we have said, to present a sort of chronological history of words. Wiclif's Bible, Robert of Gloucester, Gower, &c., are among his most ancient authorities. Robert of Gloucester wrote when the language of England was in a transition state, not far from the middle of the thirteenth century, and about a century, probably, after the Saxon Chronicle was written. Whoever has the curiosity to see what sort of English he wrote, may gratify it by looking into Johnson's Preface to his great Dictionary, in which is printed an historical poem by that author; and he will be satisfied that Robert "used a kind of intermediate diction, neither Saxon or English." Richardson has generally selected those lines, in which there are the nearest approaches to English; but still many of his selections must be almost "all Greek" to many English readers.

We have already expressed our decided approbation of the

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illustration of words by examples, not so much for the sake of tracing their history (though we do not think slightingly of this), as for showing their meaning in combination with other words, in the productions of the best authors. This part of the lexicographer's work has by some critics been greatly undervalued; while the importance of etymology, in contradistinction to it, has been greatly exaggerated. Richardson's work, in this view, is highly praiseworthy. The author's purpose is, while exemplifying the changes in the use of words, and tracing them from remote to recent times, to keep present good usage also in view. But his zeal as an antiquary sometimes outstrips his affection for what is modern, as if it were also degenerate. Examples are cited in undue proportion from the oldest English authors, and they are often of little value. They are used in superfluous abundance under words, which have preserved an unvaried meaning from their Saxon origin to the present time, and differ in nothing but orthography. This is particularly striking and faulty in some of the compounds. The word *kind*, as an adjective, signifying the quality of tender affection or good will, is placed as a derivative under *kin*; and this meaning, sought for through three columns of exemplifications of derivative words, is found in a selection from Chaucer, and found obscurely in one from Gower, in a sort of pun or play upon the word. But when we come to *unkind* and the abstract *unkindness*, though the meaning is uniform, as opposed to *kind* and *kindness*, pertaining to natural affection, two examples are taken from Robert of Gloucester, one from Brunne, six from Piers Plouhman, two from Wiclif, one from Chaucer, &c. We might select other instances equally remarkable, to show how the system of the author is so rigidly adhered to, as to incumber his work with much superfluous matter.

In his definitions, Mr. Richardson, conformably to his theory, begins with the radical meanings of the words, however obsolete they may be. But it is impossible for him, in some cases, to bring down in regular gradation the acquired meanings, in his prescribed order, namely, the *consequential* and *metaphorical*. These varieties of meaning are sometimes mingled in his examples; and one must be familiarly conversant with ancient and modern English literature, to profit, in all cases, by his illustrations. Besides, it does not appear to us, that the consequential and metaphorical meanings are so

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generally and clearly different from each other, as to make the distinction of much importance. The radical signification of *long*, for example, as a verb, is, according to Mr. Richardson, *to lengthen*, *to reach* or *stretch out*; and the consequential meaning is, *to desire eagerly*, &c. Is not this also a metaphorical meaning? For a metaphor, to take Mr. Richardson's own definition, is "a transference or translation of the application of a word from its literal meaning, denominating some sensible object, or action, or operation, to supposed similar or corresponding objects, or actions, or operations of the human mind." This theory, therefore, of a threefold distinction in the meaning of words, is not of so much importance when reduced to practice, as it may at first sight appear; and we find it often to be a very subtile distinction, if not utterly fallacious.

Whatever may be the defects and superfluities of Richardson's Dictionary, it must be regarded as a very rich addition to English philology. The same remark is applicable to Webster's Dictionary; and our estimate of the labors of each of those authors far transcends that which either of them has formed of the other. We cannot doubt, however, that there are many scholars, — not more learned philologists in respect to the English language and its sources, for this is not to be expected, — who would use their knowledge with more judgment and art, if they should apply themselves to the same laborious undertaking. We here add what should have been said in another place, that twenty-seven of the thirty Parts in which Richardson's Dictionary is to be comprised, have reached this country. We have had the opportunity to examine them, and have availed ourselves of it, as far as our avocations would permit.

We do not despair of a great dictionary of the English language, far preferable to either of those on which we have so freely remarked; but we do not wish it to appear before the two living authors have reaped a generous reward for their Herculean labors. The materials for such a work are varied and copious. In regard to the vocabulary, it would be found that not a few words might well be discarded. A consistent, well-defined system should be adopted, and strictly applied in this part of the work, particularly in respect to compounded words, and technical and foreign words. The definitions already furnished, though they should be scrutinized with critical severity,

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afford great opportunities for selection and choice; and whatever modifications they might require, they are still such as to save much of the labor, that would be required to prepare them wholly from one's own reading and recollection and etymological learning. Much the same may be said of the rich illustrations of words by examples, in Johnson's and Richardson's Dictionaries. These may be greatly abridged, and probably better ones sometimes substituted; but similar examples from the best English writers, illustrating the language as it has existed for centuries past, cannot be spared. It is one of the most effectual means of preserving the beauty and idiomatic purity of the English tongue. Though it is not from a dictionary, as some seem to think, that we are to get a full knowledge of language, yet he must be singularly learned, who has never occasion to resort to it, in order to learn something that he never knew, or to recall what he has forgotten, or to clear up that of which he is doubtful. And though we are no perfectionists, even in regard to that kind of learning whose boundaries seem to be well defined, yet we greet with the highest joy and gratitude, those who approximate most nearly to what we deem perfection in an arduous literary undertaking.

ART. IX. — *The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* By ANDREWS NORTON. Vol. I. Boston; American Stationers' Company. John B. Russell. 1837. 8vo. pp. xviii., 248, ccxc.

MORAL evidence is of two kinds, — that of testimony, and that of circumstances. Not that the two are always, or indeed often, entirely distinct each from the other; for the circumstances on which a train of evidence is based, must for the most part rest on testimony, while testimony often bears to be interpreted as the type of some peculiar and decisive posture of circumstances. But, in the form in which evidence is applied to the establishment of any point of doubt or difficulty, there is always room for this division. We found our decision either simply on the assertion of competent witnesses, or else on the tacit documents presented by well-ascertained phenom-

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ena, which stand in the relation of cause, effect, or necessary concomitant, with one or the other side of the question at issue. The latter, or circumstantial evidence, is by far the strongest, nay, occupies nearly the same position in historical and moral inquiries, which in the exact sciences is filled by mathematical demonstration. It is the testimony of Providence, and cannot lie. It may indeed be rashly inferred and applied; voiceless circumstances may be tortured into speech; but, where the language is unforced and genuine, the proof derived from it is as sure as the laws of the divine administration are unchangeable. The evidence of mere testimony, on the other hand, in moral reasoning, corresponds with hypothesis in the exact sciences. It establishes only a degree of probability, varying indefinitely with the number and credibility of the witnesses; nor can it be said to approach to certainty, so long as a single opposing testimony can be cited. It may be safely relied on with regard to events of recent occurrence and extensive notoriety, or where the witnesses are well known to be keen-sighted, disinterested, and trustworthy; but it loses its worth and its power of conviction with every darkening degree of obscurity and antiquity in the events to which it is applied, and with every shade of ignorance, doubt, or suspicion, that may rest upon the competency or honesty of the witnesses. It gains strength only by the accumulation of independent testimonies; and this accumulation must be made up entirely of sound and firm materials, a single dubious, irrelevant, or objectionable testimony going far towards invalidating the whole body of proof of which it forms a part.

It has been hitherto mainly by the evidence of testimony, that Christian writers have attempted to substantiate the genuineness of our canonical Gospels. This mode of proof, in different hands, has been liable to two opposite and equally fatal objections. Some, unwilling to adduce any but the most unexceptionable witnesses, have cited too few (as compared with the multitude, which in such a case might reasonably be expected,) to create even a high degree of probability in favor of the positions, to which they testify. Others (like Less and Lardner) have weakened the cause they aimed to serve, by the heterogeneous combination of real and supposed, genuine and spurious, competent and untrustworthy testimonies. They have made vast and precious accumulations of

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materials for Christian evidence ; but by the form, or rather by the formless chaos, in which they have presented these materials, and by the stress, which they often place on obscure and doubtful testimony, their works are perhaps as well adapted to cherish skepticism in some minds, as to confirm faith in others.

Mr. Norton, in the work under review, has made, so far as we know, the first essay to prove, solely by circumstantial evidence, the genuineness of the Gospels. This mode of reasoning has, we are well aware, been long and successfully employed with regard to the authenticity of the Gospel history ; but we apprehend that its application to the critical question, whether our Gospels were indubitably the works of their reputed authors, has never before been attempted. This volume then, though its materials have always been the property of the Christian world, is, in its aim and structure, original and unique. The writer rejects all witnesses, whose testimony lies open to any rational objection, as also all those, who may be regarded as insulated and irresponsible, who speak for themselves alone, whose assertions cannot be viewed as the voice of an age or a community, or as indubitable indications of some peculiar and pertinent posture of circumstances or course of events. By this expurgating process, he admits so few witnesses upon the stand, that, in the mere form of independent and unconnected testimony, their voices would be of little weight, and the argument founded upon them unsubstantial and vague. But he connects each individual testimony with the circumstances under which it is given, with the position and relations of its author, with the light cast from extraneous sources upon his fidelity and competency, and with the general features of the times as made known on unquestionable authority ; and on all these points he never assumes the postulates of those, whose sentiments coincide with his own, but uniformly takes his departure from the admissions of his opponents. He likewise so arranges and confronts his few select witnesses, as to make them mutually illustrate and confirm each other's testimony. And then he fortifies them on every hand by the strongest considerations of intrinsic probability, grounded on the results of uniform experience, and the recognised laws of human belief and conduct. He has thus constructed, on fewer and simpler data than have ever before been deemed competent,

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a fabric of adamantine firmness. He has placed beyond dispute the authorship of our canonical Gospels ; and, this point being established, little is left for the defender of the Christian faith to do ; for, if our Gospels were written by the men whose names they bear, the authenticity of their records and the divine mission of their great teacher hardly need the show of argument.

In the light, in which we have presented it, the work before us not only demands a grateful welcome from the theological reviewer ; but may claim respectful notice from a merely literary journal, as a rare specimen of erudite archæological research, acute criticism, and invincible argument, while, did not the magnitude of the subject preclude comment on minor beauties, we might hold forth this volume to our readers as constituting, by its precision, force, and Attic purity of style, a most valuable contribution to the infant literature of the country. For these reasons we offer a hasty sketch of its design, and analysis of its contents, in the unhesitating assurance, that in so doing we shall not be regarded as transgressing our legitimate scope.

Mr. Norton's work is not designed to meet the cavils of the class of men commonly called *infidels*. They, as a body, have been long since driven from the fair field of argument, and have contented themselves with hurling the missiles of ridicule and abuse. But, among professedly Christian theologians, there have recently been propounded and cherished theories, which seem to many of their brethren no less subversive of the foundations of our common faith, than were the unmasked attacks of Hume and Voltaire. The school of critics, to which we refer, at the head of which we must place the name of Eichhorn, is very numerous in Germany, has found in England an able expositor and defender in Bishop Marsh, and is not without its disciples in this country. By the authors of this school, the Gospel of John is for the most part admitted as genuine, or, at least, its genuineness is left open for discussion. Their favorite theory relates only to the first three Gospels ; and, though it admits that these might have been *in a certain sense* the works of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, it goes the whole length of denying, that, as transmitted to us, they were their *original*, *independent*, and *uncorrupted* compositions. We quote, as condensed by Mr.

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Norton, an outline of the scheme elaborated by Eichhorn and Marsh.

"There was very early in existence a short historical sketch of the life of Christ, which may be called the Original Gospel. This was, probably, provided for the use of those assistants of the apostles in the work of teaching Christianity, who had not themselves seen the actions and heard the discourses of Christ. It was however but '*a rough sketch, a brief and imperfect account, without historical plan or methodical arrangement.*' In this respect it was, according to Eichhorn, very different from our four Gospels. 'These present no rough sketch, such as we must suppose the first essay upon the life of Jesus to have been; but, on the contrary, are works written with art and labor, and contain portions of his life, of which no mention was made in the first preaching of Christianity.' This Original Gospel was the basis both of the earlier gospels used during the first two centuries, and of the first three of our present Gospels, namely, those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, by which those earlier Gospels were finally superseded. The earlier gospels retained more or less of the rudeness and incompleteness of the Original Gospel.

"'But they very soon fell into the hands of those who undertook to supply their defects and incompleteness, both in the general compass of the history, and in the narration of particular events. Not content with a life of Jesus, which, like the Gospel of the Hebrews and those of Marcion and Tatian, commenced with his public appearance, there were those who early prefixed to the Memoirs used by Justin Martyr, and to the gospel of Cerinthus, an account of his descent, his birth, and the period of his youth. In like manner, we find, upon comparing together, in parallel passages, the remaining fragments of these Gospels, that they were receiving continual accessions. * * * * * By these continual accessions, the original text of the life of Jesus was lost in a mass of additions, so that its words appeared among them but as insulated fragments. Of this any one may satisfy himself from the account of the baptism of Jesus, which was compiled out of various gospels. The necessary consequence was, that at last truth and falsehood, authentic and fabulous narratives, or such, at least, as through long tradition had become disfigured and falsified, were brought together promiscuously. The longer these narratives passed from mouth to mouth, the more uncertain and disfigured they would become. At last, at the end of the second and the beginning of the third century, in order, as far as might be, to preserve the true accounts concerning the life of

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Jesus, and to deliver them to posterity as free from error as possible, the Church, out of the many gospels which were extant, selected four, which had the greatest marks of credibility, and the necessary completeness for common use. There are no traces of our present Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, before the end of the second and the beginning of the third century. Irenæus, about the year 202, first speaks decisively of four Gospels, and imagines all sorts of reasons for this particular number; and Clement of Alexandria, about the year 216, labored to collect divers accounts concerning the origin of these four Gospels, in order to prove that these alone should be acknowledged as authentic. From these facts, it is evident, that first, about the end of the second, and the beginning of the third century, the Church labored to establish the universal authority of these four Gospels, which were in existence before, if not altogether in their present form, yet in most respects such as we now have them, and to procure their general reception in the Church, with the suppression of all other gospels then extant.

"'Posterity would indeed have been under much greater obligations, if, together with the Gospel of John, the Church had established, by public authority, only the first rough sketch of the life of Jesus, which was given to the earliest missionaries to authenticate their preaching; after separating it from all its additions and augmentations. But this was no longer possible; for there was no copy extant free from all additions, and the critical operation of separating this accessory matter was too difficult for those times.'

"'Many ancient writers of the Church,' Eichhorn subjoins in a note, 'doubted the genuineness of many parts of our Gospels; but were prevented from coming to a decision by want of critical skill.'" — pp. 9–13.

It is chiefly to establish the uncorrupted genuineness of our present Gospels against objections of this class, that Mr. Norton has prepared the work before us, which, however, as it is in the shape of a positive argument, not of a reply or rejoinder, might be read with no less interest and profit by one whose faith was endangered or shaken by any other influence whatsoever. The propositions necessary to be established, in order to vindicate the authority of the Gospels, both from the attacks of foes and the theories of injudicious friends, are, first, "that *the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were originally composed*"; and, secondly, that they "*have been ascribed to their true authors.*" The circumstantial proof of

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these two propositions, constitutes the two main divisions of the work before us; and the general formula of proof, to which every argument employed is reduced, might be stated as follows; "The testimony cited could not have been given, or the fact adduced could not have existed, under the well-known and universally admitted circumstances of time and place, had not the proposition now the topic of discussion been true." We now proceed to give a condensed view of the arguments, by which each of the foregoing propositions is established.

1. That the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were composed, would appear from the present virtual coincidence of all extant manuscripts and versions. There have been collated nearly seven hundred manuscripts of the whole, or of portions, of the Greek text, written in various and distant countries, from the fifth century downward. To these we must add numerous manuscripts of ancient versions in no less than eleven languages, European, Asiatic, and African; also many manuscripts of the works of early fathers, especially of commentaries, in which the text of the Gospels is expressly quoted. From all these sources may indeed be brought together a vast body of various readings, yet most of them so slight and trivial, that they can be ascribed solely to the common accidents of transcription; and nine tenths, perhaps we may say ninety-nine hundredths of them, affecting only interchangeable particles, or nearly equivalent inflexions of the same verb. Adopt any one of these manuscripts or versions as the standard text, and the deviations from it, which the others will present, will be neither greater, nor (in proportion to the number collated) more numerous, than are found in the antique copies extant of classic and other authors generally. So far then as the essential coincidence of the sources collated for the text of the Georgics, or of Cicero's Orations, proves that Virgil's and Cicero's works were not made what they are by successive additions and improvements by different hands, but that they remain essentially as they were written, so far do similar premises, with regard to the Gospels, warrant similar conclusions concerning them. From the day that our Gospels existed in any form, they must have been prized and sought; copies of them would have been taken in every stage of their elaboration; and these copies could not but have been recopied and perpetuated. It is in the very nature of things impossible, that the fact of this gradual

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elaboration should have left no traces in the now extant exemplars of works so widely circulated. It is indeed pretended by Eichhorn, that "the Church," about the end of the second or beginning of the third century, selected from the many Gospels then extant, our canonical four, as the authoritative standards of history and faith. He admits that they had then attained their present size and form. But there was at that time no organized universal church, or general ecclesiastical government, or system of concerted action; nor was there the least approach to any thing of this kind, until the council of Nice in 325. On the other hand, at the date assumed by Eichhorn, Christians were separated by frequent persecutions, by wide and arduous distances, by difference of language, by religious alienations and controversies; and even the schism between the Eastern and Western churches may be traced thus early, the former having already been excommunicated by the Bishop of Rome. Where then was "the Church" universal, which had either the authority to impose, or the submissiveness to receive from any then existing hierarchy, a set of symbolical books to the exclusion of those previously used?

To the exclusion of those previously used, we say; for no one pretends that Christians in general were without some record of their Master's life. In fact, there is abundant proof that *Gospels*, genuine or spurious, were in current use in every Christian community. There must have been, on the lowest possible estimate, at least three millions of Christians at the end of the second century. Allowing only a copy of a single Gospel to every fifty souls, there were then extant, and scattered over the then known world, sixty thousand copies of Gospels. If of other than our present Gospels, on Eichhorn's hypothesis, they must have been taken by ecclesiastical authority out of the hands of the everywhere-scattered and many-tongued owners, and so generally destroyed as to prevent their reproduction by copyists,* and in their place must have been substituted, by the same authority, copies, in every

* The apocryphal Gospels, which have been recently, and from questionable motives, brought from the dust of antiquarian shelves into popular circulation, need not be considered in this connexion; for their comparatively recent origin, and the entire falsity of the pretence that they ever had reception or authority in the church, are at once well known to the veriest tyros, and admitted by the wildest visionaries in biblical criticism.

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language, of our present Gospels; and all this must have taken place among orthodox and heretics, in the East and in the West, so quietly and with so little opposition, as to leave no trace in the history of the times, as to be entirely forgotten in the next century, nay, more, as to enable Irenæus, (who died in 202, and must have lived in the very days of this overturn,) in writing against heretics, with whom he must have been on his guard against arrogant assumptions, to refer to our present Gospels as the only ones that had ever been in existence, and as then retaining their original form. *Credat Judæus.* But if the Gospels extant at the end of the second century, to the general reception and acknowledged authority of which we have the testimony of Irenæus, were the same Gospels that we now have, we can account for the footing which they then held in the Christian community, only by assigning to the same identical Gospels a date so much earlier, as to throw back their authorship, in their present form, upon the age of their reputed authors, and thus to settle the question of their integrity.

These considerations may be fortified by numerous collateral arguments. And foremost among these we may place the reverence with which the Gospels were uniformly regarded by the early Christians. There is hardly an ecclesiastical father, who does not bear ample testimony to as general and implicit a veneration for these records, as is now entertained for them by a vast majority of private believers. This reverence, in these latter days, might be grounded on ignorance; but it could not have been so at a period when all the circumstances connected with the authorship of the Gospels were within the easy reach of the curious and skeptical. Books which were undergoing a constant process of interpolation and change, at the pleasure of every transcriber, could not have fastened themselves so strongly on the devout veneration of the pious; nor, on the other hand, would piety have permitted a process thus sacrilegious, on books that had once gained so strong a hold on the reverence of the Christian community. In fact, the fathers are not silent with regard to the interpolation of their sacred records; but express themselves with the most devout horror concerning so foul a sin, which they could not have done, had these very books been the result of successive interpolations. In fine, the reverence, which they uniformly manifest for the Gospels, is of a kind and degree, which, in

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accordance with the laws of mind, can be accounted for only by supposing these narratives the uncorrupted works of Apostles and primitive disciples.

Again, there is in the Gospels themselves, abundant internal evidence, that they were the independent works, each of a distinct author.

"Each Gospel is distinguished from the others, by individual peculiarities in the use of language, and other characteristics exclusively its own. Any one familiar with the originals, perceives, for instance, that Mark, is a writer less acquainted with the Greek language than Luke, and having less command of proper expression. His style is, in consequence, more affected by the idiom of the Hebrew, more harsh, more unformed, more barbarous, in the technical sense of that word. If you were to transfer into Luke's Gospel a chapter from that of Mark, every critic would at once perceive its dissimilitude to the general style of the former. The difference would be still more remarkable, if you were to insert a portion from Mark in John's Gospel. But the very distinctive character of the style of the Gospels generally, and the peculiar character of each Gospel, are irreconcilable with the notion, that they have been brought to their present state by additions and alterations of successive copiers. A diversity of hands would have produced in each Gospel a diversity of style and character. Instead of the uniformity that now appears, the modes of conception and expression would have been inconsistent and vacillating." — pp. 78, 79.

But, waving considerations growing out of each evangelist's individuality of style, and the well-known difficulty of imitating another's style so closely that the difference of hands cannot be traced, there is yet an historical circumstance, which would have rendered the composition of the entire Gospels, or the interpolation of any portions of them, at a later than their usually assigned date, peculiarly impracticable. The Gospels are written throughout in Hellenistic Greek, a dialect created by the transfusion of Hebrew idioms into the Greek, and which could therefore have been written by none but native or naturalized Jews. Now it is through the Gentile part of the Church, that the Gospels have been transmitted to us; and, after the death of the Apostles and the destruction of Jerusalem, there was an entire separation and bitter enmity between the Jewish and Gentile converts. If, then, the Gentiles received their Gospels from the Jews, it

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must have been at a date not much subsequent to that, at which their authorship is usually fixed. And if the Gospels were afterwards interpolated, it must have been by Gentile transcribers, who were generally ignorant (as Origen complains) of Hebrew, and who yet were able to give to their Greek so Hebraistic a savour, as to render it undistinguishable from that of men, who were by birth or education Hebrews of the Hebrews. The idea of such interpolation bears absurdity on its very face.

Once more, the Gospels contain no anachronisms; and the whole history of fiction and of literary imposture shows us, how almost absolutely impossible it is for the most skilful and intelligent author, who takes his stand in a different age from his own, to avoid anachronisms. Even Eichhorn admits, (in a series of remarks on the records of the first three evangelists,) that "every thing in their narratives corresponds to the age in which they lived and wrote, and to the circumstances in which we must believe them to have been placed." This remark is unquestionably true; but without a miracle it could not have been true, had facts accorded with its author's hypothesis of the gradual augmentation of the Gospels by successive hands.

The following is also a strong point, and strongly stated.

"The character and actions of Jesus Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, are peculiar and extraordinary beyond all example. They distinguish him, in a most remarkable manner, from all other men. They display the highest moral sublimity. We perceive, throughout, an ultimate purpose of the most extensive benevolence. But this character of Christ, which appears in the Gospels, is exhibited with perfect consistency. Whatever he is represented as saying or doing, corresponds to the fact or the conception, — call it which we will, — that he was a teacher sent from God, endued with the highest powers, and intrusted with the most important office, ever exercised upon earth. The different parts of each Gospel harmonize together. Now let any one consider, how unlikely it is that we should have found this consistency in the representation of Christ, if the Gospels had been in great part the work of inconsiderate or presumptuous copiers; or if they had consisted, in great part, of a collection of traditionary stories; and especially if these stories had been, as some have imagined, either fabulous accounts of miracles, or narratives having a foundation in truth, but corresponding so little to the real fact, as to have assumed a miraculous character,

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which there was nothing in the fact itself to justify. It is incredible, that under such circumstances there should be the consistency, which now appears in the Gospels. On the contrary, we might expect to find in them stories, of a kind similar to those extant in certain writings, that have been called apocryphal gospels; which betray their falsehood at first view, by their incongruity with the character and actions of our Saviour, as displayed by the evangelists. We shall have occasion to notice them somewhat more particularly hereafter. Every one acquainted with the stories referred to, must perceive and acknowledge their striking dissimilitude to the narratives of the Gospels. A dissimilitude of the same kind would have existed between different parts of the Gospels, if they had grown, as has been imagined, to their present form, by a gradual contribution of traditional tales. On the contrary, their consistency in the representation of our Saviour is one among the many proofs, that they have been preserved essentially as they were first written." — pp. 86 – 88.

A part of the considerations which have been adduced, apply to St. Matthew's Gospel, only from the date of its translation into the Greek. But that the Hebrew exemplar, from which this translation was made, had suffered little or no corruption or augmentation, we may infer from the general uniformity and consistency of style, from the absence of all anachronisms, from the strongly marked and pervading individuality of the work, and from its coincidence in the main with the other three Gospels, to which all the foregoing arguments apply with full force.

2. The second part of the volume before us is devoted to the evidence, that the Gospels have been attributed to their true authors. Mr. Norton first proves, by authorities beyond dispute or objection, that, during the last quarter of the second century, our four Gospels were attributed to the writers whose names they now bear. The witnesses to this fact are not to be regarded in the same light with those, who might have given similar testimony concerning Horace or Tacitus. The fathers of the Church were official personages; they speak in the name, and are to be regarded as the representatives of their fellow-Christians. The fulness and diversity of the attestations, which they have left us, prove, therefore, beyond a question, that, at the close of the second century, Gospels, essentially the same with our present Gospels, were received throughout the Church, as the works of Matthew,

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Mark, Luke, and John. There is earlier testimony bearing on the same point; but it is objected to. Our author does not, therefore, in the first instance, avail himself of it. But he takes his stand on the ground conceded by his opponents, and proves that these testimonies could not have been given, at the time when, and in the circumstances under which they were given, had not Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John written the Gospels that bear their respective names.

Now Christians at the period in question were fully able to determine, whether the Gospels were genuine or not. Irenæus, who died in 202, informs us, that he had listened to the preaching of Polycarp, a disciple of St. John. Only a single link then was needed, to connect the old men of his day with the apostolic age. Had the Gospels been written at a later date, or by different authors, than we now suppose, there would have been those living, who could have traced them to their spurious origin, or could, at least, have borne the negative testimony, that they had heard of no such books, as having emanated from the Apostolic family. The absence of all such testimony is positive proof, that the facts included in the genuineness of the Gospels were within the distinct knowledge of Irenæus and his contemporaries.

In estimating the weight of the foregoing consideration, we must remember, that the question of the genuineness of the Gospels could not, at that early age, have been a matter of indifference. Christians were then obliged for their religion's sake to sunder numerous social ties, to discharge peculiar and arduous duties, to lead lives of the strictest self-denial, and to encounter enmity and persecution. They constantly appeal to the Gospels, as the sole authoritative records of the facts and motives, by which they were induced to do and suffer what they did and suffered. Such duties as they discharged, and such sacrifices as they made, are not wont to be called forth by a known imposture, or a tale of doubtful origin. Their conduct can be accounted for, only by supposing that they were acquainted with the history of the books, which armed them for effort and endurance, that they "knew that the records were true."

Once more, the connexion of the Gospels with the other universally received books of the New Testament, confirms their genuineness. With regard to eleven of these books, viz. the Acts of the Apostles and ten of St. Paul's Epistles,

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we have evidence of a peculiar kind, arising from the undesigned coincidences, so admirably drawn forth in Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ." Now, if these eleven books are proved genuine, it will seem improbable that spurious books should have gained equal or superior credit with the Christian community. The genuineness of a part is strong presumptive evidence of that of the whole.

The discrepancies between the several Gospels add great weight to the argument in favor of their genuineness. These discrepancies were observed by the fathers, and occasioned them (especially Origen) very great perplexity. But they never attempted to relieve themselves of their difficulties by casting doubts upon the authority of either record; a fact which proves incontestably, that the origin of each of the Gospels was too well known to be gainsaid. In fact, no other hypothesis, but that the four all proceeded from the highest authority, can account for their general reception as possessed of equal claims to credence and veneration. Had one been first received, the discrepancies between the others and it, would have kept them in disesteem; or, had all four been simultaneously thrown upon the Christian community, their mutual contradictions, apparent and real, would have cast them into common discredit and oblivion. But, if the authorship of the Gospels was known, then the authority of the writers would have overborne, as it did, the doubts which seemingly inconsistent accounts might have cast upon the sacred narratives.

With regard to the first three Gospels, our author shows very lucidly, that their peculiar phenomena of coincidence and discrepancy can be accounted for on no other ground, than that of their genuineness.

Mr. Norton's argument is complete and conclusive, without the testimony of Justin Martyr; and Justin Martyr is put out of court by the critics of Eichhorn's school, as having used and quoted other Memoirs than our present Gospels. But Mr. Norton, after having shown that he can well dispense with this witness, vindicates his right to testify to the point at issue, and exhibits the clearness, fulness, and weight of his testimony, in a chapter of great acumen and power.

A short chapter follows, giving the testimony of Papias (as transmitted by Eusebius) to the genuineness of Matthew's and Mark's Gospels, and of Luke to that of his own in the proem to his "Acts of the Apostles."

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Mr. Norton lays no stress on any arguments drawn from the writings commonly attributed to the apostolic fathers. In those writings, there are many things that accord with, and none that militate against, the contents of our canonical Gospels. But they contain no direct and formal quotations from our evangelists. Supposing them genuine, the facts and sayings, which they cite from the life of Jesus, might have been learned by oral communication, and, in that case, though they would do much towards confirming the authenticity, they would bear only indirectly upon the genuineness of the Gospels. But most of these writings must, by impartial criticism, be referred to an age, which furnishes us a competent number of direct and sufficient witnesses, and can therefore add but little to the weight of evidence.

We have thus given a cursory and imperfect outline of Mr. Norton's course of argument, avoiding, as far as possible, theological technicalities, and confining ourselves to considerations, that can be appreciated by the general scholar, no less than by the professed critic. The notes to this work form a large and well-arranged digest of subsidiary matter, relating to the present text of the New Testament, the theories that have been framed to account for the origin of the first three Gospels, Justin Martyr's Quotations, and the genuineness and worth of the writings ascribed to the apostolic fathers. Our limits will hardly permit us to give any account or analysis of these notes; and this we the less regret, as they are for the most part strictly critical in their character, and also involve several points of controversy, which it would be wide of our scope to discuss, and the settlement of which affects but indirectly the argument constituting the body of the work. The remarks in Note A., on the systematic classification of the copies of the New Testament into three *Recensions*, adopted by Griesbach and others, will doubtless seem to many readers to rest on less substantial grounds, than those which form the basis of the classification. For ourselves, we have been convinced by the note, that Griesbach pushed his idea of the *Recensions* too far, used extravagant language concerning it, and tortured into its defence many irrelevant facts and phenomena; but, with all the allowance which these considerations compel us to make, we cannot but think, that there yet remain sound and solid arguments in favor of the classification. In Note D., "on the Origin of the Correspondences

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among the first three Gospels," Mr. Norton passes in review all the principal theories of which these books have been the subject, gives us a thorough refutation of Eichhorn's hypothesis concerning them, and proves that their peculiar phenomena can be accounted for only by supposing them the original works of independent authors. To the critical scholar, this discussion will constitute one of the most interesting and valuable portions of the volume.

Seldom, perhaps never, has *oil* so well *beaten* been brought into the sanctuary of our faith, as in the work under review. Its preparation was commenced in 1819 ; and the studies and labors of every succeeding year have contributed to its present completeness and accuracy. The result belies not the time which it has cost. The work cannot but take its stand at once with those of Butler, Paley, and Lardner, among the main pillars and bulwarks of Christianity. Apart from the general service, which it must render to the common cause of our faith, it will perform also a service by no means contemptible for the rising generation of theologians. It will make them cautious and suspicious readers of ultra German theorists. Mr. Norton has in so numerous instances convicted Eichhorn, Stroth, and Credner, of misstatement, inaccuracy, and inconsistency, as fully to convince us, (what indeed we had already suspected with regard to the first-named,) that, while the lightning of their quick-glancing imaginations may often reveal rich veins of truth, and their vast treasuries of learning may enable us to work these veins successfully, yet they can be trusted no farther, than they can be verified.

We hope that we may soon see the remaining volumes of this invaluable work ; and will close our grateful notice of the present, by quoting from its Preface the following account of what we are permitted to expect.

"It is my purpose next to show the strong confirmation of the more direct historical evidence, afforded by the manner in which the Gospels were regarded by the early Gnostic heretics ; a field which, though not untrodden, has been unexplored ; and then, after endeavouring to remove some misapprehensions respecting the historical, to proceed to the collateral evidence for the genuineness of the Gospels. The larger portion of the manuscript of the remainder of the work has been written ; but it is yet to be subjected to revision, and, after my past experience, it would be unwise for me to hazard a calculation respecting the

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time that may be required to prepare for the public the two volumes which will finish my design. Should life and health be granted me, I shall proceed as I have proposed; but it should be observed, that this volume is, in its nature, an independent work, and might have been so published, had no others been intended to follow." — p. vii.

ART. X. — 1. *Bibliothèque Américaine, ou Catalogue des Ouvrages relatifs à l'Amérique qui ont paru depuis sa Découverte jusqu'à l'An* 1700. Par H. TERNAUX. Paris. 1837. 8vo. pp. 191.

2. *Voyages, Relations et Mémoires Originaux pour servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique, publiés pour la première Fois en Français*, par HENRI TERNAUX. 3 tomes. Paris. 1837. 8vo. pp. 227, 162, 335.

THE attention that is now paid on the continent of Europe to the history of this Western World, particularly to its early annals, is as remarkable as it is gratifying. It is a singular but undeniable fact, that, at the present moment, there is a much greater interest felt in this subject by those who speak a foreign tongue, than by those who have a common origin and language with ourselves. We are continually receiving new evidences of this fact, and witnessing new modes in which this interest is manifested. But a short time since, we were favored with a copy of a Prospectus, sent forth by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, in which they propose to publish a collection of the accounts extant in ancient Icelandic manuscripts, relative to voyages of discovery to North America, made by the Scandinavians in the tenth and eleventh centuries; a work unquestionably of the greatest importance, inasmuch as it professes to comprise testimony, most authentic and irrefragable, to the fact that the northern part of this continent was actually discovered by the Northmen towards the close of the tenth century, and repeatedly visited by them from that time down to the fourteenth. The work is to consist of the ancient Sagas in the original Icelandic, (accompanied with Danish and Latin translations,) some of which are now for the first time published from manuscripts recently discovered in the public libraries of

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Copenhagen. Some idea of the value of these ancient documents, and of the interest that attaches to a publication of the nature proposed, may be gathered from the alleged fact that Columbus visited Iceland in the year 1477, and there probably gained information, that prompted the ever memorable expedition which terminated in his discovery of the New World. On the reception of this work, which has been in progress for several years past, and which was to leave the press in the summer of 1836, we shall take occasion to give some account of its contents, and to state what is actually made out and proved; for we must confess, that at present we feel not a little skeptical on the whole subject.

The works, whose titles stand at the head of this article, furnish another striking confirmation of the statement with which we set out. It has not been usual for us to look to France, any more than to Denmark, for contributions to our historical collections. And yet we have here the commencement of a series of works, which promises to shed much light on the dark places of our early annals, and to furnish very essential aid to the student of American history. The four volumes are all the productions of the same editor, and, with a commendable diligence and unprecedented despatch, have all made their appearance since the beginning of the present year.

The first work, entitled *Bibliothèque Américaine*, is a catalogue of books relating to America, which have appeared from the time of its discovery down to the year 1700. From the examination that we have been able to give it, we do not hesitate to pronounce it the most comprehensive and valuable catalogue that has yet been made. And this certainly is no small merit, when we consider how many have labored in this field, and what a variety of similar works have been produced. The first attempt of the kind that we know of, was, "La Bibliotheca Oriental y Occidental, Nautica y Geografica, por el licenciado Antonio de Leon Pinelo," Madrid, 1629, who generally gives merely the titles of the works. Then we have Andres Gonzalez Barcia's "Historiadores Primitivos de las Indias Occidentales"; and, in Portuguese, the "Bibliotheca Lusitana" of Barbosa Machado. Passing over these foreign publications, as well as Meusel's "Bibliotheca Historica," (Leipsic, 1788,) who devotes one of his eleven octavo volumes to this western continent, we come at last to the first attempt in English to arrange and register the materi-

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als of American history. This appeared in 1713, in Bishop Kennet's "Bibliothecæ Americanæ Primordia; an Attempt towards laying the Foundation of an American Library"; a quarto volume of two hundred and seventy-six pages, with an Index nearly as large. This was a work of great labor, and has proved of incalculable service to all who have had occasion to ascertain the sources of our history; and the author's merit is greatly enhanced by the consideration, that this volume is a catalogue of the books presented by him to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, for their perpetual use and benefit. In 1789, came out in London an anonymous work, of a similar character to Bishop Kennet's, in a quarto volume of two hundred and seventy-one pages, entitled, "Bibliotheca Americana; or a Chronological Catalogue of the most curious and interesting Books, Pamphlets, State Papers, &c., upon the subject of North and South America, from the earliest period to the present, in print and manuscript; for which, research has been made in the British Museum, and the most celebrated public and private libraries." It is a little singular, that this anonymous author makes no mention, in his Preface, of Bishop Kennet's catalogue, to which his own is decidedly inferior; and we should have judged that it was wholly unknown to him, had we not found the title of it recorded under the year 1713. After that year, coming upon new ground, his labors are of considerable service, particularly in the department of state papers.

Coming down to more recent times, the next work of the kind that we meet with, is Mr. D. B. Warden's "Bibliotheca Septentrionalis, or a Chronological Catalogue of Books relating to North America," an octavo volume of one hundred and forty-seven pages, printed at Paris in 1820. This is merely the catalogue of his private library, which he had collected during his residence for many years, as Consul of the United States, in the metropolis of France. This library was a few years since purchased by the present Mayor of Boston, Samuel A. Eliot, Esq., and presented to Harvard University. Similar in its origin and character is the "Catalogue of Books relating to America," published not long ago by Colonel Aspinwall, Consul of the United States in London, in which, as we have stated in a former number of this Journal, are contained some works that will be sought for in vain on this side of the Atlantic. The last and most complete work of the

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kind is Mr. Obadiah Rich's "Catalogue of Books relating to America," London, 1832, in 129 pages octavo, which was followed in 1835 by a thick octavo volume of 423 pages, bringing the catalogue down to the year 1800.

The "Bibliothèque Américaine" of M. Ternaux, as we have already intimated, is more comprehensive than any of its predecessors, particularly in its list of books in the Spanish, Portuguese, and German languages. It is evidently a work of great labor and research. It appears from his Preface, that the author has been for a long time engaged in collecting all the ancient relations and narratives that he could procure, with a view to translate and publish the most valuable and interesting of them; and this has enabled him to describe them more minutely and accurately than previous bibliographers had done. He admits, however, that there are some, which he has not been able to obtain, especially such as were printed in the New World. He acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Rich's Catalogue for the titles and descriptions of many English books which he had never seen; and adds that our ingenious countryman would have left nothing for him to glean in this department, had it entered into his plan to enumerate any works, besides those that were actually in his own possession.

We find in M. Ternaux's Catalogue the titles of some works, which we should be glad to get a sight of, and which we presume have never been seen on this side the water. Thus we have "A Voyage into New-England in the years 1623 and 1624, by Christopher Levett. London, 1628; small quarto." Rich says that it is a book of great rarity, and that there is a copy in the British Museum. Then there is "A Description of New-England in general, with a Description of the Town of Boston in particular. Published by John Sellers. London, 1682, quarto." It is also mentioned by Kennet, Meusel, and Rich. These two works should be obtained, and reprinted by our Historical Society.

In a work extending to one hundred and ninety-one pages, and comprising eleven hundred and fifty-three different articles, we can readily overlook some slight errors, particularly in American names, which, by the way, have always proved a stumblingblock to our English and French contemporaries; if there is a possibility of spelling them wrong, they are pretty sure to find it out, and adopt it. Some of our author's blunders

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in this way are sufficiently amusing. Thus who would imagine, that *Mather Colton's* Life of *John Colton*, was our old friend Cotton Mather's biography of our venerable father John Cotton, of the First Church? Who but a Frenchman would ever think of converting the peculiar and honored name of Roger Williams, the patriarch of Rhode Island, into the trite cognomen of William Rogers? Another error that we have noticed is a little more excusable, where "New-England's Sence of Old England's Sorrows" is translated "La Nouvelle Angleterre *depuis* les Chagrins,"—*sence* being mistaken for *since*.

M. Ternaux informs us that he was led to prepare this Catalogue, in pursuance of a plan which he had formed, to translate into his native language the most rare and valuable works, relating to the discovery and colonization of the New World. At the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, there was a general interest excited by the discoveries of Columbus and his successors. The accounts, which they brought home and published, were read throughout Europe with the greatest avidity. Then they were as much sought after, as they are now neglected. This neglect, however, they certainly do not deserve; for, in general, they are accurate and trustworthy narratives, and contain much less of fable than their date and origin would lead us to suppose. The first adventurers and conquerors, who were the authors of these histories, were far from being ordinary men. They were well acquainted with the countries which they visited and subdued; and, notwithstanding the time which has elapsed since they were written, we are still struck with the air of truth that runs through their descriptions. These works, having, for the most part, been written in the Spanish, Portuguese, and German languages, three centuries ago, have now become so rare, that it is exceedingly difficult to procure copies; and we therefore think that the editor and translator of these volumes has done a good service, in bringing them within the reach of his countrymen, and of the students of American history throughout the world.

1. The first work which M. Ternaux has translated is "The Narrative of the First Voyage of Nicholas Federman, jun." which was printed at Haguenau in 1557. It is a book of exceeding rarity, and M. Ternaux says that he has never seen it mentioned in any bibliographical work. It is almost entirely

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forgotten in Germany, and has never been translated into any other language. The author, Nicholas Federman, was a native of Ulm, in Suabia; but nothing is known of his life before his departure for America. It is evident from his own work that he was an experienced soldier, and the historians all unite in commending his valor and skill.

It appears from his own narrative, that on the 2d of October, 1529, he embarked at the port of St. Lucar, in Spain, at the head of one hundred and twenty-three Spanish soldiers and twenty-four miners, whom he was to conduct to Venezuela, in the great Ocean Sea. After a tempestuous voyage of twenty-eight days, he reached the Canaries, and thence directed his course to the island of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, where he arrived in December. Having remained here fifteen days, he took on board ten horses, and continued his course to Venezuela, about two hundred miles distant. After some delay, being driven back again to the island by adverse winds and currents, he at last reached the port of Coro, in Venezuela, on the 8th of June, 1530. From this place he started, on the 12th of September, on an expedition into the interior of the country, at the head of one hundred and ten Spaniards on foot and sixteen on horseback, and accompanied by a hundred Indians, who carried their provisions and whatever else was necessary for their subsistence and defence. The rest of his book is chiefly made up of a narrative of his adventures among various tribes of Indians, whose manners and customs he takes occasion to describe, chiefly in a country which had never before been trod by the foot of a European. He says, that, in his account of this expedition, he puts down nothing from hearsay, but relates what he had seen with his own eyes, and learnt from his own observation. After an absence of six months, having travelled a hundred and seventy-four miles, and penetrated fifty miles into the interior, he returned in safety to Coro, on the 17th of March, 1531. Remaining here till the 9th of December, he returned by the way of St. Domingo and the Azores, arrived at Seville on the 16th of June, 1532, and reached Augsburg, in Germany, on the 31st of August of the same year, having been absent from home nearly three years.

2. The second work in the series is "The History of the Province of Santa Cruz, commonly called Brazil, by Pero de Magalhanes de Gandavo," printed at Lisbon, in 1576. This

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is also a very scarce book, never having been reprinted; only three or four copies are known to be in existence. It is not to be found in any public library in Paris, and is very seldom referred to by the Portuguese writers who have treated on Brazil. The Spanish bibliographers speak of it as a curious, unique, and learned work. M. Ternaux accordingly produces it as one of the books on America least known, and at the same time most worthy of being so.

The author was born at Braga, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was the son of a Fleming, and after having passed a few years in Brazil, returned to his native country, and spent the remainder of his days in overseeing a school which he had founded. His History, which is one of the most remarkable works relating to foreign countries that appeared in the sixteenth century, gives a sketch of the discovery and colonization of the province, describes its situation and advantages, portrays the character and manners of the native inhabitants, and presents a very full account of the natural history of the country, including its plants, fruits, beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, &c. The most remarkable thing in the book is the description of the sea-monster, that was killed in the province of St. Vincent, in 1564. It was fifteen palms high, its body covered with fur, and on its snout it had long hairs like mustaches. When its retreat to the sea was cut off, it stood upright like a man, supporting itself on the flukes of its tail. The Indians gave it the expressive name of *water-devil*, it having been seen before, but very rarely, in those parts. To the original work is appended a portrait of the monster, drawn from nature. The whole story reminds us of Monk Lewis's thrilling legend of the Anaconda; and, although it borders somewhat on the fabulous, yet we know not whether it is in reality a whit more so, than the authentic and veritable account of our own sea-serpent, who from time to time enlivens the monotony of our shores with his welcome presence, and then suddenly bids us a *longè vale*. The author himself seems to have been somewhat apprehensive, that his fish-story would not be credited, and he therefore takes occasion very justly to remark, that "there must be hidden in the abysses of the sea many other frightful monsters, not less strange and wonderful than this. We may then safely believe the whole story, however extraordinary it may seem; for the secrets of nature have not all been revealed to man, and we ought not to deny and regard as impossible, what we have not ourselves seen, and what no

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one has ever heard of." A most excellent plea, which we desire to avail ourselves of, in behalf of the sea-monster who guards the coast of New England.

3. The third work in the series, and the last that has yet been published, is "The True History and Description of a Country situated in the New World, called America, inhabited by wild, naked, and ferocious Cannibals. By Hans Standen, of Homberg, in Hesse. Printed at Marburg, in 1557." This relation was originally written in German, and was translated by De Bry into Latin, and inserted by him in his great collection of voyages and travels. The original German edition was embellished with very curious and well-executed wood cuts, and is now exceedingly rare. John de Léry, whose opinion is of the first value and authority on these subjects, speaks in the highest terms of this volume, saying that he had read it himself with the greatest delight, and that it deserved to be read by all who wished to be accurately informed of the savage manners of the Brazilians.

The author, Hans Standen, was born in the village of Wetter in Germany, and, in the capacity of a common soldier, visited the New World twice, in 1547 and 1549, and returned in 1555, having been absent in all about eight years. In that space of time he was in various parts of Brazil, at Pernambuco, St. Vincent, Rio de Janeiro, and other places. In his second voyage, he was taken prisoner by the Tupinambas, a tribe who lived near Rio de Janeiro; and the larger part of the volume consists of a narrative of his adventures and sufferings during his captivity. He describes very minutely the appearance of the country, and the customs and modes of life of his savage captors, and also gives some account of the natural productions and animals which he saw in the new world. In conclusion, he says that he is aware the contents of his book will appear strange to many. But what could he do? "I am not the first that has visited these countries and nations; and I appeal to the honorable men who have been in America, and who will bear witness to the truth of all that I have advanced. If any young fool will not take my word, nor credit my witnesses, let him embark for that country, and ascertain the truth for himself. I have pointed out to him the way, and he has only to follow in my steps; for the new world is all open before him, to go where he will."

We cannot take leave of M. Ternaux, without thanking him for the pleasure and information which he has afforded us.

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We trust that he will be encouraged to proceed in his labors, and that he will continue to add volume to volume till his American Library is completed.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *An Oration pronounced before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, August* 23, 1836. By Caleb Cushing, Boston; Light & Stearns. 8vo. pp. 40.

This discourse, like all the productions of Mr. Cushing, is scholarlike and able. It breathes an ardent love of letters, and of country. Its main topic is popular eloquence, and its power in a republic like the United States. Mr. Cushing is a forcible writer, and abounds in illustrations drawn from a wide field of learning. His remarks on the eloquence of the ancients are discriminating. He awards them due applause for the glorious specimens of popular and forensic eloquence they have left us, without denying the moderns the ability to match them with their own weapons. While however we have read this oration with great pleasure, and think it well adapted to the audience and the occasion, we cannot but avow our opinion that Mr. Cushing's style is too elaborate. It is copious enough, but does not flow gracefully and easily. It has not what may be called a just modulation. The beginning, we think, does not strike the right key. The first sentence is as full and sounding as the last, as if the author had already worked himself up to a high pitch of feeling, and struck in, in mid-volley. This gives too artificial a cast to the oration.

However, it is hardly worth while to pick flaws in a piece of such various merit. We wish one in a hundred, of the orations which come upon us by the thousand, were a hundreth part as good.

2. — *Surgical Observations on Tumours, with Cases and Operations.* By John C. Warren, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University, and Surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Boston; Crocker & Brewster. 1837. 8vo. pp. 607.

This work was published, just as the present sheet was going to press. We have not had time therefore to examine it with

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the care that we could wish; but we have glanced at enough of its contents to satisfy us of its great value.

It is an important contribution to the surgical profession, and in a department of that art where light was much needed. It is precisely of the character that might have been anticipated by those who knew its author, being distinguished throughout by great good sense, sound practical knowledge, and a happy talent of discrimination.

This volume could only have been written by a man of long and extensive experience. For many of the diseases of which it treats are so rare, that few practitioners have an opportunity of seeing them sufficiently often, to become familiar with their nature and management. They are, however, important, and some of them within the control of remedies.

Dr. Warren has pointed out the distinctive characters of the various tumours which he describes, with so much clearness, that it would not be difficult for others to recognise them. He has also given the proper mode of treatment, including the remedial agents and the operatives.

The author has conferred a great benefit on science and humanity, while he has made a substantial addition to his well-merited fame. The mechanical execution of the work is creditable to the country. It is printed on handsome paper, with clear type, and illustrated by several well executed colored prints. To the accuracy of most of these we can bear testimony, as we had an opportunity of seeing the greater part of the cases described in the volume.

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3. — *The Works of* Rev. Jesse Appleton, D. D., *Late President of Bowdoin College, embracing his Course of Theological Lectures, his Academic Addresses, and a Selection from his Sermons; with a Memoir of his Life and Character.* 2 vols. 8vo. Andover; published by Gould & Newman. 1837.

President Appleton was born in 1772, in New Ipswich, N. H. He was graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1792, settled in the ministry at Hampton, N. H., in 1797, and called to the presidency of Bowdoin College in 1807, in which station he remained till his death in 1819. Diligence, sobriety, method, and fidelity to himself and others, especially in his moral relations, are traits, which marked his early years, and laid the foundation for the usefulness and distinction to which he after-

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wards attained. The reasoning powers and the taste were cultivated with much care, during his course of academical and collegiate education; and when, at a later period, he entered on the duties of the sacred profession, the same habits of study and mental improvement were retained. The noble science of theology, with its subjects of deep and wearing thought, was well adapted to the growth and strengthening of his mind; and we would commend his example during this part of his life, as set forth in the Memoir, to those whose station and circumstances are similar.

But it is as the presiding officer of Bowdoin College, that the author of these volumes is most known and remembered at the present day; and he is exhibited to us, in the Memoir, as possessing a rare combination of traits adapting him to this station. He was eminently successful as an instructer, not only skilfully imparting valuable knowledge, but forming the minds of his pupils by the influence of his own intellectual habits and opinions. As a disciplinarian, he was wise, cautious, affectionate, and firm; ever bearing about with him a sense of his responsibilities, and seeking, with untiring assiduity and self-sacrificing devotedness, the advancement and welfare of his pupils and of the College.

The task of presiding over a College recently founded, in which a course of instruction and discipline is to be established, and whose character and standing are yet to be acquired, is peculiarly difficult and laborious; especially when, from its limited funds, several branches of instruction devolve upon the same officer. And it was under such responsibilities, and in such labors, that Dr. Appleton passed the twelve years of his presidency at Bowdoin, growing in his own mental stature to fair and striking proportions, and at the same time promoting, as closely allied with his own advancement, the reputation and prosperity of the College. Exertion and duty was ever his motto, and he made the influence of his example and his guiding principles to be felt by those around him.

In reading the Memoir of President Appleton, we feel that one thus useful and revered while living, should be had in remembrance and known of those who come after him. And when a mind of high order designs and executes the image of itself in unfading letters, — the *forma mentis æterna*, — it would seem to us ungrateful, in surviving friends, not to frame the picture, and place it in the most favorable light.

The two volumes now published, embracing the works of President Appleton, contain, 1. His course of theological lectures, delivered to the students of Bowdoin College; 2. A selec-

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tion from his sermons, several of which are occasional, others his parochial discourses while in the ministry at Hampton; 3. His Academical Addresses at the Annual Commencements of the College, from 1808 to 1816.

In the course of Lectures, which, with the Memoir, constitutes the whole of the first volume and a part of the second, the theological student will find (along with the discussion of some doctrines, which divide the opinion of the Christian world,) a judicious digest of the arguments, which prove the existence and perfections of God, the soul's immortality, and the necessity of a revelation. And he will see much to admire in the calmness and caution, as well as shrewdness and intelligence, which characterize the course of the investigation. — The Sermons rank well in this department of literature. Dr. Appleton was not a pulpit orator, in the common acceptation of the phrase; still, he seldom failed to arrest and hold the attention of his hearers. He was, what is usually termed, an impressive preacher; and this power over his hearers was not that of manner alone. It was the power of thought, — of striking thought, set forth in clear, sententious, and strong language. There are also found, especially in his occasional sermons, passages highly polished, and of much beauty both of conception and language. We would particularly advert to his Election Sermon, which, whether we regard the sentiments expressed, or the refined and courtly style in which they are conveyed, is a production which has rarely been surpassed on similar occasions. We remember the favorable impression made at the time of its delivery, and are glad to see it where it may be preserved and read.

The Academical Addresses, republished in these volumes, are valuable for the statement and discussion of ethical principles, for their practical wisdom, and their literary excellences. They were prepared for occasions of much interest, and when expectation was highly excited; and it may be truly said, that they never failed to gratify, and to meet expectation. Some, at the present day, in running over the subjects of these addresses, may be surprised at the favor, with which they were received by large and mixed audiences; but those who knew the man, or even looked upon him, must have felt, that grave topics became not only his mental and moral character, but his physiognomy itself. These annual performances also, more than any others of his works, acquaint us with the writer. We see in them the very image of his intellect, and his heart; his refined, delicate taste; his purity and elevation of sentiment and feeling; and that love of discriminating analysis, which sent light through every subject of its investigation.

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We are told in the Memoir, that President Appleton entered with much interest into philological inquiries; and we see abundant evidence that it was so, in the chasteness and purity of his style. Few of our writers show equal correctness and propriety in the use of words, and of the idioms of the English language. He was also in an eminent degree a luminous writer. The basis of this valuable trait of style, is that precision and clearness of thought, which, as we have remarked, to an unusual extent characterized his mental habits. And what he saw clearly, he exhibited to others in a manner striking and impressive, with much strength and energy of language. To these traits, were added those simple, yet imposing graces of style, which indicate an imagination vigorous, but restrained, and a delicate and somewhat severe taste. We would, then, characterize the style of President Appleton as chaste, luminous, and polished, occasionally exhibiting passages of striking beauty and force.

Such are the contents of these acceptable volumes. For a more full account of their author, of the incidents in his life, and of his intellectual and moral traits, and further, of these his works, now collected and published as a just and we trust a lasting monument to his memory, we would refer our readers to the interesting and able Memoir of Professor Packard, which adds much to the value of the publication. The style, in which the edition is issued from the press, suits well, in correctness and elegance, with the intrinsic merits of the work.

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4. — *Statistics of the West, at the Close of the Year* 1836. By James Hall. Cincinnati; J. A. James & Co. 1836. 12mo. pp. 284.

Judge Hall's work reached us at a late period of the passage of this number through the press, and we have only had opportunity to look at the "preface," which, to use his language, he "appends" thereto. Of this, our journal is the principal theme.

Judge Hall is at issue with us respecting the merits of his previous publication, the "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West," reviewed in our ninety-second number. That he should be, is the most natural thing in the world; it is on this very point, that author and critic are likeliest of all to differ. We were entertained with his work, and we gave him praise enough for it, one would think,

"To fill the ambition of a common man."

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But we had a character for critical honesty to maintain, and we threw in the following qualifying paragraph.

"Judge Hall is not an accurate writer. In the work before us (Vol. I. p. 247), he informs us that Sir William Johnson purchased of the Six Nations, in 1768, their claim to the lands on the *northwest* side of the Ohio to the Great Miami. This does not appear on the treaty. Page 251 represents two grants from the Cherokees to Henderson and his company; whereas it appears there was only one, the other being a grant to the Crown in 1770. On page 31 (Vol. II.) he alters the date of the purchase of Louisiana, from 1803 to 1795, probably confounding it with the Spanish treaty of 1795. On page 36, he comes to the conclusion that there was nothing treasonable in the Spanish conspiracy on a dispassionate consideration of 'the whole matter.' But in this dispassionate consideration, he has wholly omitted the most treasonable features, saying nothing of the proposal made through Power in 1797 to withdraw from the Federal Union, and to form a government "wholly unconnected with that of the Atlantic States"; nothing of the one hundred thousand dollars offered to Sebastian, as a bribe to bring about this; and nothing of the concealment of the whole matter, by all concerned. All this looks a little treasonable. On page 119 he calls Kaskaskia a garrisoned town, when the fort was unoccupied, and the town defended only by militia; and, on page 124, he tells us that the capture of Vincennes in 1779 led to the settlement of Louisville in 1778."

Hinc illæ lachrymæ. "The paragraph," says Judge Hall, in the first place, "is not original, the allegations contained in it having been earlier made in a Western periodical by Mr. Butler, the historian of Kentucky." So be it. The charges are none the less likely to be true, for being made by two witnesses instead of one; nor is a critic to blame, for consulting different sources of information upon the subject which he treats; nor is want of originality any fault in a historical argument. On this subject of originality, Judge Hall will do well to revise his conclusions. The very vice of his historical works is, that they are too original. He confounds too much the departments of history and romance. Let him give to the incidents of his histories less originality, and to those of his romances more, and he will find that both will profit. Does he remember how Blumenbach once spoke of a book? It was thus; "There are in it many things which are new, and many which are true. But the things which are new are not true, and the things which are true are not new."—Our own remarks, which he disputes, relate to questions of history. So we but show them to be true, we are not careful to have them appear to be fruits of any inventive genius.

"Judge Hall," we said, "informs us that Sir William Johnson purchased of the Six Nations, in 1768, their claim to the lands on the northwest side of the Ohio to the Great Miami.

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This does not appear on the treaty." The treaty in question is that of Fort Stanwix. It is printed in full, in the Appendix to Mr. Butler's History. We repeat, the cession spoken of is not there. There were two ways for Judge Hall to meet us on this point. One, by referring to the passage, in which he supposes the conveyance to be made; the other, by denying the printed treaty to be a true copy. He has done neither; and the only reasonable conclusion is, that he sees himself to have fallen into a mistake, which he does not like to acknowledge. Yet it would have been better to acknowledge it, than to fall out with us for good-naturedly, though truly, charging it. — What he does in his embarrassment, is a thing wholly irrelevant to the issue. He quotes Mr. Butler as saying, "this title, *as has been maintained*, was alienated to the British Crown," &c. But if Mr. Butler had averred, not only that the cession had been maintained to have been made, but had been indubitably made (which he does not say), it would have been nothing to the question of accuracy between Judge Hall and ourselves. We suppose that he was led into the erroneous statement by a misapprehension of those very words of Mr. Butler, which he now quotes in his attempt at defence.

Again, we said; "Page 251 represents two grants to Henderson and his company; whereas it appears there was only one." Judge Hall replies, that he has in his possession the original documents, which he will show us, if we will call upon him. We will not fail to do so, the first time that we go to Ohio, if he remains as well disposed towards us as now, and as much inclined to accompany us in our historical researches. Meanwhile, we are quite sure, upon the faith of his statement, that two deeds were given; and we are about equally sure, that, in some way, we are playing at cross purposes with him, upon this point. We presume we may venture the assertion, that in no proper sense of the words, can a proprietor give two successive deeds of an estate, though he may give duplicate copies of the same. If a first grant is entitled to the name of a grant, it conveys; and that which is conveyed is not retained, to be the subject of future conveyance. In the present instance, the lands which were the subject of what Judge Hall calls the second deed to Henderson and his company in 1775, are specifically described by him ("Sketches of the West," Vol. I. p. 251); and they are the same which, by the treaty of Lochaber in South Carolina, October 18th, 1770, had been granted by the Indians to the Crown. In Butler's History (Introduction, p. li.), the domain may be found defined in an extract from that treaty. What kind of document Henderson, five years later, took from

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the Indians in relation to it, we cannot conjecture; but it would be wasting words to argue, that the land could not then have been in any proper sense the subject of a transfer from them to his company.

What Judge Hall calls "the next count in the indictment" in our article, relates to the date of the purchase of Louisiana, which we said he had changed from 1803 to 1795, probably confounding it with the Spanish treaty of the latter year. — To this he replies warmly, averring that "there is not a single date of any description on page 31, Vol. II., nor is the purchase of Louisiana stated, on that or any other page of the work, to have occurred in 1795." He had, however, at the place referred to, after speaking of events of the year 1795, proceeded as follows; "It happened that, very shortly after these events, the purchase of Louisiana, by the government of the United States, settled the long agitated question in reference to the navigation of the Mississippi," &c. We supposed, when we read this, that we were reading English; and on that presumption, our criticism appears as natural, as if,— remarking on a writer, who had spoken of the strife of parties at the close of Mr. Adams's administration, and then had added, "shortly after, the election of Mr. Van Buren to the presidency caused a temporary cessation of hostilities,"— we had suggested, that the date of Mr. Van Buren's election in 1836, had been confounded with that of General Jackson, in 1828. Henceforward, however, we stand corrected in the premises; and should we undertake again to criticize Judge Hall, we shall remember not only how "cunning of fence" he is, but how unsafe is the application to him of an argument founded on the usages of language. We understand him now to say, that when he spoke of certain events, as having occurred "shortly after" others, which belong to the early part of 1795, he meant that they took place in 1803. But really, if he is disposed to such a fantastic use of words, he should accompany his writings with an exegetical commentary from some other hand. Else, as historical authorities, the peculiarity of his rhetoric will render his works as unsatisfactory, as would the want of proper information.

Of our fourth assertion, relating to the so-called "Spanish Conspiracy," Judge Hall says, that "it consists of several distinct misapprehensions and misstatements." Of the "several," he simplifies our labor by specifying two; one, that we suppose the merely being addressed by treasonable proposals to be a treasonable act; the other, that we have believed and affirmed, that the proposals made by the Spanish governor were treasonably concealed by some of the persons solicited. In respect to

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the first, the fault is with the finder. We have entertained no such thought as he supposes, nor implied that we entertained it, having, on the contrary, expressly rested the suspicion of treasonable purpose on the ground of concealment. As to the second point, when Judge Hall ventures a denial of such concealment, he does it in the face of the most positive testimony. This testimony stands recorded in the proceedings of the Kentucky Legislature, in the year 1806. In that year, an inquiry was moved into the conduct of Benjamin Sebastian, a Judge of Appeals of the State of Kentucky, and a Committee was appointed with power to send for persons and papers. By this examination was the fact brought to light, that Sebastian, while in high official station in Kentucky, had been receiving for years an annual pension of two thousand dollars from the king of Spain. Before the same Committee, Judge Innes disclosed the treasonable offers made to himself and others, nine or ten years before. This concealment of nine or ten years, was, according to Judge Hall, no concealment whatever. He vehemently rebukes us for calling it so. Yet Judge Innes thought otherwise; for he was at no small pains to excuse himself before the Legislature, for not having earlier revealed what had been done.

Our fifth animadversion was, on the description of Kaskaskia by Judge Hall, as "a garrisoned town, when the fort was unoccupied, and the town defended only by militia." He urges, on the contrary, that a town which has a fort is fortified, and one which has militia is garrisoned. Here, again, is but a question respecting the lawful and convenient use of words. If, in the next edition of "Statistics of the West," its author should see fit to qualify Cincinnati and Louisville as "garrisoned towns," this is a free country, and there is no authority to stay him; moreover, both Cincinnati and Louisville have decaying forts, and a militia quite as good as was that of Kaskaskia. But his readers ought to be forewarned, that his use of language is peculiar. There was an ancient who professed, "ficum voco ficum, et ligonem ligonem"; but Judge Hall is not of his school.

As we do not find that he has taken notice of our last observation, upon the anachronism, by which the capture of Vincennes was represented as a cause of the settlement of Louisville, we presume that he admits its correctness, though he hastily speaks of having refuted "each of the several charges of inaccuracy, brought by the North American."

Judge Hall, having found fault with our censure, proceeds to find fault with our praise. After partly discharging our consciences in relation to his slips, we proceeded in our good-will, to say, "these are small matters," and to "recommend the

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'Sketches' to our readers as a work full of entertaining anecdote and description." At the inconsistency of this, he is confounded; wondering and chiding, that we should recommend a work as not wanting in entertainment, which we said was wanting in accuracy, and some other merits. But that which is a problem to Judge Hall, was none to Dr. Samuel Johnson. He said, of a book of his day, in language stronger than our benevolence suffered us to use, "though it is sufficiently defective to crush the vanity of its author, it is sufficiently entertaining to invite readers."

Judge Hall, having extended through his preface so much practical proof of what, he says, a volume is generally furnished with a preface to proclaim, viz. that "none are so indifferent as to its fate, as *him* who gave it existence," turns upon us, towards its close, in the stoutest *Hercles' vein*, with what they call, in the schools, an *argumentum ad invidiam*. In the article, which has offended him, we took occasion to speak of the character of the population of the West, and particularly of the Kentucky character; and we gave, substantially, the same account of it, which has been given by various writers. We said it was a character of *impulse*, both in its merits and defects; that, warm, generous, free, and bold, it was also inconsiderate, unconstrained, and headlong. We went so far as distinctly to imply, that the Kentucky genius contained the elements and the promise of a character of the most singular vigor and elevation. But, on the other hand, we spoke of faults to which this forcible genius tended; and, respecting ourselves, and those of whom we were writing, we chose not to speak of those faults vaguely and tamely. All this Judge Hall understands as outrageous denunciation, comparing, in his lively way, a part of the language in question, which happens to come at "the sequel of the article," to "the drop of poison upon the sting of the venomous insect." If we supposed this to be artifice, we should be content to tell him, that he underrates the nobility of nature of the western people, and wildly overrates his own capacity, when he thinks he can excite their displeasure against a discriminating statement of their faults and virtues; and it might help him to understand this, if he would observe the fact, that the article he censures has been quoted with strong commendation in the Kentucky journals. But we are rather fain to regard the erroneous interpretation, which he puts upon us, as but a further proof of that idiosyncrasy of his, on which, in another aspect, we have remarked above. Nothing more is the matter with him, in this instance as in the rest, than that he has crude perceptions of the settled force of language.

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5. — 1. *First Report of the Geology of the State of Maine.* By CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D., Member of the Geological Society of France, &c. &c. Augusta; Smith & Robinson, Printers to the State. 8vo. pp. 128.

2. *First Report on the Geology of the Public Lands in the State of Maine.* By CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D. Boston; 1837. Published by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts. 8vo. pp. 47.

IT certainly augurs well for the future prosperity of this country, that the wisdom of several of our State legislatures is leading them to avail themselves of the labors of their eminent scientific men, in searching out and bringing to light our immense mineral treasures. "Undiscovered knowledge," says Dr. Wayland in his treatise on Political Economy, "is just as rich in the means of human happiness, as discovered knowledge." And "who," adds he, "can tell the benefit which will result to this country, when Geology has revealed to us the riches which at present remain hidden from our view, beneath the surface of the soil?" This, it is gratifying to see, is in process of speedy accomplishment. Massachusetts led the way, and has been followed by Tennessee, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and the State, in the survey of which Dr. Jackson has lately been employed. His two reports will, we feel assured, be esteemed among the ablest that have appeared on the geology of America, and worthy of the well known talents and attainments of their distinguished author.

A resolve for making "a Geological Survey of the State, upon a basis commensurate with the magnitude and variety of its territory," passed the Legislature of Maine, March 28, 1836, in concurrence with a similar resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, passed March 21, 1836, in regard to her public lands in that State. Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, was immediately selected by the executives of both States to conduct the survey; upon the duties of which he entered early in the season, and prosecuted it during the summer and autumn. He was assisted, on the part of Maine, by Dr. T. Purrington of Brunswick, by Mr. James T. Hodge, of Plymouth, for Massachusetts, and by Mr. F. Graeter as draftsman.

The field of discovery was a new one; the labor of making a thorough Geological survey of a territory so extensive, and so much of it covered with dense and trackless forests, was extreme; and we have been pained to learn, that an additional discouragement has been presented in an unexpected and mate-

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rial reduction of the salary of the surveyor, already a quite inadequate compensation for such valuable services. Under such circumstances, it is doubly honorable to the gentleman, who had commenced the work in a manner so worthy of himself, and of the cause of science, that he determined to prosecute still, and if possible, to a successful accomplishment, his praiseworthy undertaking.

Only a small portion, of course, of so extensive a territory could be minutely examined in the short space of one season; yet, by a well-directed application of effort, a key has been obtained to the geological features of the whole State, which will greatly aid future observations; while much knowledge, of definite, and immediately available utility, in the discovery of valuable localities of minerals and ores, has been given to the world. The general plan pursued was, to examine the sea-coast of Maine, with its bold and rocky shores, numerous indentations, and lofty mural precipices, making frequent incursions into the land; and then to follow the direction of the boundary line along the St. Croix and St. John, to Madawaska River, thus making a *reconnoissance* of two sides of a square, forming the southern and eastern boundaries of the State. Besides this, a great number of minute surveys were made of important localities. The mention of a few of these may give some idea of the mineral treasures of Maine.

"The largest and most important bed of *iron ore*," says the Report, "is found on the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, at Woodstock. This bed probably traverses our territory, cutting through the township of Hodgdon, and running through an unknown extent of country. This bed is said to be nearly 900 feet wide, and its length is unknown! The ore is the compact red *hæmatite*, and will yield 44 per cent. of pure metallic iron, and 50 per cent. of cast iron. Allowing its specific gravity to be 3.5, and some of it will range still higher, a cubic foot of the ore will weigh 200 pounds. If the ore were wrought to the depth of 100 feet, and 500 feet in length, we should have for the cubic contents, $900 \times 100 \times 500 = 45{,}000{,}000$ cubic feet of ore. This ore yielding 50 per cent. of cast iron, we should have 4,500,000,000 pounds of iron that can be wrought from this bed, within these narrow limits." — *Maine Report*, p. 101.

The existence of this inexhaustible bed of ore was not even dreamed of, till the visit of Dr. Jackson. He was led to it, by seeing some specimens of red slate, covered with black oxide of manganese, which he instantly recognised as the matrix of the hæmatite iron ore. Its situation, on the banks of the St. John's, will render it easily available to commerce, while the smelting of

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the ore will create a great demand for charcoal, which will be furnished by the abundant forests on the public lands. Its vicinity, too, to one of our military posts at Houlton, renders it a discovery of national importance, and one which should not be overlooked by government.

Several valuable localities of roofing slate were discovered, the most important of which is that at Brownsville, situated forty miles N. N. W. from Bangor, and within two hundred rods of Pleasant River, a navigable branch of the Penobscot. "This locality," says the Report, "is inexhaustible, and the slate is of an excellent quality, containing no pyrites, and is capable of resisting, as may be seen on its exposed surface, the action of air and water for ages, without undergoing decomposition." By driving a chisel between the layers of the stone, "sheets of a perfectly even surface may be split off with great ease, which are of suitable thickness for roofing, and from two to five feet square." The quarry is on a hill, and the slate may be conveyed by a gentle declivity, on a rail-road, to the river. From data furnished by gentlemen well acquainted with the navigation of the Penobscot, it appears, that it could be landed in Boston, at the cost of eight dollars per ton, while Welsh imperial slates sell at twenty-seven dollars per ton; and this locality, in the opinion of Dr. Jackson, will furnish "an equally good article." "I feel no hesitation in saying," adds he, in his remarks on this subject, "that, in my opinion, Maine is capable of supplying all the United States with good roofing slates."

A species of green marble was discovered at Starboard's Creek and also at Machias, which promises to be of considerable commercial value, in the manufacture of *hydraulic cement*, into which it can be converted by a very simple process.

Black oxide of manganese, a valuable article in commerce, was discovered in several different places; in small quantities, indeed, yet sufficient to warrant the belief of its being found in great abundance. Some indications of tin were detected in specimens of wolfrenn, or ferruginous oxide of tungsten, found at Blue Hill. There are plausible reasons for believing, we learn from the Report, that the bituminous coal formation of New Brunswick, and which Dr. Jackson, in a private survey, formerly traced to Grand Lake, where a mine is now wrought by a company from Boston, extends through a part of the State of Maine. New red sandstone, identical with the sandstone of Nova Scotia, which contains gypsum, salt springs, and coal, has been found in several places, containing in some instances the charred remains of fossil plants, and impressions of fern leaves. A salt spring, which issues from the soil near the junction of this

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sandstone with argillaceous limestone rock, was discovered near Lubec, a chemical analysis of the waters of which has been made by Dr. Jackson. At Lubec are several veins of galena, an ore of lead, composed of lead and sulphur, contained in an argillaceous limestone, which are already wrought to some extent.

Limestone and marble are also among the great resources of the State. One of the most abundant localities of limestone is at Thomaston, where the quantity of lime manufactured the last year is estimated at four hundred thousand casks. This is sold at the average price of one dollar per cask.

Dr. Jackson has also devoted considerable attention to the comparative analysis of soils, and made a collection illustrating their geological origin, by which they may be traced back to the rocks from which they originated. The subject is certainly one of much practical interest; and this is, we believe, the only collection that has been made in this country to illustrate it. Numerous drawings and plates, by Mr. Graeter, illustrating the subjects of the Reports, accompany them.

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6. — *Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. Delivered in Rome.* By Nicholas Wiseman, D. D., Principal of the English College, and Professor in the University of Rome. Andover; Gould & Newman. 1837. 8vo. pp. 404.

Dr. Wiseman, we are told, in the advertisement to this edition of his Lectures, is the head of the English College at Rome, an institution devoted to the instruction of young men in theology, under the supervision of a cardinal, and receiving the attention of the head of the Romish Church. We are also told, that Dr. Wiseman was born of English parents, in Spain; and though we are not informed concerning the places in which he received his education, or the methods in which he pursued his early studies, it is evident that he is a man of varied learning; and he has shown himself, on another occasion, well acquainted with the writings of some of the most distinguished German authors.

About two fifths of the present work are taken up with the early history of the human race. Beginning without any thesis or theory on the subject, the author plunges deeply into comparative philology; or, to call it by its recent and more learned name, *Ethnography*, that is, the classing of nations by means of the comparative study of languages. He adverts to the limited

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views of the linguists of former times, in looking only for a lineal descent of words, where collateral branches might have extended, and in relying upon direct etymological derivation without comparing the affinities of various kindred languages or dialects. Instead of supporting a system, Dr. Wiseman turns himself to facts, and does not begin to philosophize till he thinks that the boundaries of observation have been faithfully explored. When a considerable number of words in two languages nearly resemble each other, notwithstanding there is a great want of resemblance in other words, a strong presumption is furnished that they sprung from a common, primary language.

Every one, who has any fondness for philological pursuits, must receive much gratification from examining the portion of the Lectures of which we are now speaking. Besides the condensed history which the author furnishes of the labors of the learned in this department, in different countries, he holds impartially the scales in which he weighs the opposite opinions concerning the original unity of all language. Among those who have aimed to demonstrate this unity, he singles out with special favor *Alexander Von Humbolt, Julius Klaproth,* and *Frederic Schlegel;* the first of whom pronounces the following strong decision as the result of his extensive inquiries; —

"However insulated certain languages may at first appear, however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them; and their numerous relations will be more perceived, in proportion as the philosophical history of nations, and the study of languages, shall be brought to perfection." — p. 68.

The difficulty of tracing the relationship of the new world with the old, by means of comparative philology, is admitted by Dr. Wiseman. Still, the traditions that prevail among the Aborigines, on portions of this continent, relative to the early history of the human race, analogous to those of the Asiatics, go to establish, in his opinion, a common origin. Under the disadvantages of comparing the American unwritten dialects with those of Eastern Asia, it could hardly be expected that fragments enough could be found in the former, of a primitive language, to reconstruct their original speech, and show its identity with the language from which it had so long and so widely diverged.

The oneness of the human race is discussed in these Lectures, at much length; and the aid of learned travellers and scientific physiologists is called in to prove a unity of origin, notwithstanding the marked varieties which have been wrought by time and circumstances. The author does not deny or shun the difficul-

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ties of the subject; while he acknowledges that the way in which nature has wrought in producing this variety is mysterious, he maintains that there is no impossibility, that races, apparently so peculiar and so unlike in many particulars, should have sprung from one family.

The following is a brief summary of what the author has attempted in a portion of this subject, which we select, together with the illustrations he has annexed. These are striking and ingenious.

"We have seen it well established; first, that among animals acknowledged to be of one species, there have arisen varieties similar to those in the human race, and not less diverse from one another. Secondly, that nature tends, in the human species, to produce varieties in one race approaching to the characteristics of the others. Thirdly, that sporadic varieties of the most extraordinary sort, may be propagated by descent. Fourthly, that we can find sufficient proofs, in the languages and in the characteristics of larger bodies, or entire nations compared, of their transition from one race to another. Fifthly, that though the origin of the black race is yet involved in mystery, yet are there sufficient facts collected to prove the possibility of its having arisen from another, particularly if, in addition to the action of heat, we admit that of moral causes acting upon the physical organization.

"And here I will remark, that we are often precipitate and unjust, in judging of the past by causes now in action. It is indeed true that nature is constant and regular in her operations; but if, in the short course of our experience, or that of past observers, no variation may have been noted in the uniformity of her workings, it is that the little segment of our duration's cycle, over which we and they have travelled, is but as a straight line, an infinitesimal element, whose curvature can only appear, when referred to a much larger portion of her circumference. That, besides the partial laws with which we are acquainted, there have been others once most active, whose agency is now either suspended or concealed, the study of the world must easily convince us. There were times, within the verge of mythological history, when volcanoes raged in almost every chain of mountains; when lakes dried up, or suddenly appeared, in many valleys; when seas burst over their boundaries and created new islands, or retired from their beds and increased old continents; when, in fine, there was a power of production and arrangement on a great, magnificent scale; when nature seemed employed not merely in the yearly renovation of plants and insects, but in the procreation from age to age of the vaster and more massive elements of her sphere; when her task was not confined to the embroidering the meadows in the spring, or to the paring away of shores by the slow eating action of tides and currents, but when she toiled in the great laboratories of the earth, upheaving mountains, and displacing seas, and thus giving to the world its great indelible features. And how are we to account for this, but by supposing in nature a two-fold

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action, one regular from the beginning, and uniform to the end, the other a mysterious, slow-moving power, which, though revolving on the same plane, travels over it with an imperceptible motion, proportioned to the wants of the entire system." —pp. 144, 145.

Geology, another fruitful subject in its relation to the Mosaic history, is handled next to the history of man, in this course of Lectures. The statements here made concerning the conclusions of modern geologists, in regard to the changes on the earth's surface, are valuable in themselves, while they serve to allay the fears of those who have taken alarm, lest the cosmogony of the Old Testament should not only not be verified, but should be even brought into discredit, by means of new discoveries in geological science. We cannot forbear, in this connexion, to extract the pleasing reflections of the author at the close of one of his lectures;

"And surely it must be gratifying thus to see a science, formerly classed, and not, perhaps, unjustly, among the most pernicious to faith, once more become her handmaid; to see her now, after so many years of wandering from theory to theory, or rather, from vision to vision, return once more to the home where she was born, and to the altar at which she made her first simple offerings; no longer, as she first went forth, a wilful, dreamy, empty-handed child, but with a matronly dignity, and a priest-like step, and a bosom full of well-earned gifts, to pile upon its sacred hearth. For it was religion which, as we saw at the commencement of this lecture, gave geology birth, and to the sanctuary she hath once more returned." p. 192.

Of the lectures on the remaining subjects, namely, Early History, Archæology, and Oriental Literature, sacred and profane, we have not room to speak particularly. The treatment of these, as well as of the other great subjects, is marked with frankness on the part of the author, when he is met by difficulties; while he ever takes delight in verifying the scripture histories, by the light shed through the advancement of learning and science, and by the great discoveries to which these have given birth. The history of science and literature here unfolded, in relation to the Scriptures, is applied in its results to the verification of revealed truth, not only as that history is drawn from the friends of religion, but as it is deduced from the writings of those who have carried on their investigations without any reference to the Bible, or any suspicion that the results would be so applied. Thus the antiquary and the orientalist are unawares made tributary to the theologian. The writings too of unbelievers, and even of those opposed to the Scriptures, are in this way employed in defence of religion, contrary to their expectation and their will.

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On the whole, we have been highly gratified with these Lectures. They are adapted to convey much instruction. And though the style has not the freedom and ease which we should have expected, if the author had been mainly conversant with English scholars, yet it is perspicuous and pure, and sometimes beautiful. Dr. Wiseman, as we have said, is a Catholic; and we add, so far as we discover his character and disposition from this work, a man of generous and liberal feelings. If he believes in the adage said to have been current in the church to which he belongs, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," he has no fears, on the contrary, that science and learning can, on the whole, or in the end, be converted into weapons of hostility against the Christian faith; for thus far, the more searching they have become, the more have the fears of the timid believer subsided, and the conviction of the ingenuous inquirer been strengthened.

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7. — *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land.* By AN AMERICAN. In Two Volumes. New York; Harper & Brothers. 12mo.

THESE two volumes contain a journal of the author's tour, included within the years 1835 and 1836. From various allusions throughout the book, it may be gathered, that he had previously travelled over the continent of Europe, and visited all the usual objects of taste and curiosity. This portion of his wanderings has evidently been selected for publication, because it extends over a part of the ancient world not often trodden by Christian feet, and yet connected by a thousand interesting associations with Christian thought. Without being a profound classical scholar, the author shows himself to be a man of good education and good sense. Without being an antiquarian or an artist, he shows a just appreciation of the wondrous remains of ancient toil and skill, with which a large part of his course was thickly studded. But the distinguishing merit of his book, is the unaffected truth and liveliness of his descriptions and narratives. He makes his reader see, as he himself saw, the varied and interesting scenes amidst which he travelled. The appearance of the country, the manners of the people, their condition and moral character, are delineated with a graceful ease. We have a series of pictures, rapidly executed, but full of minute and characteristic traits, that show the hand of the sagacious observer. In point of style, these volumes have little in them that can be

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objected to. They will sustain an advantageous comparison with the best travels of the day, and, in many important features, are decidedly superior to some of the most celebrated. They are wholly free from the poetical mystification and halo, which give such a vague and foggy aspect to the well-known work of M. de Lamartine. Our author does not allow the delusions of imagination to cheat him of truth and reality. He sets before us things as they are. The pastoral life of the wandering Arab has no charms sufficiently Arcadian to draw his mind away from the blessings of civilization. He tells us of the misery and degradation of the savage state, and opens our eyes, if they were not open before, to the absurdity of those visions of enthusiastic dreamers, who would have us believe that the state of nature, as they strangely miscall the wretched condition of the savage, is a state of primeval innocence and patriarchal simplicity. His language has an easy flow, and a pure English flavor. It reads like the pleasant talk of an intelligent conversationist, who enchains our attention by an unstudied narrative of what he has seen and observed in foreign lands. Like the language of the talker, it is sometimes careless, and even ungrammatical; the sentences are, here and there, a little involved; and now and then we come upon a repetition of what we have met before. Considering the book as a work of art, there are certainly blemishes; but they are few in number, and not very important in character. In fact, they rather heighten the graphic force of the narrative, and give us a still stronger feeling of the truthfulness of the work.

The journal commences with the author's arrival at Alexandria, in Egypt. He visited the ruins of that ancient city, and then took passage up the Nile, to Cairo, in which city he had the honor of being presented to his Highness, the Pacha of Egypt. The description of the pyramids, the sphinxes, and the works of Egyptian art, are lively, though they have nothing new. The incidents of the journey up the Nile are interesting and admirably told. The following description of a storm on the Nile, will probably be a novelty to our readers;

"The wind was blowing down with a fury I have never seen surpassed in a gale at sea, bringing with it the light sands of the desert, and at times covering the river with a thick cloud which prevented my seeing across it. A clearing up for a moment showed a boat of the largest class, heavily laden, and coming down with astonishing velocity; it was like the flight of an enormous bird. She was under bare poles, but small portions of the sail had got loose, and the Arabs were out on the very ends of the long spars getting them in. One of the boatmen, with a rope under his arm, had plunged into the river, and with strong swimming reached the bank, where a hundred men ran to his assistance. Their united strength turned her bows

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around, up stream, but nothing could stop her; stern foremost, she dragged the whole posse of Arabs to the bank, and broke away from them perfectly ungovernable; whirling around, her bows pitched into our fleet with a loud crash, tore away several of the boats, and carrying one off, fast locked as in a death-grasp, she resumed her headlong course down the river. They had gone but a few rods, when the stranger pitched her bows under and went down in a moment, bearing her helpless companion also to the bottom. It was the most exciting incident I had seen upon the river. The violence of the wind, the swift movement of the boat, the crash, the wild figures of the Arabs on shore and on board, one in a red dress almost on the top of the long spar, his turban loose and streaming in the wind, all formed a novel and most animating scene. I need scarcely say that no lives were lost, for an Arab, on the bosom of his beloved river, is as safe as in his mud cabin."

We pass over the remainder of this voyage, the description of Thebes, its stupendous temples and avenue of sphinxes, the tramp into the desert in pursuit of an oasis, and many other interesting matters, merely remarking that our traveller reached the cataracts of Upper Egypt, on the borders of Nubia, and that his record of the incidents, that befell him, is exceedingly lively and attractive. On his return to Cairo, he found the great yearly caravan of pilgrims for Mecca assembling, and the Sheik of Akaba was there, on a summons from the Pacha, to protect them through the desert, to his territory. After some negotiation with this distinguished personage, to settle an arrangement for safe conduct from Akaba to Hebron, including a visit to the wonderful city of Petra, he set off on his route to Suez, where he crossed the Red Sea, and immediately plunged into the wilderness of Sinai. His description of the ascent to the summit of the sacred mountain, and of the wild landscape opening on the eye from thence, is a favorable specimen of our author's uncommon skill in that style of composition. Having accomplished this ascent, one of the favorite objects of his journey, he entered upon the "great and terrible desert," which spread from the base of Sinai to the Promised Land. On his arrival at Akaba, he was attacked by a severe illness, but was able in a few days to commence the journey through the desert, having completed the arrangements, before discussed, with the Sheik. The route through the land of Edom, the visit to Petra, the description of the singular remains of that doomed and desolated city, must have an absorbing interest for every reader, who has the smallest curiosity to know the present state of those regions, which were the scenes of Scripture history, and prophetic denunciation. Like other travellers, our author found many things that seemed to him to show the literal fulfilment of the curses uttered by the Hebrew prophets. Without entering further into

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the subject, we remark it as a little singular that Keith and others, who insist upon the exact fulfilment of the curse pronounced upon the land of Edom, that no one should "pass through it for ever," have confined themselves to the case of European travellers, forgetting that roaming tribes of Arabs, descendants of the ancient Edomites, have traversed it at will, at all times and in every direction.

Our traveller reached Hebron in safety, and was quartered by the governor upon a Jewish family. He gives us many entertaining and instructive traits of the Jewish population in that place. His journey in the Holy Land, from Hebron to Jerusalem, has less of novelty in it than the portion through which we have already followed him. But what Christian can read without emotion, descriptions of places for ever hallowed by their connexion with the life and sufferings of Jesus?

During his stay in the Holy Land, he visited every interesting spot, consecrated by events in early Christian history; and of all recent travellers to Palestine, we think he furnishes the best picture of the country, the best account of its moral and religious state, the best description of modes of life, and of the ceremonial rites practised by Christian pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre.

We take leave of our entertaining countryman with regret. He has carried us through scenes and countries, which have an imperishable hold upon our imaginations and hearts; and we part from him, as from one who has freshened early and cherished associations, given new life to many solemn and affecting passages of Scripture history, and an impressive view of the ruin and degradation to which those venerable regions have been reduced.

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8. — *Inaugural Address*, by Henry Ruffner, President of Washington College, Va. Delivered on the 22d of February, 1837. Lexington; C. C. Baldwin. 12mo. pp. 24.

Washington College is situated in Lexington, Rockbridge county, about fourteen miles from the Natural Bridge, in Virginia. It enjoys the enviable distinction of having been the object of General Washington's patronage; and the Society of Cincinnati have given a title to one of the professorships. It is placed in the midst of the most magnificent scenery of Virginia, and hallowed by associations with the memory of the greatest man of modern times.

We have read the Address of President Ruffner with a feeling

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of unqualified approbation. It unfolds a series of views on college government and college education, remarkable for soundness, clearness, and a certain practical tact, all of which show a vigorous understanding, exercised by much experience in the conduct of affairs. The President writes in a plain, cogent style, making no attempts at showy eloquence, and bringing home to the plainest understanding matter of the greatest import. Instructions of this kind the public stand in great need of. Everybody nowadays considers himself competent to pass judgment on every thing; and education, in which everybody really has a deep concern, has come in for more than its share of extra-judicial judgments. The public mind (if there be such a thing) has been hard pressed with an infinite deal of nothing on this much agitated and little understood subject; and it must be greatly relieved (the existence of the thing being taken, as before, *ex hypothesi*) by the appearance, now and then, of good common sense, like that in the pamphlet before us.

President Ruffner gives, in the latter part of his discourse, a rapid sketch of the various departments of liberal studies. Without being original or profound, (indeed he could not well be either, while skimming over so wide a surface,) he has uttered a great deal of seasonable instruction, which we hope his hearers laid to heart; and we hope, moreover, that our readers will not be deterred by the ordinary type and coarse paper of this pamphlet, from giving it an attentive perusal, wherever they find it.

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9. — *Essay on Education, in which the Subject is treated as a Natural Science, in a Series of Familiar Lectures, with Notes.* By Mrs. Barbara O'Sullivan Addicks. New York. 8vo. pp. 48.

We can as yet form no opinion of the value of this essay, one lecture only being published. But we can judge something of Mrs. Addicks's style of writing and thinking. The remarks in this pamphlet are sprightly and vigorous, though somewhat rambling. There is a little too much about the "pride of hand" for which "the O'Sullivans were always remarkable"; and perhaps the ancient glories of the O'Sullivan-Bears were as well omitted in a discourse upon education. But we like exceedingly the method of showing the adaptation of the bodily organs to the powers of the mind, and the proposed arrangement of topics, to be hereafter discussed. When the plan is completed we may discuss it more at length, than the pamphlet before us affords the means of doing.

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10. — 1. *Proceedings of the President and Fellows of the Connecticut Medical Society, in Convention, May,* 1837. New Haven; B. L. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 12.
2. *An Address to the Annual Convention of the Medical Society of Connecticut, Convened at Hartford, May* 10, 1837. By THOMAS MINER, M. D., President of the Society. New Haven; B. L. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 12.
3. *A Report of the New Haven County Medical Society, on the Expediency of repealing that Section of the Medical Laws of this State, which excludes Irregular Practitioners from the Benefits of Law in the Collection of Fees.* New Haven; B. L. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 16.

THE respectability of the Medical profession, and the quiet confidence with which its members are in general regarded, have in a great measure driven out of the minds of men the remembrance of its condition in most parts of the country in former times, and the evils which were in consequence suffered by the community at large. The means, by which changes so great and so beneficial have been accomplished, are forgotten; and in some instances the Medical Societies, by whose agency they have chiefly been effected, have been made the objects of jealousy and reproach. In our sister State of Connecticut, an attempt has been recently made, mainly by the friends of the Thomsonian practice, to obtain a repeal of the statute, which withholds from unlicensed practitioners of medicine the benefit of law in the collection of their fees. Petitions from various parts of the State were presented to the legislature, and the Medical Society was served with a citation, by which it was in a manner compelled to take notice of them.

It is impossible to read the account of the proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Society, without the feeling that its members were engaged in much higher objects, than devising plans of personal advantage or professional interest. The address of Dr. Miner is an able and dignified performance, well adapted to the occasion, and to his position in the Society, from the Presidency of which he was now retiring, having filled that office for several successive years. It was a suitable time for reminiscences of the former state of the healing art in that community, in comparison with its present flourishing condition.

"In 1792," says Dr. Miner, "when the first legislative act was passed in our favor, there were a few physicians of high eminence, whose talents had been developed by the Revolutionary war, and other events of the day, distributed in perhaps every county of the State. In most of

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the *towns*, however, the great majority of the profession were at a very low ebb. All who chose to practise were legal physicians, however indifferent their qualifications. There were instances of men's setting themselves up for physicians, who had not pretended to study more than three months, and some of them had scarcely any other books than Buchan and a dispensatory. If possible, Surgery was generally in a worse state. We had three or four eminent operators, it is true, but it is probable that there were scarcely half a dozen in the whole commonwealth, who were prepared to meet any uncommon case. The department of Obstetrics was lower still, and though much of that business had fallen into the hands of the physicians, yet there was not probably a good practitioner to a county. Chemistry, Botany, and most of the auxiliary branches, were hardly known by name, and had received scarcely any attention from more than three or four physicians in the State. The knowledge of Morbid Anatomy was equally imperfect.

"Further, there being no acknowledged rules of medical police, and of intercourse as respected each other, many of the physicians of that day were perfect Ishmaelites, constantly at variance among themselves, acting without concert, and feeling very little sense of the dignity as well as the importance of the profession. Even several of considerable standing did not blush to avow, that they had their secret nostrums, and openly to resort to the low arts of modern quackery."—pp. 3, 4.

The Address throughout exhibits the philanthropic spirit of its author, in the recommendation of harmony and good feelings among the members of the Society, and of zealous efforts on their part to promote the public benefit. The subject of the peculiar duties of their present position, in reference to the petitions already mentioned, is touched upon by Dr. Miner, but is more fully discussed in the Report of the New Haven County Medical Society, (a constituent part of the State Society,) on the expediency of repealing the laws against irregular practitioners. We regret that our limits will not allow a more extended notice of this able Report. It first shows, in a plain and very satisfactory manner, the necessity of diligent and protracted study and observation, to acquire the skill to manage diseases. It might seem that no argument was needed, to establish what is so obvious; and the Report, in this and several other analogous instances, apologizes for descending to the proof of what ought not to need proof, by showing its necessity under existing circumstances. The proof exhibited however in this case is so conclusive, that it can hardly fail to convince even those, whose capacities are of such a calibre as to require evidence in regard to it. The only weak point we perceive in the argument, is in the supposition that *two years* are a sufficient time for the *minimum* of study. Our friends in Connecticut are, in this particular,

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behind the rest of the intelligent portion of the civilized world, in their estimate of the requisites for the commencement of medical practice. We know of no other community, where a license for practice is granted, till after at least three years of study.

The facility of imposition, and the necessity for some protection for those who are not able to distinguish, as the act of Henry VIII. had it, "the uncunnynge from the cunnynge," are exhibited in a series of judicious remarks. The precise character of the provisions best calculated to protect the community from such impositions, may give rise to some difference of opinion. In Connecticut, the chief reliance is upon the prohibition to enforce the payment of fees by law. A similar provision in our own laws, in Massachusetts, was repealed in the Revised Statutes, adopted in 1835, partly at the suggestion, and entirely with the concurrence of physicians, who have given much attention to the subject, because it was thought, that, in this Commonwealth, a more efficient and less objectionable protection is obtained by the rule of the Massachusetts Medical Society, that its Fellows will not consult with, nor in any other manner aid or abet irregular practitioners. What is principally requisite is, that the line of distinction between the educated and the uneducated should be strongly marked.

11.—*Second Report on the State of Education in Bengal. District of Rajshahi.* By W. Adam. Published by Order of the Government. Calcutta; G. H. Huttman. 1836. 8vo. pp. 79, xlviii.

Mr. Adam's Report of July, 1835, which was noticed in a former number of this Journal, presented a sketch of the state of education in all the districts of Bengal. The present Report is confined to a single district, and goes into more accurate and ample details. Mr. Adam has begun his researches at the point, where the investigations of Dr. Buchanan, made about thirty years since, terminated; namely, the district of Rajshahi. The first section gives an account of the subdivisions and population, with the proportion of Mussulmans and Hindoos. — The second contains a detailed sketch of the elementary instruction, under the two divisions of public and private, and arranged in four classes, according to the languages employed in them. In this part, we are furnished with particular statements of the mode of instruction, the extent to which it is carried, the qualifications of teachers, and their remuneration. From these state-

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ments it appears, that, though some kind of elementary instruction is very general, yet the standard of attainment is deplorably low. — The third section considers the state of *learned instruction* in this district, under the divisions of Mussulmans and Hindoos. Mr. Adam gives a particular account of all the institutions, endowments, funds, studies, and teachers, belonging to this branch of his inquiry. In the "Schools of general literature," which are thirteen in number, the studies are grammar, lexicology, poetry and the drama, and rhetoric. A list of the books studied in these several branches is furnished. There are also nineteen Schools of Hindoo law, which contain two hundred and forty-five students; two schools of logic, with four students each; and four additional schools of learning, a Vedantic, a Pauranic, a Tantric, and a Medical school. The first of these was but just opened, at the time of Mr. Adam's visit; the second had twenty students, the third twelve, and the fourth seven. The courses of study in each of these schools are stated at length. — The fourth section contains a history of the English school, established at Bauleah, the capital of the district, but now suspended for want of funds. At the time of its suspension, it had a hundred and thirty-four scholars. The course of instruction in this school is also described. — The fifth section furnishes a very curious account of the state of female instruction. — The sixth is devoted to a comparison of the existing means of instruction, with the wants of the juvenile male population, and an estimate of the amount of cultivation possessed by the adult male population. — The seventh and concluding section gives a very interesting sketch of the state of native medical practice in the district. The Appendix is made up of a series of valuable tables, containing a variety of useful statistical information, arranged systematically and expressed in numbers.

We shall look with interest for the continuation of Mr. Adam's zealous labors in the cause of education in the East. They are, of course, more immediately important to the English nation, whose vast possessions in that quarter of the world are directly affected by them; but they have a strong claim upon the attention of all Christendom, inasmuch as they delineate the present condition, and may affect the future destiny of the most ancient races, and the most venerable countries in the world. Showing, as they do, that the most important use may be made of native institutions for the promotion of knowledge, we trust that they are destined to do much towards correcting a species of *Anglomania*, which, there is too good reason to believe, has hitherto given a false direction to the zeal of the friends of education in Hindostan. It is time, that there was less waste of

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force, than has been occasioned hitherto by the extraordinary idea, that, to a *congeries* of nations, with a population of a hundred millions, possessing religions, languages, characters, and literatures of their own, moral and intellectual instruction is to be effectually communicated, only or chiefly through the English language, and the Roman character.

12.— *Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs; and the Roads leading Thereto, and the Doings Thereat, &c.* By Peregrine Prolix. Philadelphia; H. S. Tanner. 1837. 12mo. pp. 248.

This writer excels in a light and airy descriptive style. His letters on Pennsylvania were agreeable and popular. This little volume is equally attractive, and gives more new information. The author describes, in a very lively manner, the scenery about the Virginia Springs, and the society and amusements found there. To most of us at the North, this is quite new. We had before some indistinct notion, that these springs in Virginia possessed real or supposed medicinal virtue, and that they were resorted to by travellers from the South and West; but the extent and excellence of the accommodations, the number of the springs, and the varied resources for the health of the body and the amusement of the mind, were, we fancy, less known to the majority of New Englanders, than the Brunnen of Nassau. We are, therefore, particularly indebted to this agreeable writer for showing us the abundant means of health and pleasure, so far as health and pleasure flow from annual visits to fashionable watering-places, which we have near at home. We may anticipate, that the Ancient Dominion will become in a few years the great resort of the gay and brilliant pleasure-hunters, as well as of the austere throng of dyspeptic gentlemen and nervous ladies; of those who know not what to do with themselves, and those who could not do it, if they did; of those who think that something is the matter with them, but are not aware that it is no matter what.

In noticing our author's former work, we said a word or two about his distressing puns. The habit has become more inveterate with him; and, as was to be anticipated, through the dire necessity of the case, the puns have become singly less endurable. To a writer of so much vivacity and real talent, much is to be forgiven, if he does stoop to unworthy ways. But such

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conceits as "non *in muddio* tutissimus ibis" put the reader's friendship to the severest test.

13.—*A Discourse pronounced before the American Historical Society, &c.* By the Hon. Levi Woodbury. Washington; Gales & Seaton. 8vo. pp. 67.

We excuse ourselves from copying the enormous title-page of this Discourse. We have read it, however, and the Discourse behind it, notes and all. We would gladly go on and commend it, both for the love we bear to the American Historical Society, and our respect for the powers that be. But it is out of the question. As true men, we can do no such thing. Nor does the Secretary, we presume, learn first from us, that he by no means "stands alone," in the regret expressed in the correspondence, prefixed to the Discourse, "that leisure has not been enjoyed to render it more worthy the kindness evinced by the Society." A gentleman of his standing should have written a better address, or he should have written none, and allowed the Society to cater elsewhere. As to end or aim to it, the former may be found, though the search is long and weary; the latter, we think, cannot be. All is haze and glorification. The matter is substantially a *rifacimento* of that of the Fourth of July orations of twenty years since. The sentences that body forth what of body it has, are long, disjointed, and involved, overlaid with inappropriate epithets and unmeaning metaphors; and the style, on the whole, is infelicitous to that degree, that wherever the choice lay between a compact and tasteful expression, and a clumsy one, the latter would appear to have been scrupulously preferred. Moreover, the Secretary uses vain repetitions, as the school-boys do; so that, take six of the orations mentioned above, and three Treasury Reports, and mix them till they froth, (it will not take long,) and the result might be just such a composition as this. It is certainly speaking within bounds to say, that all the meaning, which is here beaten out to cover more than three scores of pages, might be compressed into three pages, and those not over full of sense.

The last year's address before this Society was by Mr. Secretary Cass. It was learned, forcible, and finished. Compared to that work of a master, how "stale, flat, and unprofitable" is the rigmarole before us. We hope the American Historical Society is not deluded to suppose, that a man is of course a historian and a rhetorician, because he holds high station at the Federal head-

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quarters. We hope it does not mean to make itself a conduit for the generally too copious streams of dulness in place. We observe that the official, who endorses the testimony to the present Discourse, as being "eloquent, interesting, and truly American," is appointed to speak for himself at the next annual meeting. The good fates forbid, that he should have applied those epithets in too sober earnest! His signature alone to words so significant, creates a natural uneasiness, lest he should be trying his hand at an imitation; lest he should aim to "be himself the great sublime he draws." But, to the last, we will not cease to hope for him a better deliverance.

NOTE TO ARTICLE IV.

Since the article relating to North Africa was printed, we have learned, with deep regret, that the enterprising traveller, Mr. Davidson, is to be added to the number of those, whose lives have been sacrificed in the attempt to explore the interior of Africa.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the 13th of March, the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Davidson, on his way to Tombuctoo, was confirmed by letters of the 15th of February, received at the Foreign Office, from the British Vice-Consul at Mogadore, Mr. Willshire. He is said to have been robbed thirty-two or thirty-three days after having started from Wad Noon, and eight or ten days afterward (supposed to be on the 12th or 13th of December) to have been shot at Sheh Keya, twenty days' journey from Wad Noon, and twenty-seven from Tombuctoo.

The lamented death of this celebrated traveller, long known to the public by the account of his travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, was very feelingly alluded to, at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, by the chairman, J. R. Murchison, Esq. The informant could give no certain account of the fate of Abu Bekr, the companion of Mr. Davidson, but understood him to have gone on with the caravan.

ERRATA IN ARTICLE II.

Page 47,	line 2,	for	*Hard*-un.	*read*	*Hard*-au.
"	" 4,	"	*White*-un.	"	*White*-au.
Page 50,	" 5,	"	*Monedow' iah.*	"	*Monedow' eeh.*
"	" 7,	"	*Monedo.*	"	*Monedon.*
"	" 7,	"	*ah' weah.*	"	*iahsee.*
"	" 20,	"	Tahgee atta wun.	"	Tahgee atta bun.
"	" 35,	"	Ke atta bun nuh.	"	Kee atta bun een nuh
"	" 41,43,	"	*Inien.*	"	*Inieu.*
Page 55,	" 7,	"	*nebecq.*	"	*nibeeg.*
"	" 8,	"	*n' becg.*	"	*n' beeg.*

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Lives of Sir William Phips, Israel Putnam, Lucretia Maria Davidson, and David Rittenhouse. Being vol. VII. of Sparks's American Biography. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 399.

Memoir of Rev. Bela Jacobs, A. M. Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals. By his Daughter. With a Sketch of his Character, by Barnas Sears, Professor in the Newton Theological Institution. Boston. Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 205.

Memoir of Rev. Gustavus F. Davis, D. D., Late Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Hartford, Conn. With Six Sermons on the Peculiar Sentiments of the Baptist Denomination; Preached by him before his Congregation, 1834 – 5. By Abigail L. Davis. Hartford. Canfield & Robins. 12mo. pp. 152.

Memoir of William Carey, D. D., late Missionary to Bengal; Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Fort William, Calcutta. By Eustace Carey. With an Introductory Essay, by Jeremiah Chaplin, D. D., late President of Waterville College. Hartford. Canfield & Robins. 18mo. pp. 468.

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History of the Colonization of the United States. By George Bancroft. Vol. I. Second Edition. Boston. Charles Bowen. 8vo. pp. 468.

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Introduction to American Law, designed as a First Book for Students, by Timothy Walker, one of the Professors in the Law Department of the Cincinnati College. Philadelphia. P. H. Nicklin & T. Johnson. 8vo. pp. 679.

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